CHRISTIAN HERALD

MARCH 1940 ★ TWENTY FIVE CENTS ★

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SHABBY MEN are not apt to go to church in a big city—they feel conspicuous in their shabbiness, and in some churches, we are sorry to say, they would not be too welcome.

BOWERY MISSION'S CHAPEL is the shabby man's church, there he sits with o shabby men—it is the well-dressed man who feels conspicuous. One seldom sees a shabby on Fifth Avenue in New York City for there, too, he would be conspicuous in his shabbiness. BOWERY is the shabby man's street and to it come all those who are lost in the misery of t poverty.

COMPASSION

"COMPASSION,—LITERALLY, SUFFERING WITH ANOTHER; FELLOWSHIP IN FEELING; HENCE SORROW OR PITY EXCITED BY THE DISTRESS OR MISFORTUNES OF ANOTHER; COMMISERATION, SYMPATHY.

SYNONYM: MERCY, PITY. ANTONYM: CRUELTY, INHUMANITY"

Webster's International Dictionary

★

DOWN through the years the readers of CHRISTIAN HERALD have been found loyal in their friendship and compassion for the weak and sick. These friends and the men who are lost without their help are fortunate in the leadership and guidance of Charles St. John, the Mission's pastor—a man who has lived the life they know, suffered the miseries they suffer, can give them the faith and courage they need in their fight for a new start in life.

Your MISSION stands in the heart of the Bowery—its great electric sign sends its name down the full length of this sad street. A symbol of hope—an offer of another chance, that sign has drawn men from crime and death. Back of that sign stands the belief that man is worth saving and that in His Name all men can be saved. Back of this faith is the confidence and support of Christian men and women.

To the Bowery Mission come boys and men from every part of the country—not long ago the representative of a foreign country called on our Mission to take care of four seamen who had lost their way and missed their b back home; stranded, penniless in a foreign city wh language they did not understand. Prison superintende send released convicts to the Bowery Mission knowing t will receive the spiritual guidance they will need in t fight to re-establish themselves. Men and boys brough the level of the Bowery in their shabbiness find that they wash their bodies and get clean clothing at the Mission

The BOWERY MISSION is service station, employm bureau, church—in fact, all things to the homeless friendless. The CHRISTIAN HERALD readers who s port this work are using their Mission to give men other chance—they are holding out a helping hand in Name. We need more such friends—will you tell oth about our work? EVERY FRIEND HELPS—

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National Broadcasting Company—BLUE Network—WJZ, WFH, and affiliated stations.
National Broadcasting Company—RED Network—WEAF, KWY, and affiliated stations.

DAILY

8:00 A.M. Today in Europe. International news broadcasts, through Sat.—CBS.
9:45 A.M. Edward MacHugh, the Gospel Singer—RED.
11:15 A.M. Young Dr. Malone. Young man's devotion to a life of medical service—BLUE.
12:30 P.M. National Farm and Home Hour—BLUE.
3:30 P.M. Affairs of Anthony. Character building dramas for children—BLUE.
3:45 P.M. Richard Maxwell. Songs of comfort and cheer—CBS.
3:45 P.M. Between the Bookends. Ted Malone reads poetry and discusses books—BLUE.
5:15 P.M. Ireene Wicker. Musical stories, through Thur.—BLUE.
5:30 P.M. Jack Armstrong. All-American boy serial of adventure—RED.
6:45 P.M. Lowell Thomas, news commentator—BLUE.
11:00 P.M. News by Paul Sullivan. Sun. through Fri.—CBS.

SUNDAYS

9:00 A.M. Today in Europe. Summary of European affairs from London, Paris, Berlin and New York—CBS.
9:30 A.M. Wings Over Jordan. Religious talks and spirituals by outstanding Negro leaders—CBS.
10:00 A.M. Church of the Air. Services conducted by representatives of major faiths—CBS.
10:00 A.M. The Radio Pulpit. Dr. Ralph W. Sockman—RED.
11:30 A.M. Music and American Youth. Progress in music education among high school students—RED.
12:00 noon Radio City Music Hall of the Air—BLUE.
12:30 P.M. On Your Job—Vocational guidance program—RED.
12:30 P.M. Salt Lake City Tabernacle. World-famous choir sings selections of religious music—CBS.
1:00 P.M. Church of the Air—CBS.
1:00 P.M. Pilgrimage of Poetry—Honoring American poets—BLUE.
2:00 P.M. NBC String Symphony, directed by Frank Black—RED.
2:00 P.M. Democracy in Action. Devoted to the description of the working of American Government—CBS.
2:30 P.M. University of Chicago Round Table. Forum discussions on current issues—RED.
3:00 P.M. New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra—CBS.
4:00 P.M. National Vespers. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick—BLUE.
4:30 P.M. The World Is Yours. Dramatization under auspices of Smithsonian Institution—RED.
4:30 P.M. Pursuit of Happiness. A series of programs devoted to the brighter side of the American scene—CBS.
5:30 P.M. Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air—BLUE.
7:00 P.M. International News Broadcast. London, Paris, Berlin and Washington—CBS.
7:00 P.M. War News, interpreted by leading commentators—BLUE.
7:30 P.M. Mr. District Attorney. Dramatic serial exposing rackets—BLUE.
8:30 P.M. One Man's Family. Serial of family life—RED.
9:00 P.M. Ford Sunday Evening Hour—CBS.
9:30 P.M. American Album of Familiar Music—RED.
10:30 P.M. Cheerio. Inspirational talks with music—BLUE.

MONDAYS

9:15 A.M. American School of the Air. "Frontiers of Democracy"—CBS.
12:30 P.M. The Riddle of Life. Dr. Ralph S. Meadowcroft—RED.
2:00 P.M. Adventures in Reading. Discussions of works of outstanding authors—BLUE.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches, directed by Joe Emerson—RED.
4:15 P.M. Adventures in Science. Watson Davis interviews prominent scientists—CBS.
8:00 P.M. Sherlock Holmes. Basil Rathbone portraying the famous Baker Street sleuth—BLUE.
8:30 P.M. Voice of Firestone—RED.
9:00 P.M. Doctor I.Q. Studio audience participation program—RED.
10:00 P.M. Carnation Contented program. Orchestra direction Josef Pasternack, soloists—RED.

TUESDAYS

9:15 A.M. American School of the Air—CBS.
12:30 P.M. Our Spiritual Life. Dr. John Sutherland Bonnell—RED.
2:00 P.M. Gallant American Women. Dramatized story of contributions which women have made to the culture of America—BLUE.
2:30 P.M. United States Army Band—BLUE.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches, directed by Joe Emerson—RED.
4.15 P.M. Of Men and Books. Review of current books—CBS.
9:00 P.M. Cavalcade of America. Dramatized history of our country—BLUE.
9:30 P.M. Meet Edward Weeks. Editor of Atlantic Monthly explores world of letters with guest speakers—BLUE.
10:15 P.M. Americans at Work—CBS.

WEDNESDAYS

9:15 A.M. American School of the Air—CBS.
12:30 P.M. Homespun. Dr. William Hiram Foulkes—RED.
2:00 P.M. Music For Young Listeners. Music appreciation program for the very young—BLUE.
4:15 P.M. Highways to Health. New York Academy of Medicine arranges these instructive talks—Dr. Iago Galdston in charge—CBS.
9:00 P.M. Radio Guild. Oldest dramatic organization in broadcasting—BLUE.
11:15 P.M. The Next Step Forward. Dramatizations of pressing economic problems—RED.
12:00 Mid. Marriage Club. Quiz program on family problems—BLUE.

THURSDAYS

9:15 A.M. American School of the Air. "Tales From Far and Near"—dramatizations of books of high literary quality—CBS.
12:30 P.M. Inner Drama of Life. Dr. Lloyd Ellis Foster—RED.
1:30 P.M. Let's Talk It Over. Guest speakers—RED.
2:00 P.M. How Do You Know. General science program—BLUE.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches. Joe Emerson—RED.
8:00 P.M. Musical Americana. Musical program featuring cross section of the best material available in U.S. music department—BLUE.
8:00 P.M. Ask-It-Basket. A quiz show with Jim McWilliams—CBS.
9:30 P.M. America's Town Meeting of the Air—BLUE.
10:15 P.M. Columbia Workshop. Presentation of unusual radio drama, plays, operas, and books—CBS.

FRIDAYS

9:15 A.M. American School of the Air. "This Living World"—current events—CBS.
12:30 P.M. Opportunity. Dr. Daniel A. Poling—RED.
1:30 P.M. General Federation of Women's Clubs. Consumer's research—RED.
4:15 P.M. Men Behind the Stars—CBS.
7:30 P.M. Yesterdays' Children. Favorite stories of childhood—BLUE.
8:00 P.M. Cities Service Concert—RED.
8:00 P.M. This Amazing America.—BLUE.
10:30 P.M. Story Behind the Headlines. Cesar Saerchinger—RED.
11:30 P.M. Program broadcast every other Friday, linking Byrd's expedition in Antarctic with civilization—RED.

SATURDAYS

10:30 A.M. Bright Idea Club. Instructive ideas for youngsters—RED.
10:45 A.M. Child Grows Up. Talks by Katherine Lenroot—BLUE.
11:15 A.M. Smiling Ed McConnell, singing philosopher—RED.
11:30 A.M. Hilda Hope, M.D. Realistic incidents in the life of a woman doctor—RED.
1:15 P.M. Calling All Stamp Collectors. Weekly service to nation's philatelists—RED.
1:55 P.M. Metropolitan Opera Matinees—BLUE.
5:00 P.M. The Human Adventure. Science's struggle in lifting the level of civilization—CBS.
6:30 P.M. Religion in the News. Dr. Walter W. VanKirk—RED.
6:30 P.M. Which Way to Lasting Peace.—CBS.
8:30 P.M. Youth versus Age. Quiz show, between opposing teams of parents and their children—BLUE.
10:00 P.M. NBC Symphony Orchestra—BLUE.

ON THE AIR

By Aileen Soares

RADIO again is linking the U. S. Antarctic Expedition piloted by Admiral Richard E. Byrd with civilization in a series of short wave programs transmitted by Short Wave Station WGEO, Schenectady. The broadcasts, which are being carried by NBC, consist of music, recent news developments, dramatic sketches and the "Mail Bag." The last feature supplied the two previous Byrd expeditions with their only mail from friends and relatives at home during ice-locked months in the Antarctic wastes. (Every other Friday, 11:30 p.m., EST, NBC-Red.)

"HUMAN ADVENTURE," a clear and interesting program, presents in dramatic form the scientific struggles which have been made to lift the level of civilization, and shows the interdependence and cooperation in research among scientists and scholars in the great universities of the world. An "editor" acts as narrator and sets the dramatic scenes, while the fast-moving episodes unfold the story behind our modern miracles. (Saturdays, 5:00 p.m., EST, CBS.)

WE omitted "The Marriage Club" program from *Christian Herald* listing, as it promised to be nothing more than light entertainment; but it has realized its possibilities and developed into an instructive and well-balanced quiz show. During the broadcasts the reaction of old wedded couples to family problems is contrasted with the viewpoints held by younger men and women contemplating matrimony.

"THE INNER DRAMA OF LIFE," new series of devotional talks with a marked interest to young people, will return to the air this month. Dr. Lloyd Ellis Foster, pastor of Calvary Methodist Church, East Orange, N. J., will occupy the radio pulpit. Lowell Patton, organist on all NBC noonday religious programs, will furnish a musical background.

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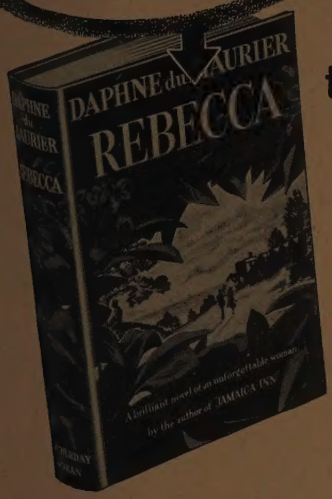

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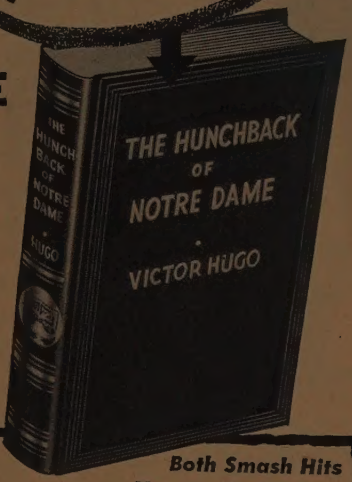

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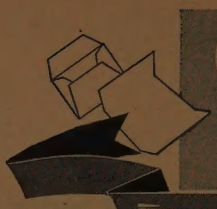

Out of my MAIL

By DANIEL A. POLING

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL

LENDING TO FINLAND

Do you think that we should make the proposed loan to Finland? Is there a difference between such a loan and the contribution of churches and individuals to Finnish relief?

THERE is a difference—a basic difference. We are, in amounts large or small, contributing to human relief in many lands. The proposed government loan is official and not for the relief of individuals, but for the assistance of a state. I favor the loan.

It is the least that we can do to keep faith with the nation that has kept faith with us. More, it would encourage those who battle desperately for all that they and we hold dear. It would not add a single danger or risk that is not already involved in our relations to the international situation.

Those who prefer to be technical point out that there has been no declaration of war. Legally that may be important, but morally and spiritually, much more is involved.

WILLIAM E. BORAH

What is your appraisal of the character and service of William E. Borah? Was he more than a negative influence on our national life?

HE WAS vastly more than a negative influence. Incorruptible in his character, passionately devoted to the ideals and institutions of his government, incomparable in his oratorical gifts, he rendered an unselfish service to his country that ranks him among the preeminent statesmen of American history. The appraisal of a brother Senator, "One of the pillars of the nation has been removed," voices the emotions of us all.

I knew him intimately, admired and loved him. He gave his voice and influence in support of every human cause that has stirred the republic through two generations—woman suffrage, prohibition, world peace, and a sound social security. He fought without wavering to maintain the fundamental principles embodied in the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. Any fight on the floor of the Senate was more than half won or half lost, as Borah spoke for or against it.

Perhaps no other man since Daniel Webster, who did not become President, exerted so powerful an influence upon his times.

THE GREATEST HYMN

What is the greatest hymn and which is your favorite?

I HAVE many favorites. Depending upon my mood and spiritual need, a particular hymn will be my favorite that in another time takes second place or is even third or fourth. I could name a number that have been sweet or triumphant music for my soul:

"All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Rock of Ages," and that blessed song my mother sang, "I'm a Child of the King."

But this would not exhaust the list.

SHOULD WE HATE?

Will you please explain the meaning of Psalm 129, verse 21: *"Do not I hate them, O Lord, that hate Thee? and am not I grieved with those that rise up against Thee?"*

IN READING this verse we must remember that those words were spoken under the Old Dispensation—the dispensation of wrath and before the advent of Christ. Beyond this, there are shades of meaning that frequently are lost in translation. Jesus said, "Love your enemies."

The second half of the verse, as of the King James version, sounds better, does it not?

EMBARGO AGAINST JAPAN?

If you favor the embargo against Japan, must you not apply the principle to China?

THERE is a difference! We sponsored and signed the Nine-Power Treaty. By this treaty, eight nations (China being the ninth) pledged to protect China's territory and the administration of public affairs. Japan signed the treaty. Japan has renounced and violated the treaty. We have protested the violation, but we

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YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

have done nothing more. We have done absolutely nothing to keep our pledge.

We have not renounced the treaty. Certainly we have not been released from the moral obligation.

I do not favor sending an army and a fleet to oppose Japan, but I do oppose sending munitions and scrap iron to help Japan invade China and destroy Chinese. The United States should stop violating her own solemn engagement. She should get out of this war against China.

"THE CHRISTIAN FRONT"

What can be done about organizations such as the "Christian Front" that desecrate the name Christian? Shouldn't every such organization register or at least state its program?

THERE should be such a registration. Unfortunately, however, the "Christian Front" and its kind would not register. They do their work in the dark. They take the name "Christian," but they take it in vain. They recruit their membership not from the Church but outside the Church, and from that vast group which, though nominally Christian and frequently Protestant, has no active interest in or vital relation to any religious form or program. While they work great harm, eventually they are uncovered and defeated.

BROWDER'S FALSE EXCUSE

What do you think of the Communist Browder's contention that he was a marked man who could not have traveled under his own name in England and Germany. Is this a legitimate excuse?

THE excuse is exactly as legitimate as any falsification. Browder has endangered the interests of every honest American traveling abroad. He was as ruthless in what he did in this connection as he has been in seeking to undermine the American Government and the democratic institutions existing under our Constitution. He had only one loyalty—Communist Russia. He should be given every protection of the law, but the full judgment as well. His is a greater offense than that of an ordinary thief or gunman. (He received a four-year sentence. Ed.)

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THREE KINDS OF MONEY EVERY GOOD PROVIDER NEEDS

HAVE YOU EVER stopped to realize that—to be a good provider—you really need three kinds of money?

When emergencies strike, you need money that can spring into action immediately—dollars instantly available in a bank account.

To be prepared against untimely death, you need money that will take your place in providing for your family. Such money can be provided through the medium of life insurance.

If you are like *most* people, you have already seen the need for these two kinds of money. One out of every 3 families in this country has a savings account. One out of every 2 has life insurance.

But in the world we live in today, more than ever before, people are conscious of the need for a *third* kind of money . . . the need for a reserve of dollars to be accumulated, step by step, to remain *untouched* during a man's years of earning power.

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NEWS DIGEST *of the month*

EDITED BY GABRIEL COURIER

A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

ABROAD

THE WAR: When we speak of "The War" these days we mean either Helsinki or Helgoland Bight. We can't call it World War II—yet. In these two spots the really decisive military actions are being fought; in Rumania, Turkey, Holland and Italy is being fought a war of diplomacy that may be more important than the war of arms.

The Russian bear is hung by the heels; while the Soviets at home are left in the dark, with communiques reporting "Minor aerial battles in Finland," tens of thousands of their soldiers are slaughtered by the unconquerable Finns. A headlong rout is in progress as we go to press: badly led, underarmed, ill clothed, half starved, the Russian legions are frantically scrambling to evade a trap that may engulf four divisions and smash the long-awaited Russian offensive to cut Finland in two.

AID FOR THE FINNS: The Finns have help. Over the front a few days ago two planes collided; out of the wreckage of the planes were dragged the bodies of the dead—three Swedes. Few hours later, two other (Swedish) air fighters shot down six Soviet planes. And in Stockholm's newspapers appeared full page ads: "Join the Swedish volunteers! With Finland for Sweden." Comes news, too, that Italian aviators are flying planes to Helsinki—and staying there to fight them. Plans are laid in London and Paris to send bullets as well as bouquets to Finland: the Allies talk now of sending a force of 30,000 men and 200 planes, in addition to the 120 British planes already delivered. So this isn't Finland's war, exclusively. Sweden, Denmark and Norway understand that they must either help Finland beat off the Bear now, or be eaten one at a time if the Bear wins at Helsinki. England and France realize that the crushing of Russia would go far toward the crushing of Hitler. So they're all in it.

The slaughter in the Northern snows will last the winter, if food and supplies behind the lines last that long. Reports pile up of starvation on the steppes, at home; of less and less food; of riots brewing, of discontent and murmurs of revolution. Finland is safe until spring, when the roads thaw out and the weather grows warm and General Mud takes over command from General Winter. March and April will be muddy and May may be; it will be June at least before the Red Army can try again to wipe out its unbroken record of defeat.

BRITANNIA RULES: Boss of the British Blockade is Ronald Hibbert Cross, tall, young, Eton-Army patterned Englishman who is the most hated Briton in Germany (where they call him The Minister of Starvation). He has just reported (breaking a precedent) directly to Parliament. Said Boss Cross: Germany in this war, thanks to the blockade, has been reduced, in four and a half months to the economic desperation of 1916—two years after the first gun was fired in the last war. M. P.'s, listening, cheered, doubted, looked up some facts to find that Cross was right. Steel and rubber works are closed in Germany, due to shortage of materials. Germans everywhere grimaced and tightened their belts last month when new food-ration cards were issued, cutting the meals down to hunger-level; deaths from the cold of an unusual Berlin winter are higher than in any previous year—there is not enough coal. Hitler will have to stage his Blitzkrieg quickly, if he is to stage it at all.

Correspondents covering the war are divided in their opinions as to whether he will try it. It is not in Hitler's nature to knuckle under; he cannot tolerate the idea of defeat, nor can his people. For Germany to be crushed will mean that Hitler will have to find himself a Doorn—and he doesn't want that. A newspaper friend met your editor at a ship-side this week and said, "Johnny get your gun: every neutral nation in the world will be at war before July." Which means that he thinks Hitler will go the limit before giving up. Well, we'll see. . . .

DEATH UNDERSEAS: Three British submarines—*Starfish, Undine, Seahorse*—lie on the bottom off Helgoland Bight, after a gallant but ineffectual raid on German warships anchored in that base. One hundred men were lost—Britain's heaviest loss in one engagement at sea since the *Rawalpindi* (259 dead). The loss of the three subs leaves England with sixty-five of her original force of sixty-nine. France still has seventy-eight; that gives the Allies a sub-power of 143 against Germany's sixty-five—quite an edge. Germany admitted officially the other day that she has lost thirty-five U-boats, and she will probably not be able to replace them; even if she could replace them, new trained crews are hard to find.

The month saw the British lose their fifth destroyer: the 1485-ton *Grenville* sank with eighty-one men. A British tanker went down in the Bay of Biscay. Casulties-count for the week: three British vessels (15,359 tons) and nine neutrals (27,621 tons.) That is Germany's answer to Boss Cross.

HORE-BELISHA: You'll hear no more of Mr. Hore-Belisha, ousted British War Secretary. He has appeared in Commons to state his case; Mr. Chamberlain has appeared to state his. Result: uninformative, diplomatic statements from both, explaining nothing. Hore-Belisha took his licking in the traditional manner: "War compels the unified, whole effort of a nation. . ." Personalities, according to the code of the British gentleman, must be submerged in the interests of the Kingdom. This case will stay submerged until, perhaps, Mr. Hore-Belisha writes his memoirs, later.

He was ousted, his friends say, for his efforts to "democratize the army." The British generals ("brass-hats") didn't want that. He keeps quiet now, say his enemies, in deference not only to the Kingdom's welfare but to his own political future. It is all typically British.

RUMANIA: It's Carol or chaos in Rumania—says Carol, who is making a desperate attempt to keep Russia and Germany on the friendly side, and to maintain friendly relations with the Allies at the same time.

Rumania produces something better than two per cent of the world's oil, or about seven million metric tons per year. Of this, Germany takes—or wants to take—130,000 tons per month. Some of it comes out of Anglo-French wells. London and Paris are fighting to cut that down, to halt the twelve-oil-trains-a day that move from Rumania to Germany; Germany is turning every trick in her reportoire to keep the oil flowing. It's a war for oil, like most wars.

Remember this: no man in the world is as anxious for peace in Rumania as Mr. Hitler. He is counting on the 1940 output of the Bucharest lubricant to win his fight. He will not march on Rumania, for the soldiers of Carol have already made ready to destroy their oil-wells in case of invasion. Neither will Russia march on Rumania; she, too, wants the peace that gives forth petroleum. Both Stalin and Hitler will play a "scare and squeeze" game, not a "seize and exploit" game. This is a war without arms, but none the less a war to the finish.

And remember this: whatever territory Germany takes, she has to rule—and feed. She is having enough trouble now ruling and feeding her own, without taking on any more. So she will probably let Carol go on ruling, postponing the chaos.

TOKYO: With land rising out of the sea—it was Yokohama—the Japanese steamer *Asama Maru* had a shot fired across her bows, was brought to a halt, searched by a boarding-party from a British warship, forced to give up the twenty-one German seamen aboard her who were trying to get home to Germany via Japan and Russia. Protest immediately sped from Tokyo to London, worded in the parlance of international law! Explanations (unsatisfactory) came back from London. Present situation: stalemate. Probable situation tomorrow: further stalemate.

It is interesting that the Japanese quickly dropped the legal angle in their protest. Now they admit the logic of Britain's legalistic defense of the incident; what they want is balm for their hurt dignity; what they ask for is an emotional reparation. "Face" is almost as important as life itself, in the Orient. But the British, having had their faces slapped at Tientsin, will make no face-saving gestures for Japanese benefit. Then Japan can either give it all up as a bad job or fight: and we think she will not fight, as things are.

Tokyo had another worry, on top of the *Asama Maru:* her trade treaty with the U. S. has expired. No efforts have yet been made by the U. S. to make another; that leaves all trade arrangements between the U. S. and Japan on a day-to-day basis, under which anything might happen. Some few senators in Washington are demanding an embargo, now that the old treaty is out of the way, but we predict that will not come, this year.

Nippon has reason to be worried about American trade. She may throw up a smoke screen in talking of "greater trade with Germany and Italy," but American purchase of Japanese goods last year amounted to more than 600,000,000 yen; Germany's purchases in the same period amounted to a poor 24,000,000 yen, Italy's to an almost ridiculous 5,000,000 yen.

Question: With whom had Japan better cultivate better trade relations? And another question: hasn't Japan's policy of "splendid isolation" put her at odds with the three nations whose help she needs most: Britain, the U. S., and Russia? Not so splendid!

CANADA: Watch the Canadian election this month. Prime Minister Mackenzie King's administration is being accused of gross inefficiency in wartime by his conservative foe, Dr. Robert J. Manion, leader of Canada's Conservatives. You can discount nine-tenths of the oratory and accusations: this is only a struggle between two great political machines. May the best machine win!

Meanwhile two entirely minor incidents occurred last month, each having a very slight bearing on our relations with "Johnny Canuck"—(that's his own name for himself—not ours). For one, it was charged that American airplanes, bought by France for shipment abroad, via Canada, were being flown by French pilots across U. S. territory into Canada—a clear violation of our Neutrality Act, if true. Next, the Dionne Quintuplets' guardians vetoed, positively, the proposal to exhibit the famous little girls at the New York World's Fair.

The first charge was officially and conclusively disproved; but the Dionne decision caused much disappointment to a great many of us—we would love to see those Quints!

His only hope—is he ready to listen?

AT HOME

1940: If the Democratic National Convention is "coerced or dragooned into nominating Franklin D. Roosevelt for a third term, the President will suffer an ignominious defeat"—said John L. Lewis the other day in Columbus. Next evening, Mr. William Green, boss of the A. F. of L., said in New York City: "I declare tonight that through the support of our political friends the workers of our country have made more progress in the last seven years than ever before in the history of our country."

So Mr. Green is pro and Mr. Lewis is anti—but where is labor? Whoever knows may also know the answer to the "1940 Presidential." Mr. Lewis was a bit taken back when he learned that the resolutions committee of the very body to which he spoke has received some forty-seven resolutions from local unions urging a third term: which means, to us at least, that he will not be able to swing *all* the votes in his United Mine Workers of America as he wants. Mr. Lewis, to date, has declared himself "agin" not only the President but against the whole New Deal in general, "Ma" Perkins, Vice-President Garner, Paul McNutt, the Democratic party and the Republican Party. That leaves him the Socialists, Communists and Farmer-Laborites. (Some say he favors Senator Wheeler of Montana, but they can't be sure of that.)

Labor's vote will mean a great deal; it may be the deciding factor. Cagily, the President watches Green and Lewis—and says nothing. But the platform-writers are probably getting ready even now to bid for the working-man vote.

Here are some tips on the leading candidates for the nomination: Wheeler is out in front, at present, running strong; McNutt is not so strong as he was two months back; Garner is being pigeonholed as "too old," and so is Hull; the Gannett boom will come to nothing, say those who know, even though he himself takes his candidacy in dead earnest—they are booming him now only to take support away from Dewey, who is probably the No. 1 Republican. Loveliest touch of the fight so far, to us, is the effort to picture Mr. Garner as a gay young blade, just about the right age for the Presidency, and the contemporary effort to paint Mr. Dewey as a wise old gentleman full of years, experience and learning.

Forgive us for prophesying—but we think a dark horse will romp off with the Republican nomination. We wouldn't dare guess about the Democrats but we'll bet our bottom dollar that Mr. Norman Thomas will run for the Socialists. (And that he will lose!)

TROUBLE, TROUBLE: Busiest building in Washington right now is the grim old State Department edifice across the street from the White House. Mr. Hull has a handful, two handfuls, perhaps, in the problems of British seizure of American mails, and the Reciprocal Treaty fight in Congress.

If you are puzzled about the mails question, it may help you to know that the argument going on between the U. S. and Britain is chiefly over Article I and Article II of an agreement on wartime mails reached at the Second Hague Convention. Article I, Chapter XI reads: "The postal correspondence of neutrals or belligerents, ... found on the high seas on board a

neutral or enemy ship, is inviolable." The U. S. bases its protest on that.

But Article II reads: "The inviolability of postal correspondence does not exempt a neutral ship from the laws and customs of maritime war as to neutral ships in general. A ship, however, may not be searched except when absolutely necessary and then only with as much consideration and expedition as possible."

The State Department has practically admitted the legal right of the British to search the mails; what they are objecting to is "discrimination against American ships." Yankee ships at Gibraltar, for instance, are being detained on an average of 12.4 days—a terrific loss of time, for any ship. Italian vessels are being cleared through the same port in four days.

Britain, all appearances to the contrary, is worried about the American attitude and protest. This is no time for trouble with their most powerful friend; they have no desire to irritate a nation now largely sympathetic to their cause. They will show a spirit of concession, which will undoubtedly be matched in Washington. It is a tempest in the war teapot, a question that will never be settled so long as there is war.

OFFSHORE: Trouble has been brewing for the U. S. beyond the mainland this month, particularly in the Canal Zone and the Philippines. It inflates our editorial ego to pass on to you a story about the Canal Zone rumpus that you did *not* read in the newspapers. It is this:

The death of President Arosemena of the Republic of Panama brought on a conspiracy to overthrow the government. Panama Ambassador Augusto S. Boyd was hustled into a plane in Washington, ordered to Panama to take over; while he was in the air a plot was laid to do away with him and seize the government. That plot was averted by the quick thinking and courage of just one man, working alone; General David L. Stone, ex-Commander of the Canal Zone, got into a secret meeting of the conspirators, argued with them all night long, talked them out of the revolution and brought the plotters out full force to meet Mr. Boyd at the landing field! How the press missed that one is a mystery.

Manuel Quezon, full of pep and patriotism, long ago made the statement that he would rather see the Philippines ruled badly by a native government than ruled well by an absentee American government—or words to that effect. The people of Quezon's islands do not seem to be with him unanimously on that: the debate over the prospect of Philippine independence in 1946 waxes hot and hotter.

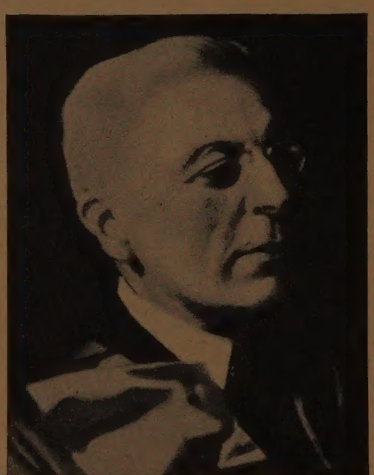
Congress has offered them independence in 1946, following a ten-year transitional government with a Filipino Chief Executive before the granting of complete independence. Now the Philippines are not so sure they want that. There is a powerful party asking for reexamination of the whole question; the reexaminationists claim to have eighty per cent of the population on their side. They want a *dominion status* for the islands.

Things look now as if independence would be postponed until there is more of a united demand for it. That will be very hard to get; less than thirteen per cent of the population voted in the provincial elections in 1937. They just are not interested. Multitudes of the Filipinos in the remoter sections are concerned only with matters of day-to-day existence; they are hard to reach, hard to instruct, hard to convince. Lacking a representative vote, the politicians will probably decide it, in the end.

One great fear has been lifted recently from the Filipino: he is no longer frightened at the prospect of Japanese intervention. The Japanese fiasco in China has him laughing.

DIES: The Dies Committee will not die—this year. The House has voted $75,000 for its continuance. That's unusual. The record of popular and Congressional support for the Dies Committee has been equaled only by that of the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee.

Two things stood out in the debate over continuance of the Committee. One was the very frank manner in which members



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EDWARD S. HARKNESS, MULTIMILLIONAIRE FINANCIER AND PHILANTHROPIST, WHO DIED JANUARY 29. HE IS SAID TO HAVE GIVEN AWAY OVER A HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS DURING HIS LIFETIME, BENEFITING NUMEROUS HOSPITALS, EDUCATIONAL AND RESEARCH INSTITUTIONS, AND OTHER WORTHY CAUSES

of the Committee admitted their shortcomings. Representative Voorhis, especially, went the limit in admitting that it had all too often operated in a biased, irresponsible and slipshod manner. But mistakes or no mistakes, the House thought the fight of the Committee on unAmerican activities worth continuing. So do we all.

The other point of interest was the hint that the movies will be investigated. There will be sorrow in some quarters if they do. Personally, we'll weep if they drag Hedy Lamar into the Communist net. We can just hear the boy across the street crying, "What! Mickey Rooney a *Communist?*" Many an idol will fall—and the country will get many a laugh. We suggest to Mr. Dies that he enlist the aid of The Thin Man as Special Investigator. *And* Myrna Loy.

BROADCAST: Station WNYC, city-owned broadcasting plant of New York, reports that a post-card survey found 1,000,000 people listening in, across twelve months, on the deliberations of the New York City Council. Some critics called it "the best show on the air." Among the show's highlights, they heard a lot of oratory—good, bad and indifferent; much curious logic; an offer from one councilman to punch the other in the nose; unending hilarity. They liked it. The broadcasts will be continued.

We like it too. Why don't we have such broadcasts from Washington, over a nation-wide hookup? It might disillusion a lot of us to listen in, but it would be a real education. And it might put the damper on some of the horseplay we never hear about.

CHURCH NEWS

METHODISTS: North, south, east and west the Methodists are going in for Advance. Known officially as Methodist Advance, the movement will conclude its work at the end of March. One-day meetings have been held in eighty-two large cities during the past three months, for the purpose of increasing membership, fostering greater unity between the three branches of the new unified church, bigger benevolences, and advancement of the spiritual life. Bishops representing the Northern and Southern branches of the church exchanged visits in addressing the meetings.

Larger numbers (the united church has eight million members) will certainly mean larger benevolences; the experiment we are watching here is the one concerning the development of spiritual life in the individual. Do you get more of that in a small church, or in the large one? After all, that's all that counts.

The Southern branch of the church, while we are at it, reports an increase of 192,000 children in its Sunday Schools during the past two years.

BROTHERS: Brotherhood is a quality that works from the inside out; it cannot be superimposed, by fiat or by law. That's one reason why we feel that even the President's bid to the three great religious groups, for peace, will fail; peace will come when the three great religions cooperate, not by Presidential push, but by way of inward urge. The urge manifested itself this week:

In Greensboro, North Carolina, a new YMCA for Negroes has just been dedicated; the Y is the gift of a Jew, Cesar Cone, 2nd, in honor of two Negroes who had worked in his family for thirty-eight years.

The United Jewish Appeal for Refugees and Overseas Needs has announced that $250,000 of its relief and reconstruction funds will be turned over to Protestant and Catholic Agencies for the benefit of Christian refugees.

That's the spirit!

IOWA: The Minister's Association of Shenandoah, Iowa, has adopted a resolution requesting civic and patriotic groups not to attend services in their respective churches in a body—especially on Sundays near Christmas, Easter and other holidays.

That's disturbing. It's an old American custom—but just how much good it produces is an open question. It certainly produces better collections; it certainly helps fill the empty pews of the Sunday evening service. But that it does as much good as *family* attendance is still a question.

Question: Is it better to get men, who otherwise seldom if ever go to church, into the pews in a civic or patriotic or Masonic group, than never to get them there at all? We think that matters.

CINCINNATI: Bingo outdraws baseball in Cincinnati! So says Police Chief Eugene T. Weatherly, who is a bit concerned about it. Sponsored mainly by Roman Catholic Churches, the bingo parties drew, in 1939, a greater attendance than did all the National League baseball games played at Crosley Field by the Cincinnati Reds—and the Reds were playing good ball. Bingo made a profit for the churches of nearly $1,500,000; top prizes for a time reached $1,000.

Not only Chief Weatherly is alarmed; more than one Roman Catholic bishop, archbishop and monsignor has "cracked down" on church bingo, and forbidden it. And just as we go to press, we hear that the Wisconsin Supreme Court has ruled bingo out; it's illegal, even for support of church or charity.

Bingo is bad. Bingo is gambling, whether played in a church parish-house or in a public hall.

LYNCHINGS: The annual report of Tuskegee Institute on lynchings in the United States ought to be printed in every church bulletin in the land. Tuskegee finds a new all-time low in the ravages of lynch law: only three, as compared with six in 1938, were lynched in 1939.

That is one of the most encouraging items of the year. What makes it worth unusual notice here is that the President of the Institute, commenting on the advance, praised especially the efforts of Southern churches and churchmen in fighting the evil; he holds that "Only the continued enlightened attitude of pastors and community leaders can account for this suppression of a dastardly and vicious attack on civic decency." The report and the accompanying comments will undoubtedly be used in the Congressional debate now about to start in Washington.

It begins to look as if Mr. Hitler, who has always pointed to American lynchings when Americans took him to task for his Jewish pogroms, will have to dig up a new one—if the Dixie churches and churchmen keep it up.

TO ROME? Church opinion seems divided over the Presidential appointment of Mr. Myron C. Taylor as representative at the Vatican. The Lutherans have spoken out against it in no uncertain terms, and so have several Baptist groups. The General Conference of the Seventh Day Adventists has addressed a personal letter of protest to the President; a great national religious weekly blasts it as plain, unadulterated politics on the part of the President: a bid for the Roman Catholic vote.

We covered this last month, remarking that we believed little constructive good would come out of it. We hesitate to label the whole thing as pure politics; we also hesitate to sanction any move, political or otherwise, that will threaten the principle of church-and-state-separation that is warp and woof of our democracy. If any good for peace can come out of such a move, in heaven's name let's have it; if it is an entering wedge for union of church and state, then let it die before Mr. Taylor gets his passport. But Mr. Taylor will probably sail, talk things over in Rome—and sail home again. We'll all forget it, in time.

CRAZY: Have you heard the old saw that all of us are crazy on some one subject? That's a popular saying, but not exactly correct: the Rector of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Weston, Mass., has been looking into the subject with the aid of a psychiatrist, and reports that one

KING IBN SAUD, OF SAUDI ARABIA, WHO WON HIS KINGDOM THROUGH A CAMPAIGN BASED ON A SLOGAN WHICH WAS THE MOSLEM EQUIVALENT OF THE CHRISTIAN "BACK TO THE BIBLE" MOVEMENT. KING SAUD RECENTLY RECEIVED, OFFICIALLY, THE FIRST ACCREDITED AMERICAN DIPLOMATIC REPRESENTATIVE TO HIS KINGDOM

out of every twenty-two of us has, or will have, some sort of mental disorder during our lifetimes.

And he also reports that one out of every seventy-one Episcopal clergymen in the U. S. is a mental case! It all comes out in a survey printed in *Living Church*. Of course, this is a survey of ministers by a minister; we'd be interested in a survey of all the churches, conducted by the laymen, on this subject. From some of the things we've heard said about the ministers by some of the laity, we have a sneaking suspicion that the percentage would be a lot higher.

And would *Living Church* be interested in finding out just what it is that drives the preachers crazy? Could it be the laymen?

FAITH AT MERCERSBURG: The headmaster of Mercersburg, one of America's great prep schools, refutes the rumor that religion is getting a rough deal in prep school education, and that American schoolboys are uninterested in religion. They are interested, says Headmaster Dr. Boyd Edwards—in a very vital sort of way.

He asks the boys to suggest sermon-topics for the chapel services of the year, for visiting ministers. The subjects they chose this year are informative: Christianity and Totalitarianism; World Unity in Religion; The Basis of Democracy; The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man; The Basic Harmony of Science and Theology.

Good for the boys. They are more interested in what Christ may do to the tomorrow of the world than in what He did to its past. Inasmuch as they are the men of tomorrow, they need intelligent sermons on such subjects. At Mercersburg, they stand in a fair way to get such sermons. (Other prep school papers, please copy.)

FORTUNE: The editorial on "War and Peace" in the January *Fortune* has kicked up quite a furore. Preachers will be preaching on it for days to come, and it ought to be made compulsory reading for every Christian in America.

The editorial is too long to quote here; only a full reprinting of it could give you an adequate conception of its challenge. Suffice it to say that its writer admits the importance of such an institution as the Church in the birth and development of our democracy; that he also feels the Church is losing its place and power because of a failure to interpret "the sound of a voice, not our voice, but a voice coming from something not ourselves, in the existence of which we cannot disbelieve." He feels that the church is "confused," and not doing its job in this regard. We do not comment on this; what grips us is the fact that such a journal as *Fortune* has run such an editorial. This is no anti-Christian periodical; it is no small-time carping at the Church. It is an intelligently-written piece of work in one of America's great magazines, reaching a most intelligent audience, and demanding an intelligent answer to its challenge by virtue of that very fact. Whatever else you read this year, read that editorial!

HERE AND THERE: Funds are being sought for a non-sectarian broadcasting group (Radio Religious Activities, Inc.,) in Texas. . . . Foreign Missions Conference of North America will hold a conference on work in the Philippines in Washington April 9-14. . . . Notice has been served on Cleveland churches that from now on they must pay water tax in churches, schools, hospitals, etc. Why not? . . . . Despite demands of national religious organizations, the 1940 census blanks will contain no questions on religion. . . . Twelve hundred Wisconsin Protestant Churches will hold an evangelistic campaign from now through Easter. . . . Roswell P. Barnes, of Federal Council, attended the Emergency Meeting of the World Council of Churches in Holland. . . . Last meetings of Federal Council's 1940 National Christian Mission will be held this month in Seattle, Oakland, Los Angeles. . . The President will address the churches of the country on nation-wide hookup this month: subject, The Church and Peace. . . . American Lutheran Church contributions have

increased twenty-four per cent in last six years.

TEMPERANCE

GALLUP POLL: In this morning's paper we read a headline: "Dry Trend Found Waning in Nation." The account goes on to say that another of the now famous Gallup polls has been taken, this time on "wet-or-dry", and found that the dry trend is dying.

What the Gallup poll found was not this at all; whoever wrote that headline should be a little more careful before he writes his next. The survey disclosed that the trend toward *National Prohibition* is less today than it was a year ago. If by National Prohibition they mean the same sort of Prohibition we had some years back, then we are not at all amazed by the findings of the Gallupians, nor alarmed.

Answering the question, "If the question of National Prohibition should come up again, would you vote to make the country dry?" those questioned replied thirty-four per cent dry, sixty-six per cent wet. This is against the thirty-six per cent dry, sixty-four per cent wet replies received in 1938 on the same question—a two per cent change in the dry vote!

Then the newspaper goes on to say that fifty-one per cent felt that liquor regulations and enforcement in their communities were not strict enough; that sale of liquor to minors was an outrage; that liquor and beer advertising was too flagrant; that closing hours are not being observed; that the hours for selling liquor should be shortened. Also, that some 5,000 dry victories have been reported at the polls since liquor came back.

SOFT? There used to be a common saying during Prohibition to the effect that the inventor of near-beer was a poor judge of distance. Brought up-to-date, we might say that the beer manufacturers who have been trying so hard to convince the American public that beer is almost as soft and harmless as ginger ale are poor judges of the American mentality.

It does our dry heart good to read the words of Mr. Wilford S. Alexander, Director of Federal Alcohol Administration: "Gentlemen (the gentlemen of the brewing industry!) . . . you can never succeed in separating beer from other alcoholic beverages in the public mind. . . . No campaign of education conducted by the brewing industry, regardless of how extensive it may be, will ever convince the American public that beer is a soft drink and that its production and distribution should be regulated only to the same extent."

Here's hoping the Director will direct for a long time to come.

WET BLATHER: Comes now a 12-page booklet issued by the Distilled Spirits Institute, Washington, D. C., titled "Facts vs. Fancies," in which the liquorites pretend to show that the Drys are liars on all counts. As a piece of blather it is up to about the usual standard of the propaganda produced by the liquor interests.

"Fewer Liquor Crimes"—The reports in the daily newspapers prove that there are more liquor crimes every year.

"Fewer Traffic Deaths"—Commissioner Reilly of the California Liquor Control Board says otherwise.

"Fewer Drunkenness Arrests"—Chief of Police Arthur C. Hohmann of Los Angeles says it takes sixty per cent of his force to take care of the drunks in his city, and that doesn't take into account the number of drunks who are taken care of by their friends, and therefore not arrested.

"Fewer Alcohol Deaths"—Again read your dailies for "poison alcohol" deaths under repeal.

"Revenue"—But they failed to say that it costs in one western city of a million and a half population, $51.33 for every person arrested on a drunk charge. Whew!

"Wet blather."

PREACHERS' PELLETS

Had the Church been proclaiming its message properly to the world—there would have been no war.—Rt. Rev. Stuart Parker.

Americans must safeguard the right to be different because if we lose the right to be different we lose the right to be free.—Dr. Everett Ross Clinchy.

Education can do much, but religion can do more to bring about a will to peace.—Mrs. Roosevelt.

The future of religion was never better, for the world was never much worse off.—Dr. Carl Sumner Knopf.

One of these days we will all realize, as Christians should, that underneath the scheming politics of men is the radiant politics of God.—Dr. George A. Buttrick.

Don't talk about the tragedy of the cross; that was God-planned. Talk more about the tragedy of sin that caused the cross.—Dr. H. W. Beiber.

CRIME'S PARTNER: In a recent address, Governor W. Lee O'Daniel, of Texas, accused the professional politicians of having his state engineered into the business of selling liquor through state-owned stores. He denounced the liquor traffic in these words:

"It looks inconsistent for a state government to be a partner in the booze business which makes boys drunk and while in that condition many good boys are influenced to commit atrocious crimes that they would not otherwise think of doing —crimes for which the state murders them (by electrocution)."

GAINS IN KENTUCKY: In spite of the government figures for 1938 crediting Kentucky's seventy licensed distilleries with producing 40.5 per cent of all the hard liquor made in the United States, Kentucky continues to gain in dry territory. A recent survey shows that 43 per cent of Kentucky is now dry and that 28 per cent of the population is now living in dry territory. At the close of 1939 there were 1314 dry units—including forty-nine counties, a gain of eighty units over the previous year.

IT IS DIFFERENT: In deciding a case before him recently, in which it was sought to set aside the cancellation of a liquor license by the State Board of Liquor Control, Judge Emmet H. Wilson of the Los Angeles County Superior Court said:

"The liquor business has been recognized by the courts of practically all states as being characteristically different from other businesses, and there is no inherent right in any citizen to deal in intoxicating liquors. A license does not create a vested right, but is merely a temporary permit."

NEW YORK: The *New York Post* recently published a series of five articles by a staff writer, showing that fifty per cent of the liquor sold in New York City bars is poured from refilled bottles. This indicates that when a customer calls for "three fingers" of a nationally advertised brand of liquor, he may, in fact, be given the cheapest kind of bootleg.

UPHELD AGAIN: In a sweeping unanimous decision emphatically upholding its repeated judicial endorsement of the policy of prohibition as applied to the liquor traffic as a fundamental principle, (which has just been made public), the United States Supreme Court, expressed through Justice McReynolds, said:

"The 21st Amendment sanctions the right of a state to legislate concerning intoxicating liquors brought from without, unfettered by the Commerce Clause. Without doubt a state may absolutely prohibit the manufacture of intoxicants, their transportation, sale or possession."

PEOPLE

Mr. Myron C. Taylor, unofficial ambassador-without-portfolio to the Vatican, has one of the strangest success stories in modern history. He studied law, but almost completely ignored the practice of that profession, once he was out of Cornell. He piled up a fortune in textiles, but nobody thinks of him as a textile man. He is renowned as a great steel man, but he spent a scant eleven years in that field, and then quit it.

Episcopalian son of Quaker parents, this legate to the Vatican has a solid jaw and a solid sense of dignity. He wears dark clothes, has few intimate friends, likes Italy and America, Mussolini and F. D. R., and has a villa near Florence. (All good recommendations for the Vatican post.) He has specialized in stabilizing industries: textiles and steel, particularly. He got the textile game back on its feet, collected a nice fee, quit; he overhauled steel's financial structure, recognized C. I. O. in the industry, took his pay, got safely out. In 1938 he took a ticklish job and did it well: as U. S. delegate and vice-chairman of the Inter-Governmental Refugee Committee he played a fine part in finding new homes for refugees.

On his study wall hang pictures of Il Duce, F. D. R. He knows both well. He knows his Italy. He is the man for this job. If he can stabilize the "industry" of international peace from his Roman headquarters, he will be more of a mysterious miracle-worker than ever. But it's quite a job, for any man. . . .

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EASTER MUSIC! The gladdest, most triumphant of the year! Music that magnifies and glorifies and brings deep to the hearts of us all a *new conviction*, *new hopes*, *new faith* . . .

. . . from simple chapels and great cathedrals, ardently sung by the strong of heart, hopefully joined in by the discouraged, the ancient Easter hymns will arise, worthily and *powerfully* reinforcing the inspiring message of this hopeful day.

For hundreds of years, churches have accepted and used the influence which fine organ music invariably adds to services. And today, fine organ music—with all its proved power over human hearts—is within the means of every church.

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Easter will soon be here. Take the lead *yourself* in learning how *easily* your church could install a Hammond in the short time remaining. Fill out and mail the coupon today.

THE REV. F. T. JOHNSON, pastor of the Calvary Methodist Church at New Albany, Indiana, says: "I would like to add a personal word in favor of this fine organ. It is capable of producing all the music needed for worship in the sanctuary, and has been an inspiration to me in leading this church in worship this past year."

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City.....*State*.....

Name of my church.....

Could ye not watch an Hour?

The greatest grief the world has ever known
Was borne in a dark garden all alone.
Friends near, but sleeping, friends who did not see
The anguish of our Lord, His agony,
Nor did they waken there to recognize
The brave submission in those upturned eyes,
Nor mark the greatest victory ever won
Within that conquering cry: "Thy will be done."
And sleeping, they lost something of their power.
"What, could ye not watch with me an hour?"

My near friend had a sorrow and I stood
Apart and left her there in solitude,
Helpless to comfort her, and while she wept
Within the garden of her grief, I slept.
I should have stayed beside her. For her sake
I should have waited, spiritually awake.
A human presence, and a hand's warm touch
I am quite sure now would have meant so much.
I slept, and I, too, blindly failed to see
The shining heights she climbed to victory.

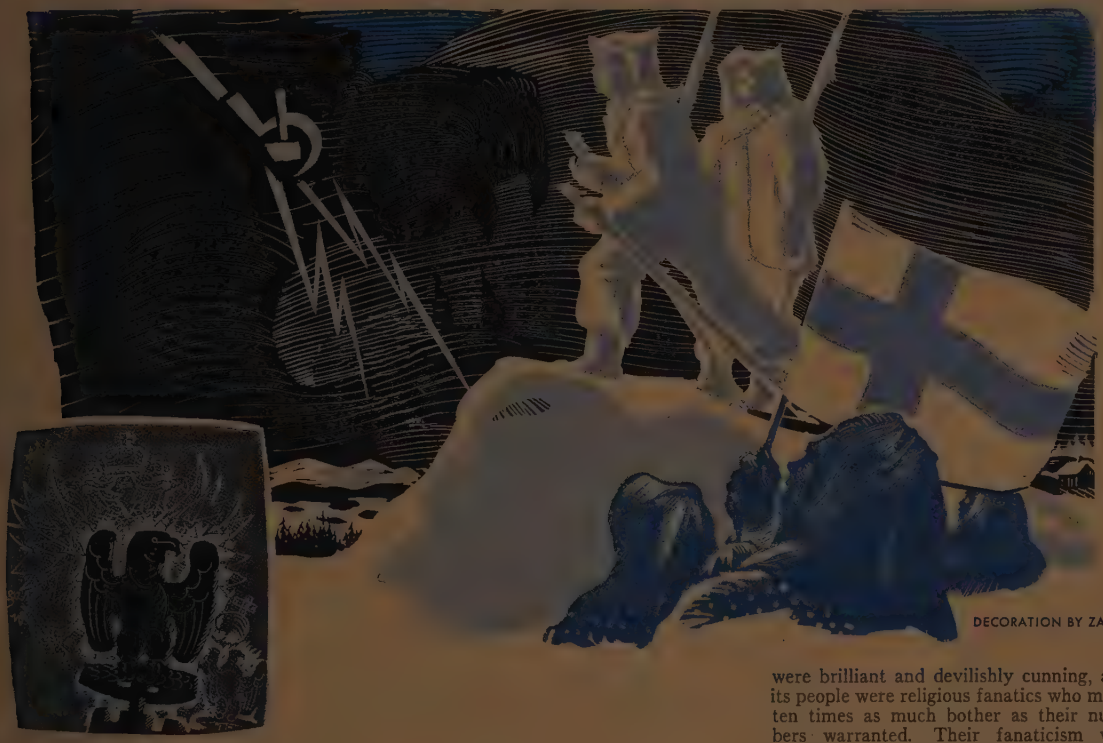
By
Grace Noll Crowell

March 1940

CHRISTIAN HERALD

ESTABLISHED

A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS



DECORATION BY ZADIG

THE EAGLE and THE CROSS

By Ralph S. Meadowcroft

IT SEEMS a far cry from the complex and crisis-racked world of our time to the peaceful garden outside Jerusalem which captivates the thoughts of millions this month. A stranger visiting this planet for the first time would find no connection between the two. He would wonder why this generation with its obsession for bigness, whether in finance, industry or commerce, its desperate struggle for existence and equally desperate attempt to destroy existence through war and bloodshed, should be so concerned with an insignificant event which occurred nearly 2,000 years ago. It would be quite natural if he went back to his astral home thinking that he had visited a planet of mad people, whose interests were chosen without any reason at all. Yet he could not fail to notice a certain wistfulness in the minds of the multitudes who pack the churches on Easter Sunday that the empty grave would be an open door to the solution of the vast problems under which we stagger. The desire for such interpretation is very strong, as much outside the number of orthodox Christians as among them, but it seems almost incredible even to the faithful that such an interpretation can be resolved.

The first Easter occurred so long ago. It happened in that little corner of the great Roman Empire which was famous for two things: the clever commercial ability of its population and the troublesomeness of its people. No more difficult task existed in those days than to be Roman Governor of Judea. Its leaders were brilliant and devilishly cunning, and its people were religious fanatics who made ten times as much bother as their numbers warranted. Their fanaticism was equaled only by their fickleness. Religious leaders were constantly appealing to the masses, who followed their teachings to the very letter for a while, then quickly forsook the rejected leader for some new and more glamorous prophet. These pathetic men of God almost resembled modern movie stars in the hysterical acclaim they received and the inevitable speediness of their oblivion.

At the dawn of the first century a typical leader had made his pulpit on the wild rocks of the Jordan valley. He was easily recognizable and all Judea had flocked out to his revival meetings. They had confessed their sins, been initiated into his company by baptism, and listened to his fiery words. His impression upon their minds was highly successful but equally superficial; for when the king cut his head off, not one sword was raised in his defence. Even his close disciples had left him, for another teacher had arrived and the crowd had someone else to thrill their emotions. Moreover, this new leader was quite different. He was not wild and rugged in appearance. On the contrary, this man was aristocratic in his manner. He did not live as a hermit but joined heartily in their wedding feasts. And above all, He did all kinds of wonderful things, such as healing sick people, providing them with free meals, and brilliantly confounding the arguments of their established leaders.

John the Baptist had simply denounced the Pharisees and the priests, which every member of the crowd did several times a day. But this teacher sat down and argued with them so cleverly that He made the leaders appear like infants. And that was a form of amusement they did not have every day. Moreover, the rumor concerning this man was one which gave them pause, for they heard the title "Messiah." Was He the long-promised one who was to restore the liberty of their nation? If so, the day of vengeance had at last dawned and hated Rome would soon be hurled out of the country.

The months went by and the kindly words of this Master grew monotonous. No word from Him emerged of military campaign or the drawing of blood. His only extravagance was His spiritual teaching, in which crowds are never interested very long. Finally, the people grew restless. Other voices, far more piercing and more in accord with their desire, were shouting among the hills of Galilee. Disinterest grew ugly in resentment, until the mob listened to the urgings of the nation's leaders. They were ready to draw His blood, who had refused to draw the hated Romans'. So they crucified Him, and a sorry little group of half-believing followers buried Him.

And now it is Easter morning, and the tomb has broken open. A strange event about which the crowd will speculate for a day or so. But even an empty grave is not of world-staggering importance. There are new preachers to be heard who are saying things far more violent and exciting than Jesus ever uttered. Even if the Roman centurion was right, that "this was the Son of God." He could not have been a favorite son, for God let Him die like a shameful criminal. Only one historian of the period, exclusive of the group who were His disciples, would even bother to mention him in the record of those turbulent times. In the language of a modern day, a witness might even accept the fact of the resurrection and still shrug his shoulders with a "what of it?" That was that, and that was all.

But 2,000 years have passed and millions of people are thinking about that empty tomb. We live in a world deluged by war and by problems so vast they frighten the mind of man even to contemplate them. There is little in the world of 1940 to faintly resemble that quiet garden. But in spite of all these things, the Nazarene claims more followers than any leader the world has ever known; His name is known where they have never heard of Hitler, Chamberlain or Roosevelt; and His Cross is more potent than any flag which beats the air. The Roman Empire never suffered the threat of His sword, but it died by His judgment. For in the rejection of His principles, it sealed its own doom. Its morale grew soft and decadent, until its very gates fell before the barbarian hordes. And then the Cross towered over the eagle, never again to be changed.

It is a strange overturn of history. Pilate was governor of the country, while Caiaphas was supreme head of the Jewish Church. Their names are still remembered after all these centuries, but only because they were connected with the one who lay in that tomb. One secular historian condescends to mention Him, but today more books have been written about Him than any one else in history. So perhaps the multitudes who celebrate Easter in this year 1940 are not so foolish after all. It may be that in His empty grave is a key to history which can unlock the solution to many of our problems today.

As this writer considered these matters, he seemed to stand before that tomb. The stone lay thrust on its side. But the back of the tomb also was opened. Thus the tomb was like a telescope through which one gazed at worlds beyond. I looked through this telescope, to find it focused upon the year in which we live. And I saw an event which might be called a "holy week" of 1939-40.

Of all the horrors which are making a nightmare of life these days, none has aroused the indignation of civilized men as has the attack upon Finland. Even granting the argument that Russia's deed is one of self-preservation, to strengthen her borders against a possible future invasion from Europe—and that is unquestionably the reason for the Soviet attack—it is still one of the most dastardly crimes in human history. Only brute force can justify the Communist policy against Finland and brute force has no justification among civilized people. In 1914, the world was outraged by the German invasion of Belgium, also on the grounds of self-preservation. In 1935, we were aroused by the Italian attack upon backward Ethiopia, though the Italians are probably right in their boast that they will develop the country better than the rulers of Abyssinia were doing themselves. Last year world-wide indignation boiled up at the German invasion of Czechoslovakia. But the assault upon 4,000,000 by the nation of 180,000,000 which had pleaded for twenty years its new moral leadership of mankind, exceeded every brutal act the twentieth century has yet witnessed. If ever there was an instance of deliberate interference in the affairs of one nation by another, this is the instance.

It is little wonder that decent men everywhere have sought to help the brave little nation. Even in Germany, where the Nazis are supposed to be allied with the Kremlin, this deed has aroused widespread opposition and there is little doubt that the people of the Reich would not hesitate to assist the Finnish people if they were allowed to do so. I doubt whether there is a single American, outside of the fanatical and pathetic members of the Communist party, who does not applaud the bravery of the Finnish people, and pray God's help for them. We who for 150 years have gloried in our own Valley Forge cannot but respond to an equally noble struggle for liberty and independence.

Yet the victory of Finland seems impossible. Bravery alone cannot win modern wars. Russia can lose a million men and still not be checked, but a man killed or wounded in the Finnish army will be increasingly hard to replace. And the day must soon come when the gallant little force must have gaps all along its line which cannot be refilled. Unless the other nations assist her far more than at this date, not only with ammunition, aeroplanes and food, but with men, the hour of Finland's defeat is inevitably drawing nearer. And then the people of that country might well desire that they were buried with their ancestors, for the vengeance of Moscow will equal the valor of Helsinki. If there is a Good Friday in the life of nations, it will be the name of that day. The people of Finland will understand, to the very last bit, the agony of the Cross upon which their Lord was murdered. It will need to be a day of censorship, for the world will hardly dare to know the whole truth of what will happen.

But can there be an Easter morning for Finland? It seems now that, if Russia conquers her, there could never be a day of resurrection. How can 4,000,000, less the number of its dead and God alone knows how many that will be, ever hope to cast off the yoke of oppression weighted down by 180,000,000? Her Black Friday must seem to be the end of the story.

Yet that is not true. Easter does not so interpret history. The powers of Rome and Jerusalem appeared invincible 1940 years ago. One man who had at most 500 bewildered followers was even more helpless than conquered Finland. Yet Rome and Jerusalem were doomed on that first Easter Day. It is simply not true that might is stronger than right. The final word of all history is that might which destroys the right ends in its own self-destruction. The Finnish people will have memories of gallantry and valor for the cause of liberty. Those memories will be infused into children yet unborn, through the years of the future. They will sing their Finlandia in the secret of their own hearts where no OGPU ears can catch the sound. They will worship their Lord upon His Cross, perhaps in secret, for their churches will probably be destroyed. But Christ did not lose His power in the catacombs of ancient Rome. And their Easter will tell them that God can never be held by death. Nor can the principles of God, liberty and justice and truth, be destroyed by sword or concentration camp. They only die when men forget them. But so long as men cherish them in their souls, so inevitably must come the breaking open of the tomb, even though it be sealed and guarded by the greatest power on earth.

Surely this is the meaning of Easter for 1940. Martin Niemoeller is stronger than

The Shipwrecked—This monument by the sculptor Stigell stands in Helsinki, Finland's ancient seaport. It pictures a shipwrecked father in a desperate attempt to save his family from destruction. The statue poignantly symbolizes Finland's struggles, past and present, against her powerful enemy, Russia

Adolf Hitler. The bombs of Russia do far more damage to Moscow than to Helsinki. Granted there is pain and suffering to be borne, that is God's way of bringing life to its final triumph. There could have been no resurrection without the agony of the Cross; for so long as the soul is free, no nation can be enslaved. Finland has known servitude before under the brutal hand of Czarist Russia. The generations passed but she rose victorious in her freedom. It may be she will pass through generations of vassaldom again, but independence will be the harvest of her spiritual liberty. And the glory of her reward will be the consciousness of her freedom, for far better be free only twenty years and know it than to live five times that period and not realize you are greater than a slave.

Moreover, there is another aspect of the situation which is of fundamental significance. The high priest said of Christ that it was "expedient that one man should die for the people." This was not a vindictive suggestion. It was uttered at the time the crowds were following Jesus. There was danger of riots against the civil authority and a consequent suppression by the Roman soldiers when blood would be shed and many killed. To the secular statesmen of Jerusalem it appeared a wise decision that Jesus should die and thus avoid the danger of many deaths.

But the death of Christ accomplished far more than Caiaphas expected, for through His death came resurrection. And because of His resurrection, new life has come to untold millions. The resurrection of Easter was also the rebirth of the human race. Mankind was elevated to a new dignity in the scheme of creation.

This same creative impulse is contained in the struggle of Finland. During the last decade the world has been completely dominated by the rule of force. Power, naked and brutal, has ridden over all our ideals. This has been especially true in the arena of international affairs. The foreign policies of Mussolini and Hitler have been based upon the law of the bully. Ethiopia, Austria, Spain, Czechoslovakia, Albania: these are victories of ruthless power. There was no rightness to the cause, hardly even the pretense of it.

Yet the darkest side of the picture was not the victories—it was the apparent helplessness of civilized men to check the triumphs. Great Britain's "defense" of Ethiopia was a shoddy business, Austria did not fire a shot against the invading army of the Reich, Spain and Czechoslovakia were disgracefully abandoned to their fate, and Albania hardly stirred the indignation of the law-abiding states. It seemed that men had grown spineless before oppression. All that civilized men could offer in opposition to the bayonets of the new barbarism was a ridiculous umbrella. True, in September, Britain and France finally said "No" to the acts of aggression, but it is perfectly clear they were concerned and had to either fight or degenerate to second-class powers. There is little nobility in their decision to go to war. Indeed, this is clearly proved by their attempt to avoid war with Russia when that state also adopted the methods of international gangsterism and walked into Poland, Lithuania and Latvia. Obviously, the democracies were fighting for their own possessions but not for any great *(Continued on page 59)*

THE BOY WHO WALKED THE SEA ROAD

The Story of Harold Cooke Phillips

By Helen Welshimer

HAROLD COOKE PHILLIPS was seventeen, the age when most boys are more interested in the antics of a football than the choice of a minister for the local church. He was a sturdy youngster, redhaired, blueeyed, alert and vital.

It wasn't a football game that was taking him along the sea road to Coke's View Church, on the Island of Jamaica. The church was choosing a local preacher and he was a candidate!

He thought the matter over as he hurried. The circuit preacher, with five congregations in his parish, had asked that each church appoint a minister from its group to preach on the four Sundays when he could not be present. Now an examination board was meeting at the church to make the choice.

Seventeen was pretty young. Harold Cooke Phillips knew that. But he squared his shoulders. Christianity was a youth movement. Christ had been young when He started His preaching mission. The twelve whom He had taken from the carpenter's bench, the fishermen's nets, and the tollgate, were young, too. Only to those with the swift blood of youth in their veins, the quickening of visions in their eyes, could He have said: "Go, ye therefore into all the world!"

The boy who walked the sea road felt a strange affinity with them. They had started their ministry on and around the sea of Galilee. Here, by the ocean, perhaps he, too, would begin to preach. Some day . . .

He mustn't dream! He must pass that examination! He did, too. He ran the homeward road, his preaching certificate in his hand, to tell his family that he was the new preacher.

Today, Dr. Harold Cooke Phillips, the well-known minister of the First Baptist Church in Cleveland, Ohio—the church that resembles a medieval Gothic cathedral, surrounded by the serenity of open fields—admits that from childhood his thoughts were centered around the ministry.

"The church was the center of everything in our village," he reminisces, "and the minister was the most revered man in the community; so, influenced by these things no doubt, I decided to be a minister.

"When I received my preaching license, back there in 1910, we had one minister in the family. My older brother, George, years before had gone to the United States, completed his studies and was the pastor of the First Baptist Church at Hamilton, Ohio. Another brother, Edgar, was a lawyer. I was slated for medicine, but I knew that I was going to be a clergyman instead of a doctor."

As soon as the seventeen-year-old minister announced his good news to the family he was confronted with the duty of choosing a text for his first sermon.

"I went to my old granny," his memory records, "and asked her on what I should preach. She chose the text: 'I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thus shall be saved.'"

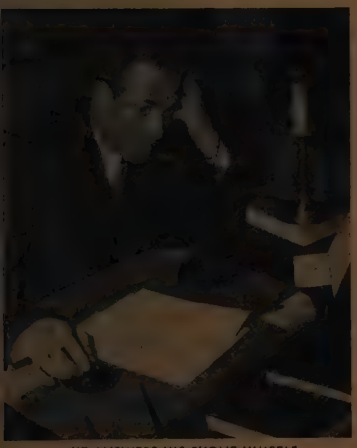
He has that sermon yet, the closely written pages preserved in a faded folder, the text, date and place of preaching on the cover. Every sermon he has delivered in his twenty-seven years of preaching has been preserved in the same manner, in a special file.

"Yet I never have been able to preach the same sermon in exactly the same form twice," he will hasten to tell you. "I may take the text again and again, but the material must be reshaped to meet new circumstances.

Jamaica, the largest of the British West Indies, was the birthplace of Dr. Phillips. It is an island 140 miles long and 50 miles wide. It is situated ninety miles south of Cuba and one hundred miles west of Haiti. The youthful minister was born in Westmoreland, Jamaica, on November 26th 1892, where his father, George Wallace Phillips, ran a general country store. He and his wife, Emma McIntosh Phillips, were very actively interested in the church, to which they gave of themselves freely.

Dr. Phillips' father died when he was just seven. His mother, however, in spite of the responsibilities created by a family of seven children, still maintained an active interest in the local church. Dr. Phillips vividly recalls the large place that

WINDING HIS FAVORITE CLOCK



HE ANSWERS HIS PHONE HIMSELF

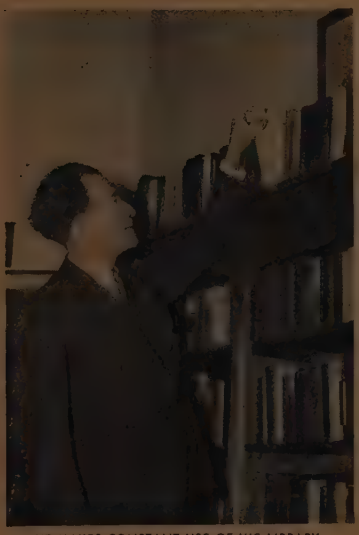
A PHONE CHAT WITH A FRIEND

THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR OLD BOY WHO WALKED BY THE SEA, DOWN IN JAMAICA, IS NOW ONE OF THE NATION'S MORE PROMINENT PREACHERS. HE REMAINS SIMPLE AND HUMAN, AS HE HAS ALWAYS BEEN. WALKING IS HIS FAVORITE EXERCISE—AS SHOWN ON FACING PAGE. AND HIS OTHER ACTIVITIES, DEPICTED ON THIS PAGE, FILL HIS VERY BUSY DAYS.

religion filled in the home of his youth. Family prayers were a regular part of the home life. He feels that these simple acts of devotion have had a lasting influence.

The father's store had been given up. The family made its living on the farm. Here yams, oranges, bananas and coconuts were raised. The chief source of income, however, came from three aviaries. It took careful planning to finance the family but its spiritual life never faltered. Eventually the eldest boy, destined to preach, became the Jamaica representative for the A. I. Root Bee Company; later, due to his proficiency, he was summoned to the United States, to manage the bee farm at Medina, Ohio. Another brother sailed away to study law.

Meantime Harold Cooke Phillips was growing up. Every letter from his eldest brother, now a minister, was an event. The younger boy decided that some day he, too, would go to school at Denison University. When George wrote that he had won the right to represent his literary society in the inter-society debate—he was still in the prep school at the time—his small brother's chest swelled with pride. That was an honor—an honor even greater than being governor of Jamaica! Some day—some day he would win it, too, he decided.



HE MAKES CONSTANT USE OF HIS LIBRARY

HIS FILES ARE COMPLETE AND ORDERLY

So the years went, in the small village by the sea, until 1912. That year Harold Phillips was nineteen. It was high time to be on his way, he told his mother, who agreed with him. So he packed his trunk and sailed away from Port Royal. That summer his brother's congregation voted unanimously to have him serve as its supply pastor, during the month the regular minister was on vacation. Today, when he is sought by the churches, colleges and lecture platforms of the nation, Dr. Phillips remembers most vividly that period, August, 1912, when he supplied the First Baptist Church of Hamilton, Ohio.

"It stands out in my memory as a period that made the most profound impression on me. Every night the church was packed. I was young, in a strange land. To the people, it was a novelty to have a nineteen-year-old boy from Jamaica preach. Their kindliness and sympathy never failed."

September came. College opened. Up and down the streets of Granville the students hurried to classes, loitered to talk. The tall, redheaded boy from Jamaica entered his seventh heaven. Because of the pressure of work on the farm he had not completed his studies in the British schools back home. Now he enrolled in Doane Academy at Denison University. There were two literary societies in the academy, Cicero and Irving. It was the Cicero debate that his older brother had won. He joined the same group. He went out for debate and won the preliminary tryout. That was in 1913.

The night of the debate came. Though a prep school affair, it was always a gala event for the whole campus. Half of the student body wore the Cicero purple and gold. The other half came adorned with the Irving red and gold. They sang their songs, gave their yells, cheered their debaters. The boy from Jamaica hoped desperately that he would have a good speech. For weeks he had been practicing it in the woods around the college. He must watch his Scottish brogue, he reminded himself. His fellow-Ciceronians had taken up an offering to send him to Columbus for some special voice instruction.

"Harold Cooke Phillips, for the affirmative," the chairman announced. He repeated the subject; "Resolved that preference in tolls given to the United States ships passing through the Panama Canal is unjust." And the affirmative won!

"Some rewarding experiences have come to me through the years but none that compare with the winning of the debate that night!" Dr. Phillips exclaims.

Four successive years he represented Cicero and won the finals for it. To this training he owes much. His days were busy. While in the academy he was tackle on the football team for two years. In college he served as president of the

Student Young Men's Christian Association, president of his class in his freshman year, and later president of the student body, a member of the college debating team, and active in student government. During this time he preached at churches in the southern part of Ohio. If it hadn't been for this student preaching, which took him away from the campus over weekends, he would have continued to play football.

Dr. Phillips was graduated from Denison University with the Bachelor of Arts degree in 1919. He received his Bachelor of Divinity from Union Theological Seminary and, in 1922, his Master's from Columbia University. That same year he was naturalized. In 1928 Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, honored him with a Doctor of Divinity degree. Incidentally, he was a Phi Beta Kappa at Denison, and a Beta Theta Pi.

Dr. Phillips' first fulltime pastorate was with the First Baptist Church at Mount Vernon, New York, where he went immediately upon graduation and stayed for six years. In Mount Vernon he lived part of the time with Dr. Charles Hastings Dodd, then retired, who once had ministered to the church. The relationship with Dr. Dodd he regards as one of the most meaningful and rewarding of his experiences. It was not easy for him to leave Mount Vernon, where he had spent so many happy years. However, in 1928, the First Baptist Church of Cleveland asked Dr. Phillips to come as its minister. On June 2, 1929, a year after he had accepted this pastorate, he presided at the dedication of its new church, one of the most beautiful and finely-equipped edifices in America. The church organization is now 104 years old.

READING IS HIS CHIEF PLEASURE

The church is bulwarked by the strong, majestic Swasey Tower that rises to a height of 130 feet. It has a four-square foundation built around an open court, with an outside pulpit, where the boy who preached in the little church by the sea sometimes addresses his people. Oddly reminiscent of that first text are the inscriptions over the outer doorways; "Enter into His Courts with Praise" and "Serve the Lord with Gladness."

Figures matter little to Dr. Phillips. Ask him what his membership is and he will call his secretary to supply the answer. He is concerned with the message he preaches and the problems of his people. However, the membership of the church is 1200. About one hundred new members are added each year. There are 767 on the Church School enrollment, and in this department the attendance runs around 500. Cloistered though the church might seem, as it stands beyond the city where wide boulevards pass, yet it is in close contact with civic and community life, and the minister's sermons tie into the life of the people.

"I like a sermon that I can relate to life," he explains. "I never enjoy preaching a sermon unless I feel that the people will recognize its truth because of its relevance to life as we know it. Christianity is the most vital and engaging truth we know. Its message is particularly gripping today, when so many of its basic insights are being challenged by the world movements of our day." And yet Dr. Phillips does not believe that in preaching the needs and problems of persons can be overlooked. He thinks that the attempt to regard the personal and social gospel as alternatives is a mistaken one.

There are many young people in the church. "I imagine they are not so fundamentally different from what their parents were at their age," Dr. Phillips observes. "They are no doubt more frank, much more realistic, a trifle disillusioned. I think, however, that the character of youth can never be adequately judged apart from the action and example of adults, who often fail them."

Dr. Phillips is five feet, eleven and one-half inches tall. He weighs 175 pounds. And when he talks of war and peace his voice becomes as vibrant with his belief and hope as it must have been when he was seventeen and talked to the fishermen and farmers at the Coke's View Church. Now it has the overtones of the years to bring it depth and emphasis. "I am about ninety-eight per cent pacifist," he says. "Two per cent of me believes that at the present stage of human progress, at least, the peace of the world needs an organized force, equivalent to a police force, which will do to robber nations what the police do to thieves. I see no hope for peace at the present time save by way of collective security.

'But this means war,' some one might say. That is where I differ. Given a world organized on the basis of collective security, is there any nation who would dare challenge world opinion and force? Suppose that Italy had known that if she violated her treaties and went into Ethiopia she would have to reckon with the combined force of an international league, composed of all the nations of the world? Certainly she would have hesitated. Could any nation be mad enough to try to fight the world? Japan would not be in China today, Germany in Czecho-Slovakia, or Russia in Finland, had such a league, based on collective security, been in operation.

"I know the answer that some of my friends would make to this. They would say that theoretically the position is valid, but that actually it is impossible to get such a league; that nations willy nilly will use the league for their personal advantage, and that the league will never operate on any such principle as I have suggested. I do not share this pessimism. For more than 150 years we have had law courts in America; yet it is an open secret that the administration of justice in this country leaves much to be desired—to put it very mildly! But no one advocates the elimination of courts because of that. Why should we be so discouraged if the nations in twenty years do not perfectly administer international justice, when our nation, after 150 years, leaves so much to be desired? At present I see no escape from war save by collective security.

"Since science has made the world smaller, we live in closer proximity to our neighbors. Causes for irritation are much more frequent, so we require an international way of settling them. Some nations, such as Germany, Italy and Japan, need more room for their people. Others, such as America, Great Britain and Russia, have too much. It may be that those with more space than they need will pay the price of peace by sharing. Will we be realistic enough to face this situation?"

Christian unity is another favorite theme of the clergyman. "The problem of Christian unity," he asserts, "is not so much that of achieving it, as it is of expressing it. In the deep things of life Christians are one. In our religion we are united. It is in our respective ecclesiasticisms that we are divided. Perhaps we shall not be able merely to think or argue ourselves into unity, but to live ourselves into it. Perhaps the road to unity will not be found by working back through our respective ecclesiasticisms to the eternal realities, but by a richer experience of those realities themselves."

That summer when 500 delegates from forty-three countries gathered in Edinburgh, Scotland, to come closer in religious understanding, Dr. Phillips was there and addressed the conference. Contrasting that conference with the one held in Lausanne some years ago, he says: "I did not attend the Lausanne Conference. However, some of my friends who did, described it by saying that the delegates placed their religious ideas alongside of each other, and at the end of the conference each delegate picked up his religious ideas and carried them home, presumably more convinced of their rightness than before. This, however, was certainly not true at Edinburgh. In Edinburgh we were anxious to learn from each other, and sympathetically to understand the reasons for our respective positions. I am sure that I, for one, have a deeper appreciation of the value of the historic approach to Christianity and the church than before I went."

Dr. Phillips went also, in 1937, to the World Conference on Church, Community and State which was held at Oxford. Here, mingling with 700 representatives from forty-five countries, he found the same spirit that prevailed at Edinburgh—a desire for unity.

Dr. Phillips begins his day at eight-thirty in the morning, when he climbs four flights of stairs *(Continued on page 58)*

It was Mary! The one who didn't do any work to justify her existence. She was bringing forward a jar of ointment

Easter Story by

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

VERY TIRED MAN

IT HAD been a hard week. Those who knew him best and loved him best watched with worried eyes and smiled wistfully when he spoke—which he did less often than usual—and fell silent when he was silent. There had been so many miles to cover and the road had been so dusty and there had been such vast multitudes in desperate need—need of the body and need of the spirit. That matter of the children, now—some of the disciples hadn't wanted him to stop and take up a precious hour with blessing a lot of children he'd never see again. Indeed, they had tried to send the children away, but he had stepped forward and rebuked them.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," he had said, and his voice was bell clear even though his body was achingly weary. "For of such," he had added, "is the kingdom of God."

It was still a distance from Jerusalem and they must reach the golden city in good time for the feast of the Passover, and Jesus insisted on spending one night, at least, in Bethany with Lazarus and his sisters. . . . They were pressed for time and yet Jesus had lavished a whole hour upon the children. They had swarmed over him, unafraid, full of questions, clutching his robe—*his white robe!*—with small, grubby fingers. One of the children was lame—some injury sustained at birth, no doubt, for he bore his crutch with an air of patience and long usage. Scarce need, argued a couple of the disciples, to heal a child who had never known anything better! But Jesus had paused in the midst of answering futile questions about the birds and the sky and the flowers, to lay his hand upon the dragging, wasted leg. And lo! The crutch was thrown away.

Even those who knew him best stood apart. It was sheer waste to make miracles that were not asked for, at the eleventh hour—when Jerusalem lay over the brow of a dozen hills and the sun was hot on the highway. Even those who loved him best stood apart, and though they did not criticize—for who may criticize the Master?—they almost wished that he were a little less generous. When finally the children had dispersed—not excepting the little girl who had fallen and skinned her elbow and had been comforted—they tried not to see that the light in his eyes was burning with a keener flame. They only noticed that his shoulders sagged, as though he carried an actual burden, and the one who was in charge of the money said bitterly—"I wouldn't have been surprised if he'd wanted me to give out pennies to the whole crowd of them!"

But Jesus probably didn't hear, for he vouchsafed no comment.

They hadn't left the children very far behind when a young man in garments of woven silk came out, across the fields. He was so obviously rich, his servants were attired in such luxurious livery, that the twelve who followed Jesus brightened and began to preen themselves. Maybe this unknown rich man would invite them to share of his splendor and his bounty—dinner, perhaps, and music and laughter for a change—a few rich men were enthralled by the Master's teaching! They were visibly disappointed when, after a short conversation, the fellow turned on his heel, more puzzled and sorrowful than angry, and went his way.

"Why," asked the disciple who doled out their meager supply of silver, "Jesus, why on earth didn't you make it easier for the rich young man? He was anxious to contribute to our cause—I could see it on his face. Why did you order him to sell everything he had and bestow the proceeds upon the poor? Charity begins at home, you know."

Jesus sighed before he made answer. "You heard what I told him," he said finally. "Treasure in heaven is the only treasure worth having."

The one who guarded the money bags jangled something brassy in the pouch that was slung from his girdle. "Such an idea," he muttered, "should be given a chance to grow and expand. You sprung it on him too quickly, Jesus."

"I gave the young man a chance to expand and grow," Jesus answered. "I invited him to follow me."

"Yes," nodded the treasurer of the disciples, "you invited him to follow you after he had given away his worldly goods. . . . We have too many such fol-

lowers, Jesus—and in the end we must needs feed them!"

But Jesus evidently was not aware of the last remark for, head bent in deep thought, he was trudging along in the dust. The disciple who was closest to him—the beloved disciple—found himself thinking that it was strange how the dust of the highway seldom clung to those strong, slender feet. Jesus' feet were never grimy, as were the feet of the others.

Forced marches—there had been many of them! Christ and his followers had often slept under the stars with their heads pillowed on their wadded up mantles. They had journeyed by land and by sea—seeking that which the disciples, as yet did not themselves understand. Sometimes the waves of the sea were troubled and sometimes they were incredibly still, just as sometimes the road was rugged and at other times led through green pastures. Their journey across the years—and by actual count the years were few when you looked back on them—had not been all strife and struggle; every once in so often it had been lightened by songs and glorious rest. But the rest periods had grown less and less frequent, and now there was something more than usually urgent—something that seemed to spur Jesus ahead toward Jerusalem. The disciples didn't quite comprehend; it was more than the Feast that pushed him onward. It was as if there were a call, a summons that only he could hear! Most of the time, during this march, they were too exhausted for singing, and an odd restraint lay on them and they could not make even the routine queries of their Leader. Only he who was the treasurer of the band found the courage to growl "You'd think he had an appointment with someone of importance—a rendezvous with Cæsar, perhaps. . . . After all, we are only flesh and blood!"

This time Jesus heard the growl. He spoke simply. "I *have* an appointment," he said. "It is an appointment with—" he hesitated and then, "It is only fitting that I tell you the whole truth. . . . The Son of man shall be betrayed unto the chief priests and the scribes, and they shall condemn him to death."

The treasurer eyed Jesus strangely. "Betrayed?" he said. "Why, that's impossible!"

But Jesus shook his head. "No," he said, "they shall deliver him to those who mock and scourge, and he shall be crucified, and the third day he shall rise again." He might have explained further had not a woman come rustling forward at that moment. Perhaps it was just as well that he said no more for the disciples had regarded him with worried eyes as he spoke of being resurrected after three days, and the treasurer had tapped his forehead with a thin, slightly soiled forefinger. When the woman spoke to Jesus they waited anxiously. But it was only one of those regular requests about the future—something about the woman's sons and whether they might sit upon the left and right hand of the Master when he came into his kingdom—so the disciples relaxed.

When Jesus answered the woman in his direct, beautiful language, it sounded like another one of the parables, for he answered by asking a question: "Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink?"

John, leaning forward, strained his eyes. The multitude, shouting, cheering, had been swept by inspiration in their choice of a carpet for the Master to ride over. He said, "Why, they've cut branches from palms—great branches! That's what it is!"

Illustrator **HENRY LUHRS**

They went through Jericho finally. It was a pleasure to be in a town again after the open spaces and the dust. The throng that followed was inclined to be friendly—some throngs nowadays weren't, for there were mutterings and veiled threats and stark moments when the thunder of disbelief was not very far distant. Jesus and the disciples might well have lingered in Jericho—might well have spent one merry evening, at least—certainly Jericho was better than the dull home of Lazarus, in Bethany. But, no, the Master's mind was made up. Through the town they passed as rapidly as though they were walking through a field of clover, hesitating only upon the outskirts when two blind men accosted them, crying, "Oh, Lord, have mercy upon us!"

The blind men were beggars—just as obviously they were beggars as the young man in the silken garments had been obviously rich. But Jesus stood still—still as a statue graven in marble—and spoke. All hint of hurry had gone from his voice.

"What will ye that I do unto you?" he asked quietly, and raised a hand that the beggars could not see, for silence.

The throng following after saw that hand and were quiet.

"Maybe he's going to preach one of his sermons!" someone murmured, and suspense ran through the city like wind through a field of wheat. But the blind beggars could neither see Jesus nor feel the suspense. They merely leaned together, shoulder touching shoulder, and the braver of them spoke again.

"Lord," he whispered, "if our eyes might be opened—"

The disciples were not surprised when Jesus had compassion upon the beggars; only the throng, which was beginning to resent his hasty progress through their city, felt astonishment. Jesus leaned forward and brushed his hand across two pairs of sightless eyes. It was a brief gesture—as brief as a flutter of a butterfly's wing. But brief though it was, the beggars, still leaning together, were transfixed with delight. For they saw a world in which many listening faces crowded close. They did not realize—not then—that some of the faces were scarred with hatred.

It was strange that Jesus always found repose in Bethany. It was a fact that the disciples could not fathom. Lazarus and his sisters were so far from brilliant, so utterly uninspiring. They did not raise controversial questions, neither did they give Jesus ideas for his talks to the young people and his lectures to the older ones. They did not even inquire into the Master's plans for the years to be; his plans did not seem to make much difference as far as they were concerned. When Jesus was their guest, Lazarus and his sisters seemed to be suspended in space—too drenched in happiness to be bothered with the whys and wherefores of existence. The disciples did not quite understand but they were forced to accept.

Lazarus was as usual—the perfect host as far as physical matters went. His strong face was alive with interest as Jesus talked of the little events of the past day. The disciples always felt slightly ill at ease with Lazarus, remembering him as he had once been with a set, alabaster face, and quiet folded hands. Jesus had raised Lazarus from the dead, as quickly and easily as he had raised the young daughter of Jairus. And now he spoke of rising from the dead, himself—although he was still strong and alive. Such things were better ignored, thought the disciples, and yet how could they be ignored when Lazarus was passing swiftly through the rooms, offering them the bread and meat that Martha had baked and roasted?

Martha was a good cook—that was one thing on which the disciples agreed. And even he who was the dispenser of their wealth had to admit that the rooms of Lazarus' home shone with cleanliness.

"She's a fine woman," said Judas, as he munched great mouthfuls, "and a splendid housekeeper, but I don't think much of the younger sister—the one who just sits and entertains the Master."

The disciples had their own opinions on the subject, but their journey with Jesus had taught them to keep some opinions to themselves. Only he who was the gentlest spoke up in Mary's defense.

"Food and cleanliness," he said, "are all very well in their place, but perhaps Mary has chosen the good part. The Master is warmed by the adoration in her smile."

Judas reached for one of the seed cakes that was Martha's specialty and crunched it down. He said, "Adoration does not fill the stomach."

The evening wore on and on. It was warm for this time of year and some of the disciples wandered outdoors to be under the stars, and brood. Most of them, however, stayed indoors, for they were bored with the stars by this time and a thatched roof had its points. The one who collected and dispensed worldly wealth retired into a corner to count that which remained of their meager store. He emptied the money bags and piled the smaller coins together in the manner of an auditor. He piled the larger coins in heaps of five each, and counted them, also—and as he counted he muttered words. The word that he used most frequently was cash. . . . There were so many ways in which Jesus could acquire plenty, if he would only stoop—and he need not stoop far—to do so. Easy ways that would not even be a tax upon a man's conscience. He might charge for his miracles—vast sums to the people who were wealthy, small amounts to the

beggars. The people who rushed to hear his sermons would be glad to contribute to these limp money bags; one had only to pass an empty basket or a plate. But Jesus insisted on multiplying loaves and fishes for an audience, rather than accepting recompense.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive—" that was what Jesus kept saying, over and over. It almost tempted a solid, sensible man to go where money might be had for the asking. Where even intangible things had a commercial value. There were some—not among the disciples, of course, but—well, there were some who might say that a man was a fool to refuse the sale of such things as information. Judas shrugged and told himself that he was too altruistic—that he, also, was bitten by this bug of public spiritedness! Right now he knew of a market for information—a really good one. Why, a price had even been mentioned. Thirty pieces of . . . his train of thought broke off in midair for there was a little rustle in the room and a sudden perfume, sharply sweet, was turning the night into a singing magic.

It was Mary! The one who didn't do any work to justify her existence. She was bringing forward a jar of ointment. There must be a whole pound of it, and yes, it was spikenard—the most costly ointment of all. Judas leaped up from his place, the coins scattering hither and yon—not that there were very many of them to scatter! He crowded close to the spot where Jesus sat at ease, with the worn look fading from his face. What on earth was Mary going to do with the ointment, anyway? Was she going to present it to Jesus? If so, they could barter it for a huge price and the money bags wouldn't be nearly so thin and it wouldn't be necessary for a man to sell his soul to the . . . again his train of thought broke abruptly, for the woman was kneeling in front of the Master and was using the ointment—that precious, precious stuff—to anoint his feet!

Judas caught his underlip between his teeth. The other disciples were as still as graven images. The ones who had gone outside came hurrying back, drawn by the fragrance as bees are drawn to a pot of honey. This was a gesture of gestures. It was supreme!

Quietly, as if she were using mere water into which rose leaves had been dropped, the woman anointed the feet that even the dustiest road had left unscarred. Her long hair—Judas admitted involuntarily that, even though she wasn't much of a cook, her hair was lovely—she used as a towel. One of the disciples drew in his breath in something that was halfway between a sigh and a prayer. And Judas suddenly heard his own voice shouting in the stillness.

"This," he shrilled, "is—is—" He wanted to say ridiculous, but his vocabulary failed him. "Jesus," he begged frantically, "make her stop it! The ointment is *valuable.*"

Jesus peered up from his contemplation of the woman who knelt before him. When his eyes rested upon the treasurer some of the tiredness crept back into them. "Yes, it is greatly valuable," he said.

Judas spoke again. "It can be disposed of," he said, "for a goodly recompense. For three hundred pence, at least, maybe more. That would make all the difference in the world, right now, and you know it! If the woman wishes to give you a gift, why not accept the ointment and *sell it?* Using it in this prodigal manner is . . ."

The woman did not look up from her task, but the sound that came from her lips might have been gentle mirth. No . . . It might have been the echo of an angel's song, so light it was and so joyous.

Jesus nodded to the objector, "Have peace."

But the peace was gone out of Judas, and left a burning resentment in its place. "We could give the money to the poor," he almost shouted. The poor—that was a line which always appealed to Jesus, but it covered a multitude of sins! "If we sold the ointment we would have more money for the needy. Think of that, Jesus, and make her stop!"

The weariness was back again, every fragment of it. It was like a veil that hung between the face of Jesus and the face of the *(Continued on page 50)*

TWO OF FINLAND'S MANY BEAUTY SPOTS—THE LOVELY ISLAND ARCHIPELAGO IN THE GULF OF FINLAND, LEFT, AND THE "CLEAN, GREEN" LITTLE TOWN OF PORVOO

☆ FINLAND ☆

ON THESE TWO PAGES ARE EXCERPTS FROM AN ARTICLE BY DR. POLING WHICH APPEARED IN THIS MAGAZINE IN NOVEMBER, 1935. SO GREAT IS THE PUBLIC SYMPATHY WITH THAT GALLANT LITTLE COUNTRY TODAY, THAT THESE PARAGRAPHS WILL HAVE RENEWED INTEREST

By Daniel A. Poling

FINLAND is rich in both her negatives and positives, in what she has and what she does not have. Here is a little land with great assets, a race ancient as man's first recorded beginnings, and a nation born less than a generation ago. She has no slums, no illiterates, no privileged class and no wealth and poverty side by side. She has no unemployment and no repudiated debts! Sixty thousand lakes with more than eighty thousand islands, granite foundations, forests that cover seventy-three per cent of her dry land, almost limitless fisheries and a vast water power—these are her natural resources.

Within her democracy she has made room for every shade of political opinion save only those which would destroy democracy itself. Free speech, a free press, free schools, and absolute freedom of worship alongside a powerful state church, are significant of this free Finland which remained unconquered after seven centuries under the scepters of her conquerors. Equal suffrage, both in theory and demonstration, is perhaps her major contribution to the science of politics; and it was her native son Nurmi who showed the athletic world how to run the mile faster than "any human"! . . .

Finland, where equal suffrage, granted in 1906—more than a dozen years ahead of our own—has opened fully to women all but two professions, the church and the army. And even in the army there are now 20,000 women enrolled in the "Lotta Svard," which was formed during the recent war of liberation and is now maintained as an auxiliary of the Civil Guards. All peacemakers in this earnest, efficient land distinguish between defensive and offensive warfare. The reason for the distinction can hardly escape one who reads Finnish history, ancient and recent.

Finland has been described as the country "where children know no tears," and certainly I heard only laughter and saw only smiles both in Helsingfors and on a delightful ride to Tampere, more than two hundred kilometers inland. The principle upon which Finnish teachers and welfare specialists work is this: "The occupied child is the happy child." Homes, schools, kindergartens, orphanages, churches and playgrounds all follow this formula. Perhaps in the field of childhood and youth and in her system of public education, which has completely eliminated the illiterate, is to be found the key to Finland's national character—here and in her intensive religious spirit. Bookshops and libraries are found everywhere, even through the heart of Finnish Lapland. Finland has the only automobile road in the world which extends clear to the land of the midnight sun. For three hundred and fifty miles it stretches, and stops farther north than the extreme north of Iceland.

Those who have labored under the delusion that this great little country is covered with snow and bound in ice ask: "How can these things be?" The answer is, "benign southwesterly winds from the Gulf Stream." Indeed, the year-round climate of Finland, from Helsingfors to the Arctic Ocean, is less rigorous than that of North Dakota or even New Hampshire, and of the latter I am always a satisfied, and just now a homesick, partaker.

I am tempted now to become agricultural, for I have only recently left Finnish strawberries, cream and flowers behind

me; but this is not a propaganda article.

Butter shipments to England alone have passed four hundred million marks annually. Those who are interested in solving the housing problem and in finding an answer to the question of any city's slums, will do well to inquire of the Helsinki People's Housing Company, Ltd. Here is found just what many in America are looking for. Slum clearance is a major achievement of modern Helsinki. . . .

That Finland is up-to-date and modern was made apparent to me immediately upon my arrival. A newspaper man disputed with the customs and youth leaders for my first minutes, and his first question was, "What do you think of Finland?" I had just seen two hundred kilometers of it from the air, and so replied in kind, "I think it's great!" Hardly had the young man gone away than an even more searching and persistent young woman appeared. She spoke "American" fluently and used it to apologize for bothering a "very busy man," although she refused to budge an inch for even a university professor who told her, rather pointedly, that he was waiting to take us to a luncheon engagement—indeed she went right along with us, and got the story! I am glad that I was unable to read it, for several times anxious glances from my friends warned me that this particular reporter might not be unlike a few others I had met! . . .

Although we speak of "little Finland," it is little in population only. It surprised me to learn that it is the sixth country in area in Europe. . . .

But, while I was shown public buildings and sites of historic interest, I discovered very early in my stay that Finnish thought centers chiefly not in buildings but in people, not in things but in a spirit. *What men and women* have done is not neglected. The greatest national epic since Homer is *The Kalevala* compiled by the "Finnish Homer," Elias Lonnrot. The first edition was published just one hundred years ago. But distinctly Finland is a land of today and a nation of tomorrow. Save in the few larger cities, for centuries practically all building has been with wood. This explains the absence of those structures that are at once the glory and mildew of countries farther south. Every village and almost every country crossing of Italy and Spain, of France and England, has its crumbling, venerated spot or object. Finland, as old as these, is as fresh and new as Oregon! Indeed, again and again I was reminded of frontier towns and the better built pioneer communities of our American and Canadian Northwest. There are scores of "little Longviews" scattered across this practically unbroken forest land, which is at once a model for conservationists and a reassurance for those who have fears for the rapid disappearance of the world's natural resources.

So many have written of Finnish cleanliness that I hesitate to add my testimony; but, having partaken of, or perhaps I should say participated in, that national institution the "Sauna," I may be excused for giving voice to my personal enthusiasm. There is no grime, there are no littered streets and no poorly kept public buildings or parks in the land of Nurmi. Some of the statues may be startling in their frankness, as for instance the undraped figure of the great runner just referred to which is one of the numbers of undraped figures dominating the great chamber of the New Parliament Building. But there is never the hint of suggestiveness, and the attitude of young and old alike toward art breathes out the clean air of these lakes and trees and the flowering north. . . .

Vital Christianity is I think the dominating factor in modern Finland's growth and enrichment. Are not cleanliness, slum clearance, the elimination of poverty, exact honesty in dealing with international neighbors, care for childhood, a careful regard for the rights of minorities, and a score of similar achievements in fields of social service—are not these fruits of the tree Christ planted?

A FINNISH FOLKWOMAN

HELP THE FINNS

Thousands of helpless, aged women, like this one, have been driven from their demolished homes and confronted with the bitter choice of accepting charity or starving and freezing. Herbert Hoover estimates that almost a million Finns are wholly destitute. As head of the American Committee for Finnish Relief, he has already sent several hundred thousand dollars to Finland—but that by no means meets the need. He urges us all to donate to those worthy people in their extremity. No doubt many of our readers would like to help, and Christian Herald will be glad to handle donations and see that they reach the proper authorities. Make checks and money orders payable to Finnish Relief Fund, and mail to Christian Herald, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

★

The State Church, which is Lutheran, with its overwhelming membership—a membership from which one may withdraw, however—dominates the field of religion. But the domination is generous. The non-conforming churches—the Free Church and the Methodist Church (these two about equal in strength), the Baptist Church, the Salvation Army, and others—are entirely free in their worship and practices and they are heartily encouraged by the government. Their services are decisively evangelistic and in the Swedish Free Church and later in the Central Free Church Congregation, both of Helsinki, where it was my privilege to speak, I found the worship vitally evangelical and emotionally contagious. The Free Church of Finland is associated with the Congregational-Christian Church of the United States. It is in this body that Finnish Christian Endeavor has its leadership and greatest numerical strength. Christian Endeavor's growing strength is suggested by the fact that in the annual summer tent gathering of this year audiences reached a total attendance of between four and five thousand. In this virile, old-new land of tomorrow, Christianity is on the march and Christian youth is rising to play a noble part for Christ and the Church. . . .

Finnish hospitality is proverbial and often a little embarrassing—for how can a man reared on three meals a day—many of them as frugal as his father's ministerial salary made necessary—accommodate his stomach to half a dozen breakfasts, teas, lunches, dinners and suppers within twenty-four hours? Be sure, too, that what the meal is called offers you no relief—in Finland! Frequently I found myself in the state of the child at a Mont Lawn picnic—no longer able to swallow, I could still "chew a little." One dinner I shall never forget. In the home of one of our Christian Endeavor field secretaries, William Jokinen, overlooking a beautiful lake where wild ducks came at his children's call, I dined on the numerous hors d'œuvres that are characteristic of all these north lands, on fish from the native waters, on vegetables and strawberries from the gardens, cakes from the home oven and at last on *viili*, which is whole milk not unlike our "clabber," and yet altogether Finnish. I did my best, but my best, though eagerly offered, was not good enough to do justice to that meal. At any rate, there was satisfaction in knowing that while I ate from so bounteous a repast no man, no woman, and no child in all the land was of necessity hungry.

My farewell to these new and lovely friends came in a memorable youth rally that crowded the auditorium of the Central Free Church quite beyond its "utmost capacity," for aisles were filled and scores turned away. How those young people sang and played! Music plays a stirring and almost constant part in their lives. After that thrilling meeting they left me at my hotel door but returned early in the morning to see me off for Berlin and Budapest. As our little ship rose high above them and headed out over the Baltic Sea until their faces were lost in the mist I saw their hands waving in farewell.

It will be good to return.

FORTY YEARS
A Country Preacher

[PART SIX]

By George B. Gilbert

NEW FIELDS

IT WAS in 1909 that I heard a very fine old country preacher give a talk on rural work in Emmanuel church, Killingworth. This was Mr. William C. Knowles, rector of the church for thirty-seven years. He soon resigned, and I took over the Killingworth church. Knowles had the right spirit. Most of his work was done with the old native New England stock; the new immigrants from Europe were just beginning to come in then. He had many an interesting experience; his stories fascinated me.

He told me that one day, on his way home from a baptism, he heard some men shouting to him: "Oh, Mr. Knowles. Will you come in and give us a funeral?"

"Funeral?" asked the startled minister. "Why don't you get your own minister?"

"Oh, we had him," replied one of the men. "He's been here. But he made it so short and so fast that it was all over before we knew what was going on. Now we want a *real* funeral." Knowles insisted on talking it over with the relatives, but he found they wanted a "real" funeral too, so he could do nothing but get out his vestments and give it to them. Country folks like their funerals right.

Another time he and his son John were riding along a road when they saw smoke pouring out of an attic window. Mr. Knowles shouted, "It's afire, John!" and they rushed up and pounded on the door. A woman—an immigrant woman—opened it.

"Your house is burning," shouted Mr. Knowles. "Look. The smoke is pouring out of your attic windows."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the woman. "We're smoking hams."

"Smoking hams? What do you mean?"

"Why, we made a big hole in the chimney up in the attic, put a big flat stone over the top of the chimney, and just hang the meat from the rafters and let the smoke do the rest." Knowles and his son drove on, chastened, wondering what the local insurance man would have thought of that way of curing meat.

Making calls one day, Mr. Knowles approached a home he wasn't sure of; he didn't know just who lived there. He knocked on the door and a woman opened it.

"Is this Mr. Smith's house?" he asked.

"That," snapped the woman, "is a question that has never been settled." And she slammed the door in his face.

I decided to follow in Mr. Knowles' footsteps; I became rector of Killingworth in 1909. I had never been near that church; it was twenty miles from my farm. I rode a bicycle, and I got lost. I would never have gotten there had I not heard a church bell ringing over on the other side of the valley. That was my church! I rode like a madman, and got there twenty minutes late. Good start, for a new rector!

The church had been closed for some time, and nobody expected it to open again. The surrounding country had been decreasing in population for years; most of the natives were either gone or planning to go. The church needed painting badly and it was big enough for a Park Avenue congregation. What a challenge! Terrible roads, rocky little farms, the old natives gone and no new natives to replace them!

When my good relatives in Vermont heard of this, there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth without end. To think that George should come to this! But come to it I had. Killingworth was to be my life work—and it is the heart and substance of this poor story I am writing for you.

I was invited out to dinner the first day, and what a dinner it was. How many roosters have entered the ministry! There were several small boys at the church that day, some of them living two miles away. I longed to see more of them, and I kept thinking that they must be pretty hungry before they got home. If they were half as hungry before Sunday dinner, as I used to be as a boy, heaven pity them.

Of course the minister is supposed to go to the house of the biggest shot of the parish, where he is duly chickened and ice-creamed and coffee'd and napped. But I cared for none of these things. After a few Sundays, I graciously declined such invitations and arrived with some cocoa, bread, bacon, and a frying pan tied to my wheel. Up under the horse sheds, the boys and I, and our little dog, Maida, who followed the wheel for the forty-mile Sunday trip, would cook our dinner before I started on my return trip. I couldn't stay too long, for I now was preaching at two schoolhouses and getting home about eleven o'clock at night.

After a few Sunday services, the girls

At the left is Killingworth church as it looked when Mr. Gilbert first arrived—window panes broken, a general look of disrepair and abandonment. But the picture above shows the same church, repaired, with children playing on the lawn; the Country Preacher has always loved children, and delights to see them happy

This Alpine-appearing scene is the Preacher's house on the farm, in winter. The boy standing in the tunnel through the snow is Charles

lingered a bit about the camp fire, and, strangely enough, some men folks who had come from quite a way smelt the bacon or hamburger! How I did enjoy those campfire meals with those who would stay. Right away they began to contribute bread, eggs, and milk.

But cold weather came on so we put the cocoa and stew pan on the big box stove right in the basement of the church. This was indeed quite a questionable innovation, and the old church members eyed it with misgiving and alarm, but it looked all right to the Rullman boys, the Nigrella boys, the Bristols and the Blatchleys—and to me.

Things were destined to come to a head, of course, one Sunday or another. The stove at that time was up near the front of the church, and we had a six-quart stew pan well filled up with cocoa. There was a good fire, evidently, for right in the middle of my sermon the pan boiled over. Up rushed one of the men to take it off. As he went to lift it up, the handle buckled, and the contents went all over on the seething hot stove. A cloud of odorous steam cut me off from the sight of that congregation.

A conference was held after the service. I refused to back down on the dinner-in-the-church idea, and I proposed that they remodel the building and have some parish-house rooms, like the city churches had. I got it across; we sold some property that had been left to the church, that was doing us no good, and this paid for most of the work. The men did most of it themselves, saving us a lot of money.

I got the idea of making a church over into a community center from the old Congregational church at Randolph Center, Vermont. Old Deacon Conant, of that church, had once said, "There's too much space around this church going to waste; it's time we changed things about." And change things about he did. He put in an "eating floor" upstairs, and now I put an eating floor in my own church, downstairs, just like his. To the left as one enters, one sees a kitchen curtained off with burlap—there is stove, dish cabinet, sink. Upstairs we made a social room with big easy chairs, a place for Sunday School and even space for a few beds, for when we go down to the church to paint or cut wood, we stay all night. If we did not do this we could get in only a few hours of work; we all live so far away. Windows in this upper room open out into the main auditorium of the church; thus this space can be used by the congregation on our special days and occasions, such as Old Home Day. By opening these windows too, one gets heat from the church.

The partition downstairs opens up; thus we can use this as a part of the church auditorium, fitting the number of seats to the size of the congregation, which makes very little preaching to empty pews. In cold weather we open this up right after service and the church heat makes this place warm at once. The kitchen stove is not enough heat. I am a crank, perhaps, on having churches warm. In the winter, in the country, I hear they are seldom so.

"What was the text today?" was asked of the city girl who went to a country church.

"I'm not quite sure," said she, "but as near as I can make out, 'Many were cold, but few were frozen.'"

I honestly believe that hundreds, yes, thousands of country churches could have been saved, and perhaps as many could now be saved, if only they had been rearranged (one room can be fixed off by a curtain with a trifling expense) and a social and helpful program put on—a program varied and suited to the community.

Where needed (and where isn't it needed in the country?) the church can help build up the community social life. So we had gatherings which we called "parties." If we called it a dance, only the young folks would come. I found that I could not depend on anyone being present who could call off for a few old-fashioned square dances, so I just went at it and learned to call them myself. It was not an easy thing to do, as I had never danced and wasn't supposed to have any music in me. I could never carry a tune further than the first line of a hymn. I was like the fellow who said, "I am no musician, but there are two tunes I am sure of, 'God save the weasel, and pop goes the Queen!'"

I got so that I could call "Pop Goes the Weasel," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Virginia Reel" and a lot more. As I could not depend on a fiddler either, I used a graphophone, which can always be used in a small place. People would come from miles around to those parties.

Of course we had plenty of games for the children, and often a short talk for the good of the "Don't want to's" and "Don't know how's." A social gathering is a wonderful chance to teach unselfishness and willingness to cooperate. One can help make up a set on the floor even if he or she just doesn't feel like dancing, or can be willing to dance with a very poor dancer to show her how. The adults can play games with the children to show them how, and the middle-aged enjoy serving refreshments.

One of the first meetings we had in our church and community house was a poultry meeting. We had an expert poultry man, editor of a poultry paper, come down to the church, where there were three crates of hens that the people brought for him to look over and cull. On the way down I stopped at various places and had the expert look at henhouses and examine the roosts for mites.

The red lice stay on the roosts during the day and feed on the hens at night. We found them the worst enemies of egg production. We had an evening session, and then some games and dancing. It was 2:00 A.M. when I arrived home by horse and buggy.

Another time, when we got the farm bureau organized, we had the county agent down. As many did not come who, we thought, needed help, we went around and visited the farms. The senior warden of the church came with his oxen and cart, so we rode in that for the inspection.

No one had cars in those days, so we did many errands for people that one would not have to do now. One family wanted a couple of young pigs very much and did not know where or how to get them. Living only a few miles from the city, I could watch the paper. I saw some pigs for sale, and on a Saturday afternoon I got a pair of nice Chester County Whites. I took them down to church in an express wagon the next morning. I put the horse and wagon in the farthest away horse shed, as the pigs did put up some squealing during the service. It was claimed later that there was no need of ringing the bell that day. That fall we had a nice roast pork dinner down at the church one Sunday noon.

I was calling at another house, some fifteen miles away in another direction, where the couple was getting along in years and the man was not at all well and had not been able to work for some time. The woman said, "Mr. Mildrum is so worried about not being able to have a pig this spring. Ever since we were married we have had one. He doesn't see how we can get through next winter without our pork."

I did not say anything to them then about my getting them a pig, but two weeks later my Sunday route took me around their way. I had had the last and third service and was headed for home, when I pulled up to their house about ten o'clock at night. The old fellow was in bed, but his wife came to the door.

"Where shall I put the pig?" I asked.

"Pig? What pig?"

"Why, the pig I have brought for Mr. Mildrum—and, mind you, he's all paid for. Ask no questions and I'll tell you no lies."

The woman was too overcome even to talk about it for a while. "But the pen," she said, "is in bad shape. It has got to be fixed up a lot. If I had only known, I would have tried to hire a man to fix it."

"That's all right," said I. "It won't hurt my best clothes any to fix it right now—we've got to put this pig in."

She got a hammer and nails and a saw, and I went at it. It really was more of a job than I had counted on, but I got it in shape, put in the pig, and departed. It certainly was late that night when I got home. I have sometimes wondered if I ever did a better deed in my life.

For a few years on our farm we raised pigs. They happened to be Duroc Jerseys —red pigs. There was a large litter running out around the barn. A nice big New York car pulled up in front of the house one day, and a good sized boy came to the door.

"Papa wants to know if he could buy one of your puppies."

"Puppies," exclaimed Mrs. Gilbert. "Why, we haven't a puppy on the place."

"Why, yes, you have," came the answer. "We saw a whole lot of them running around the barn."

I got into one bad pig mixup in those days, and lost, for some time, one of my very best families. A reporter rode down one Saturday, stayed with us all night and attended church the next day. He was to give us a writeup in a Hartford paper. On the way down we stopped at one of my families. The woman there happened to own a fine family of pigs. So we went to look at them, and I took a picture of her standing beside them.

The Whippoorwill

The wounded stag, now nearly spent,
Turns homeward to his lair,
The weary Bedouin seeks his tent,
And finds safe shelter there.

So life returns upon its track,
We fight, we toil, we roam,
Till the long shadows point us back,
And evening brings us home.

Tonight, behind the pasture bars,
I heard the whippoorwill,
While one by one the early stars
Came out above the hill.

I heard the tinkle of the spring,
I heard the cattle pass
Slowly, through the gathering dusk,
To crop the wayside grass.

O weary world of fret and strife,
O noisy years and vain,
What have you paid me for my life
Since last along this lane,

A barefoot boy, I drove the cows
In summer twilight still,
And paused beneath those orchard boughs,
To list the whippoorwill?

Henry Augustin Beers

(First published in Yale Review)

On the trip down I told the reporter of an experience I had had just recently in buying a pig—quite a big pig, what we would call a shoat. Now this pig did not belong to the woman whose picture I took, but to another woman in another town. At any rate, I bought the pig one afternoon and paid for it, and told the woman I would get it on the way back. I arrived about seven o'clock. Out came the woman from whom I bought it. "You'll have to pay a quarter more," said she. "I had to give it a supper."

With grain about one cent a pound that was an awful price, but I paid it, and took the shoat home, and put it in the pen. I would not have believed it possible, but the pig got out of the pen; the next morning he was gone, bag and baggage. We hunted and hunted for him and at last advertised for him. About a week later he was reported in captivity a good three miles from home, away over the other side of a regular wilderness section. At long last we got it home again, and in a pen it couldn't get out of.

Well, I told this story to the reporter, and he put that picture of the woman looking at her pigs in his paper, and had printed under it "The Source of All the Trouble."

The next time I stopped in down at that house, did I get a cloudburst? "So I'm the source of all the trouble around here, am I? You needn't worry, I certainly won't be the source of any more trouble at *your* church."

Any explanation I tried to make seemed only to make the matter worse. Of course she did not take this paper, and no one in that town took it, but someone had to be kind enough to send the clipping to her. The next trip down I took the reporter and let him face the music, which had a mighty increase in volume, as he was sighted coming up the walk. No appeasement on his part had any effect whatever. After a long time, she came to church, but things were never the same again.

When one stayed over night in these old farm houses in the winter, some forethought had to be given to the trifling matter of keeping from freezing. Have you ever tried sleeping on a bitter, cold night with a feather bed under you and another one over you? As you know, feathers will run around in a bed tick like the juice in a cherry pie. You put one over yourself and begin to doze off; then you dream you are putting ice in the ice house and your feet are soaked in ice water, and you have an icicle belt around your waist. All the feathers have run off either side of the bed, and you have just a rope of the ticking across you. You pull it up on the bed again, and it makes a hay-cock pile of feathers over your stomach to be all run off the sides once more by the time you start a second cat nap.

When your hostess suggests that you hang your overcoat in the hallway, you tell her that you will take it upstairs to your room where it will be in no one's way and where (you do *not* tell her) it will keep the shivers out of your bones. If you are fortunate enough to stay in a room on the first floor, you can usually open a door in the direction of a stove and thus keep warm.

This talk of the quiet restful nights in the country can be overdone. One night in the spring we had had a party. I got settled down in bed about 1:00 A.M. Just at that particular date and hour a whippoorwill decided to perch itself in a tree right by my window, and go through his throat exercises. I began to count, and honestly, by actual count he shouted "Whip-poor-will" 756 times!

Now I like to hear a whippoorwill in reason, and I love the poem with that title in *Yale Review* by Professor Beers of Yale (reprinted on this page)—yet that next day I would not have paused beneath an orchard bough to list a whippoorwill, if the branch were breaking with dead-ripe McIntoshes.

In those early days, I often stayed at the home of one of the wardens, Mr. Harry Blatchley. His was a very home-like place with a *(Continued on page 51)*

Doorway of the American Embassy in Grosvenor Square, London, where the Morrows learned something of the difficulties of travel in war time

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Conducted by

Honoré Morrow

We *Try* to Fly

EARLY in December, my daughter Penn and I bought tickets on an airplane scheduled to leave Lisbon, Portugal, December 24th, for the U. S. A. In order to get permission to reach Portugal we had first to obtain permits from the British government to leave England. This takes about a fortnight. One fills out a questionnaire telling among other things, where one is going, why one is going and why one has been in England at all. When this paper is sent up to London, one's passport must go with it.

I attended to this through Mr. Boulton, our nice tourist agent in Torquay, and then plunged into the complicated business of putting things in shape for leaving my home for two or three months. I hated to leave my servants, the Searles, to the rigors of the war. We had been rationed as to butter, four ounces a week per person, for some time, but the meat and sugar rationing would not come in force until after our departure. Mrs. Searle has a lively horror of rationing. She was ill from protein starvation as a young woman in the last war; and "How are we to feed our poor dogs, ma'am?" she asked. And that is a problem! But not so pressing on one's heart as the thought of friends going short of vital necessities while one lives on the fat of the land in the U. S.

However, we tried to behave as if there were no war. We planned the garden for next spring and we looked into the repair of the ancient thatch over Penn's bedroom where sparrows are nesting. And I arranged to rent a bit of garden near the house where we could raise our own potatoes. And I had to arrange with the manager of the bank about money. We could not buy a through ticket from London to Lisbon. We could buy from London to Hendaye, the frontier town between France and Spain. There we must give up all French money, cross the frontier to Irun, the Spanish frontier town. Here we must change the English money necessary to buy railway passage across Spain to Spanish money, The Portuguese, we were told would take English money, but we must get, through our bank, twenty pounds worth of Spanish pesetas, for our Spanish railway fare. My bank found this difficult, but a few days before we left Brixham, they got me the required number of pesetas. The British government allows travelers to take ten pounds out of the country with them. One may take more, if one's bank feels more is necessary. But with our fare from Brixham to New York taken care of, and as by leaving London on the morning of December 20th, we would be in New York, December 25th, there seemed to the manager and to me no reason why Penn and I should need more than the stipulated ten pounds each. And so it was that we added the final peak to impending trouble.

About a week before we were due to leave Brixham, Mr. Boulton called me up. "The French will not give a visa or a permit to cross France," he said, "unless the applicant comes in person to the French consulate in London at least four days before the visa is granted. You and your daughter will have to leave Brixham in two days."

"That's impossible," I declared. "I can't leave for at least five days. I have important things which must be done here. Can't you telephone to the French consulate about it?"

Mr. Boulton obligingly telephoned to London. The French person in the consulate was dubious, but said if we were planning to leave London Wednesday, we must appear at the consulate the previous Monday promptly at 10 A.M. and he'd try to help us. This word came on Thursday. Penn and I threw ourselves into final preparations. We were to fly by Imperial Airways from London to Paris and were allowed each thirty pounds of luggage. So we had to send the rest of our clothes by ocean freight at a ruinous price. Penn did the packing and rushed the trunks over to the railway while I continued to fulfill legal requirements such as going to the police station to give notice of our departure and getting our ration and identification cards in order.

All seemed well till Penn said, Friday afternoon, "Mother, does it still say in our passports, 'Not good in Spain?'"

"Good lack, yes!" I ejaculated. "And the British government hasn't sent back our passports yet. The consul at Plymouth will have to cross off that Spanish verboten!"

Again I telephoned Mr. Boulton. Mr. Boulton telephoned London. London promised to pass the passports at once. We would receive them Saturday morning. Penn could then take a bus to Plymouth, thirty miles away, get the verboten removed and get back in time to eat the Christmas dinner Mrs. Searle was giving us a week early.

Saturday morning the passports came. I at once telephoned to Plymouth for an appointment for Penn. "But Mrs. Morrow," protested the young man at the consulate "by the new U. S. law, you can't leave England without appearing in person at a consulate, with two photographs of yourself. You have to be finger printed in your passport and have a special permit from a U. S. Consul."

My heart went down in my boots. "But photographers—and in person! Why weren't we told this before? Oh! I just can't finish my affairs in time to reach you!" I felt half hysterical. "What time do you close?"

"At one, on Saturdays," he replied.

I explained the situation—how difficult it was to get places on an airplane, how difficult the French consulate was, how it would delay us two weeks if we didn't" etc., etc., etc.

"Well," said the Plymouth voice, "why don't you get this all done in the London U. S. consulate? The French won't give you a visa unless you've got the U. S. permit, anyhow." *(Continued on page 58)*

A Heritage Of Manhood

A Doc Torrey Story

By FREDERICK E. BURNHAM

"WELL, Doc, I be wonderin' what in the name o' tunket the Gammage boys 'ill do, now thet their mother be gone," remarked old Seth Cunningham, speaking to Dr. Torrey, lately retired.

"It is a problem, Seth," replied the doctor, reaching for the checkerboard preparatory to their customary evening contest of skill behind the big salamander stove in the Westford general store and post office.

"A lazy, shiftless lot, the hull on 'em," declared Cunningham.

"With one exception—Joel. He is the white sheep of the family, Seth. The other three favor Peter. Lazy lout! It is full ten years ago that he cleared out of Westford, leaving his wife and children to shift for themselves. Joel takes back two generations. He is more the cut of his grandfather, the late Stephen Gammage. He was a worker."

"Yes, Joel be by fur the best o' the lot, Doc, but he's got a hard row to hoe, t'other three hangin' back."

"Well, Seth, hitch up your chair and we will get under way," said the doctor. "I owe you a good trimming tonight."

Two miles out from Westford Center on a back road was the Gammage farm. Forty years ago it had been very productive, but shortly after old Stephen Gammage passed on it began to degenerate. Peter, the oldest son, half-worked the farm for something like ten years after his father died and then married one of the Crandall tribe over at Smithfield, the adjoining township. The Crandalls were no paragons of industry.

Peter did even less work after he was married, and as a result the farm went from bad to worse. Brush crept in on the tillage until a scant half dozen acres comprised the available land. The time came that Peter mortgaged the property for one thousand dollars and then he settled down to a life of absolute ease. Within a year, however, he had to stir his stumps and for two years managed to eke out an existence for himself and family. Finally, as already chronicled, he cleared out. There was less than a dollar in the house when he left, and as a result Mrs. Gammage was obliged to apply to the town for help. This assistance had continued until she passed away, and, indeed, included the meager funeral expenses.

It was about a week after his mother was buried that Joel, a young man nearing his majority, called to see Dr. Torrey. It was early in March, and a cold, drizzling rain made the day most uncomfortable, and a very shabby overcoat, buttoned about an even more shabby suit of clothes, disreputable-looking shoes, bespoke extreme poverty.

"Come in out of the storm, Joel," greeted the doctor heartily, swinging wide the door. "Do you wish to see me, or Doctor Walker?"

"I—I want to have a little talk with you, Dr. Torrey," he replied. "If you don't mind I will take my overcoat off and hang it here in the hall so that it won't drip on your rugs."

"Hang it right here, Joel. You are certainly wet. Suppose we adjourn to the kitchen, where you can get your feet dry by the range. By the way, I have an excellent pair of rubbers that I think will fit you. I don't wear them because they are a bit large and slip at the heel when I am walking. I will be glad to give them to you."

"Thank you, Doctor. I—I'll be very glad to have them. When one's feet are wet and cold it sort of eats into one's courage." He filled up and added huskily, "In my case there isn't very much to eat into."

A few moments later they were seated comfortably in the spacious kitchen, and then the doctor said, "Take off your shoes and dry your feet."

The young man flushed hotly. "I—I guess I won't do that," he said. "I—I, well, I—" His voice broke. "I haven't got any socks on."

Dr. Torrey left the room for a moment and then returned with two pairs of woolen socks. "Take off your shoes and when you have dried your feet in the oven put on a pair of these. The other pair I want you to take home with you. I have more than I know what to do with. Put your shoes on the range shelf where they will dry out."

Joel did as he was bidden, and then for a few moments sat staring down at the floor.

"Now, Joel, what have you got on your mind?" questioned the doctor at length.

Peter Gammage laughed, a horrible laugh that chilled the boys' bones. "Be on my way? Guess not! It is time for you boys to support your poor old father. I'm going to stay right here. I've got the law behind me"

Illustrator CHARLES ZINGARO

Joel hesitated, and a telltale blush of shame mounted to his cheeks. "Well, I might as well out with it, Dr. Torrey," he said haltingly. "We—well, we are hungry up home."

"Has the town stopped the aid?" questioned the doctor.

"No, but *I* have." He turned his head to one side and wiped his eyes. "I—I couldn't stand it any longer," he choked. "I thought maybe it would bring my brothers to their senses and start them out hunting for work, but it didn't. I am willing to work and work hard if I can land a job. That is why I am here."

"How about sawing some cordwood for me?" queried the doctor. "There are two cords of hard wood out by the woodshed."

"That is just what I had in mind, Doctor."

"It is too wet to tackle the job today, Joel," said the doctor. "Suppose you come back here tomorrow if it clears. If not tomorrow, then the next day."

Joel's jaw dropped.

"I am going to pay you now, though," continued the doctor, thrusting his hand into his pocket. "Here is a five dollar bill, Joel. Will that help you out?"

"Why, of course it will," replied Joel, taking the money with trembling hand. "Thank you, Doctor. I—I don't believe there is another man in town who would trust me like that."

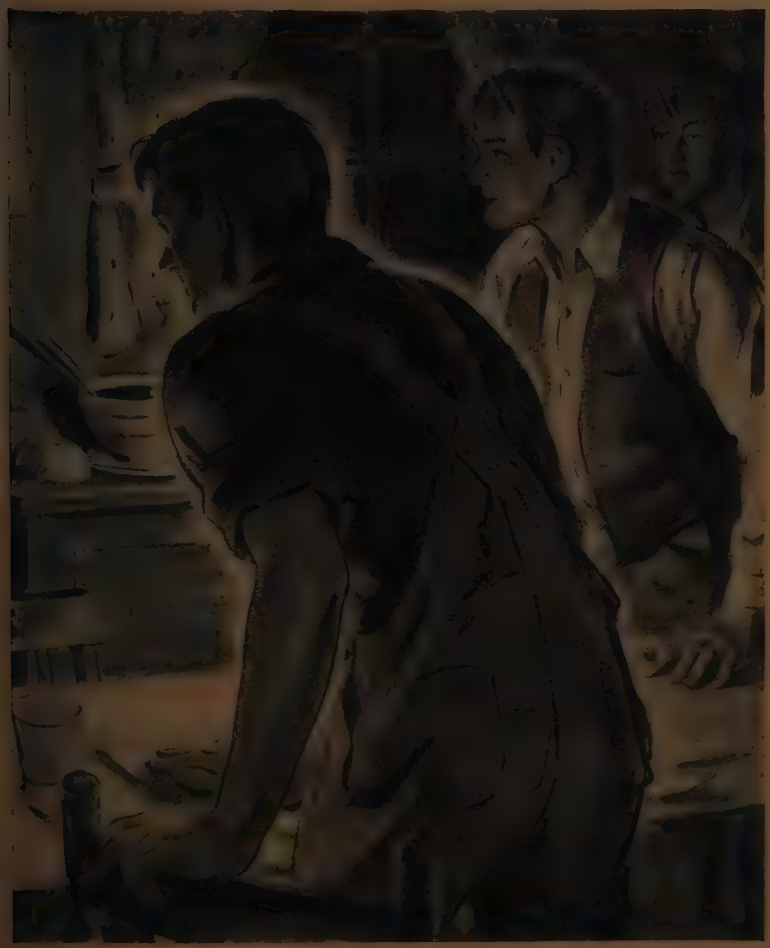
Dr. Torrey pushed a simmering kettle to the front of the range. "I have a nice beef stew here, Joel," he said. "When it gets piping hot I want you to have a good bowlful of it. It will do you good."

"Yes, I guess it will, Doctor," replied Joel, his lips trembling. "I do feel a bit faint. Thank you."

The passing of half an hour saw Joel on his way to the store. The rubbers had proved to be a good fit, and now, dry-shod, his courage had returned. There he made a number of prudent purchases and was shortly homeward bound.

"The first step leading to the redemption of a man is letting him know that you trust him," mused the doctor after Joel had left. "Poor boy, he has a long, weary grade ahead of him, but down through the years has come to him a heritage of manhood, a heritage of proud independence that will stand him in good stead."

Seven o'clock the following morning saw Joel tackling the doctor's woodpile, and just as night was settling down over the countryside the ensuing afternoon he finished the job. It was then that Dr. Torrey called him into the house, there to tell him that he had another job for him.



"Great!" exclaimed Joel, grinning, when he learned that the doctor wanted him to cut ten cords of wood over on a woodlot a mile or so distant. "Two dollars a cord! That will help out a whole lot, Doctor. I will be on hand tomorrow."

"By the way, Joel, how about your brothers? Are they trying to find work?"

Joel shook his head. "I guess it will take dynamite to start them," he said.

"Yes? Well, I will supply the dynamite, Joel. When you have finished cutting the cordwood we will see about a project that I have in mind. You are not going to support that lazy crew."

When the cordwood had been cut, Dr. Torrey explained to Joel what he had in mind—the raising of garden truck on two acres of his own land and four acres more up at the Gammage farm. "I am going to have a neat roadside stand erected a short distance beyond the house here, so that we can dispose of whatever is raised. There is much passing during the summer and fall, and I believe the venture will prove a success. It will be a fifty-fifty proposition when it comes to what is raised on my land. As to what is raised up on the farm, that I shall have nothing to do with, save to see to it that the work is done quickly and well."

That evening Joel told his brothers about the doctor's proposition.

"Work for old Doc Torrey all the spring and summer and perhaps not get much of anything out of it?" growled Thomas, a youth of eighteen years. "Not for mine, and I don't mean maybe!"

"Same here!" chimed in Frank, a year younger, and Roger, who was sixteen."

The next morning Dr. Torrey set Joel to work clearing the dead weeds from his two acres of tillage, and raking them into piles for burning. While he was at that work, the doctor rode out to the Gammage farm with Timothy Crane, the town constable. When they arrived they found the three brothers pitching horseshoes.

"That is healthful exercise, boys," remarked the doctor, alighting from the car.

"Yes, we like it," replied Thomas. "It helps to pass the time away."

"Your brother Joel is doing work that is still more healthful," continued the doctor. "I want all three of you to take a hand at it—working down to my place."

"Oh yeah!" laughed Thomas. "Nothing doing!"

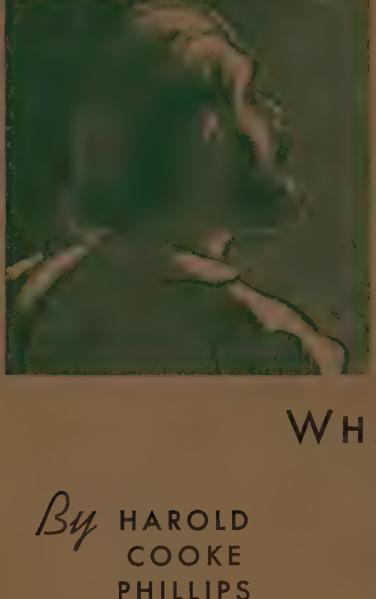
The constable, who had been standing by, suddenly leaped into action. With one hand he managed to collar Frank and Roger, and with the other he gripped Thomas. "Oh, *yeah!*" he snarled. "You will go to work, or you will land down to the poor farm, and I will guarantee you will work there. Now make up your mind—where shall I carry you—to Dr Torrey's, or the poor farm?"

"Oh, it's the doctor's for us," groaned Thomas.

"All right. Now pile in and we will be on our way." Then, turning to Dr. Torrey, "Suppose you lock the house up, Doc. Later you can hand the key to Joel."

Ten minutes later the constable brought his car to a stop in front of Dr. Torrey's house. "Now no running away,

(Continued on page 62)



An EASTER SERMON

WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES EASTER

By HAROLD COOKE PHILLIPS

IF YE THEN BE RISEN WITH CHRIST, SEEK THOSE THINGS WHICH ARE ABOVE. COL. 3:1

☆

ONCE Michelangelo, addressing a group of fellow-painters, said to them, almost with indignation, "Why do you keep filling gallery after gallery with endless pictures of the one over-reiterated theme, of Christ in weakness, Christ upon the Cross, Christ dying, most of all Christ hanging dead? Why do you concentrate upon that passing episode, as if that were the last word and the final scene, as if the curtain dropped upon that horror of disaster and defeat? At worst all that lasted but a few hours. But to the end of unending eternity, Christ is alive, Christ rules and reigns and triumphs."

That great artist was only expressing the abiding faith of Christians throughout the ages. "Christ is alive." That faith gripped the hearts of the disciples, changed their whole psychology and attitude from one of abject despair and defeat to one of radiant hope and amazing courage. That faith brought spring to men's souls, revitalized history, and quite literally changed the whole current of human life. It has made the difference between B.C. and A.D. To think that all that has happened since that first Easter rests on an illusion is utterly unthinkable. For is it not true that as we gather in our churches today, our hearts, too, share this abiding faith? "Christ is alive, Christ rules and reigns and triumphs."

Now let us turn our thoughts this morning to one aspect of this great assurance which we are wont to overlook, namely, the effect which this belief that Christ lives should have on our lives in this world here and now. Let us put it this way: When we think of the resurrection of Jesus, we think of an event that occurred long ago in the distant past. When we think of our own possible survival of death, we anticipate something that may happen to us in some distant future. Thus on Easter Sunday our thoughts move most easily either to past history, or future hope. But between history and hope, between what happened long ago, and what we believe is to happen hence, there is another aspect of Easter which, as I have suggested, we are prone to overlook, simply because it is so near, namely, what ought to happen now—the effect that Easter should have on our lives here and now in the present world. After all, what difference does Easter make?

In the first place, let us realize that Easter did make a tremendous difference to the first followers of Christ. This belief of theirs that Christ had conquered death was not only rooted in historic fact, did not only illumine with unfading light the unknown future, but also radically changed the life they were living then and there. Indeed it is right here that one sees the difference between the philosophic question of immortality and the Christian doctrine of eternal life. Philosophy asks, "If a man die shall he live again?" Christianity asks, "Before a man dies, is he living at all?" Philosophy asks, "Will life be prolonged beyond the grave?" Christianity asks, "Is life being elevated before it reaches the grave?" Philosophy puts first the quantity of life; Christianity puts first the quality of life.

This, I assure you, is no play on words. We must never forget that those disciples believed in immortality long before they even saw Jesus. But this belief in immortality apparently made no great difference to the kind of life they were living here and now. After the resurrection, however, we catch a new note in their voices. We hear them saying, "God hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." Or again, "Like as Christ was raised up from the dead . . . so we also should walk in newness of life." Or again, "If ye then be risen with Christ seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God." You see this is something different. This is not simply the abstract question, "If a man die shall he live again?" The insight rather is, because Christ lives and we too shall live, pitch life on a higher level; seek the things that are above.

Indeed it was in this way that the early Christians convinced the pagan world of the reality of their faith. They did not rest their case on argument in the abstract, but on life in the concrete. They did not convince people that Christ had conquered death, by a new logic, but by a new dynamic. To be sure Paul gives us some arguments for his belief in the resurrection, but there is something much more convincing than Paul's arguments, namely, Paul himself—this devoted, heroic, dynamic soul, living a new type of life, a risen life. It is not what Paul, the philosopher, said about the resurrection; it is how Paul, the Christian, lived because he believed in the resurrection, that convinced, and convinces. His Easter, on the Damascus road, when his spirit came into contact with the spirit of the living Christ, made all the difference to him between night and day. As a loyal Pharisee he, too, had believed in the general resurrection at the last day, but this belief was far off, something to come. It was all future. But when Easter came to him, he was lifted—shall I say resurrected?—then and there, to a higher life. He began to "walk in newness of life." No wonder he could say, "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above."

Suppose you had to convince a skeptic of the reality of spring, how would you go about it? Would you take him into a room, shut the door and confront him with arguments to convince him of the mystery of new life that stirs in the springtime? No! I fancy you would take him into the April sunshine, show him cherry blossoms and violets, have him listen to the songs of birds and the music of brooklets, let him see and feel this resurgent mystery of life, with which God clothes the sleeping world.

Well, in the last analysis, that's just how we know that Christ brought springtime to men's souls in the world of the long ago. Those to whom His living spirit came were growing flowers of devotion, faith, loyalty and heroism, bearing the fruit of the spirit, which is love, joy, peace, long-suffering and the rest. Those things had never appeared in any such fashion before. These are the things that convinced the

MAKE?

pagan world that Christ was alive and had brought new life to men—springtime to their souls. It was not only by a tomb that was empty, but by lives that were filled with a new spirit, that the pagan world was won. Easter made a difference. Has it made that difference to you and me? Has it lifted us to a higher level of living?

Now in the second place, and more specifically, let us mention one or two of the familiar things upon which the Easter faith shed a new light.

For one thing, Easter made a difference in the early Christians' view of the world. We do have to make up our minds about the kind of world we live in, because that affects quite radically the kind of life we live in it. The cosmic weather has a lot to do with the kind of fruit we grow. If this universe is at heart irrational then it is quite all right to live like madmen. If this universe is heartless, cares nothing at all about eternal values, then it is quite all right to live like animals. But if this is a sane universe, with love at the heart of it, and a wise, powerful and loving God in control of it, then we have to find and live a life that fits these facts.

Now Easter cleared up this matter for the early Christians. It showed them the deepest truth about the universe in which they were living. To them the victory of Jesus over death was more than a personal triumph for Jesus. It was a vindication of the ultimate decency of things. It meant to them a victory for all the things for which Jesus had stood. It changed their whole concept about the kind of world they were living in. It showed them that they were living in a world that could be counted on to protect, defend and sustain the values for which He died.

When that little group of disciples turned away from Calvary, they did not have just the sort of feeling that you and I have when we leave a cemetery and the body of our loved one in a newly made grave. Theirs was not only the poignant grief that comes from the loss of a loved one, or a treasured friend. It was that, but it was more than that. Those two disciples, on the way to Emmaus, did not say when they met the stranger, "We miss Him so, He was the best and dearest friend we ever had. Great is our personal loss." They felt that, have no doubt, but they felt something more than that. What they did say was, "We trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel." You see, something more than personal grief was in their saddened hearts. The whole outlook for mankind and the world was at stake.

Those of you who have been worshiping during all the Sundays of Lent, will understand what those words mean. We have been watching Jesus as He came into conflict with the sins of the world. He stood for one kind of life, the world stood for another kind of life. He was on a higher level, the world on a lower level. He said, "This is how God wants you to live"; the world said, "This is how we want to live." And these opposing views came into collision and Jesus was killed, and with Him died everything for which He had stood. His death meant that the kingdom of God was an illusion, and the kingdom of the world the reality. It meant that brute force was more powerful than love, might stronger than right, cruelty more lasting than kindness, sin more final than God's salvation. For deceit and fraud and cowardice had won the victory over truth, justice and high courage.

And we read that darkness fell upon the earth. No wonder! It was not merely a physical darkness. Hope died within the heart of man.

And then came Easter, and the sun rose again, to set no more. Why did Easter make a difference? Because it convinced the disciples that the kingdom of God was not an illusion; that the things that are not seen are eternal; that Pilate and Caiaphas do not have the final say; that the kind of life Jesus lived and the values for which He died and rose again are the things that belong here by right, and represent the only things that are ultimately real and permanently valid in this world.

Has Easter made that difference to our view of the world? As one looks at the world and the kind of life we are living in it today, it does not seem as if it has. It certainly looks, does it not, as if the values and principles for which Christ died and lives do not have much show. They speak in a whisper which is almost drowned by the blatant and raucous voices of our day. We are taking our orders for the most part today from Pilate and Caiaphas and Herod Antipas, not from Jesus of Nazareth. We are building a world on the ethics of Caesar, not on the principles of Christ. But if there be one thing about which we need have not a particle of doubt, it is that that foundation will not last. It does not fit in with the ultimate nature of the world we live in. It is wood, hay, stubble, and the day shall declare it. Easter settled that question long ago, and settled it once for all. All these fearful monsters of greed, envy, hate, brute force, the lust of power, the rulers of darkness, destroyed the life of Jesus; but He rose victorious from their deadly grip to convince us that these things do not represent the deepest, the ultimate realities.

The late Studdert Kennedy wrote some strong words once which I verily believe are true. Said he, "Through the vast complexities of our modern civilized world made one by God, the crucified Christ is looking down upon us . . . with . . . life in the light of His burning eyes, and demanding from us all—every individual man and woman—a choice between the glory of Reason, Patience, and Love, and the glory of Force, and Wrath and Fear . . . He will not go away . . . He is going to drive us to a decision with His wounded hands. He will not let us have His world for a playground, a battlefield, a factory, or an empire any longer; we must give it to Him. We must give it to Him—or there will be darkness over all the earth from the sixth hour until the ninth, and that may be a thousand years. We must decide, and this decision is for you and me."

We seem to think just now that this is our world, and that we can run it as we have a mind to. We are mistaken. This is God's world, and to run it without the redeeming principles which Christ by His triumph has made sure is to run it into the ditch. Do you think it is unfair to say that we are coming just a little bit too near the ditch now for comfort?

Once more, Easter made a difference to the disciples' view of death. One of the amazing facts about those early Christians was their apparent indifference to what happened to their bodies, and their tremendous concern about what happened to their souls. Peter did not worry about being thrown into prison, but, come what may, he had to obey God rather than men. Paul made light of his stonings, and did not seem to be terribly concerned about his execution, but at all costs he could not be disobedient to the heavenly vision. That would have meant death to his soul. In a word, the death we fear is the dissolution of our bodies; the death they feared was the deterioration of their souls. Death to us is primarily a biological fact; death to them was first of all a moral and spiritual fact. The biological part was incidental to them. A decaying body, so they thought, had no power over a God-inspired soul.

Only thus can we understand their writings. For instance, Paul, after mentioning certain human evils, says, "The end of those things is death." He was not thinking primarily of the death to the body, any more than when he wrote, "The wages of sin is death." So, too, John says, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love. . . ."

Now it was Easter that made this difference in their view of death. They had heard their Master say, "Fear not them which kill the *(Continued on page 53)*

Miss Ida Reed and a little visitor in the yard before her house

The little hillside home of Ida Reed at Moatsville, W. Va.

☆ OTHERS ☆

The Story of Ida Reed and Her Friends

By

Beatrice Plumb

☆

THIS is the story of "Miss Kohler's Young People" and their "Love Box" on the piano. It is the story of all they have meant in the past four years to Ida L. Reed, a gentle little lady living in the hills of West Virginia, who, in snatched spare hours of an incredibly hard life of privation and suffering, has given the church and Sunday School two thousand hymns, some of which have stayed at home to be sung by three generations, while others, translated into a dozen languages, have encircled the globe.

Ida L. Reed came into my life through *Christian Herald*. So did Miss Kohler's young people—and their brothers and their sisters and their sweethearts and their friends—with their motto, "Others," and that magical "Love Box" which surely must have been inspired by the angels.

Several years ago I wrote "Hymns We Love to Sing," for *Christian Herald*. In the mail that followed its appearance was a letter from a seventy-year-old reader. It had about it a sort of spiritual aura. I kept it in my Bible for days. It seemed to belong there. The writer asked me if I knew "I Belong to the King"? Because that was one of her best-known hymns, being inspired by a serial entitled "A Princess in Calico," which had appeared in *Christian Herald* about twenty-five years ago.

The letter told of other hymns she had written in the long ago, some of them before I was born. She went on to tell of her present life, revealing more than she ever knew. All the lack and loneliness it held was there between the lines. "I shall never, in all probability, have enough to take away the dread of my tomorrows, or the shadow of my last days, but I am deeply grateful that God let me do my humble best for the Kingdom."

That Sunday I heard "I Belong to the King," coming through the stained glass windows of a magnificent church in my home city. And I thought of the poor, frail little Southern lady who had written it, still toiling away on her lonely hillside farm, trying with all her feeble strength to make a living—alone, sick, forgotten.

A few evenings later, "Somebody's Praying For You," another of her hymns, came over the radio. That night I couldn't sleep. I knew she was not only lonely and sick, but in need. Thousands of people had been saved or spiritually strengthened by that hymn, but who was praying for her? Who was giving her a helping hand over the last sad stretch of the road where all the milestones are gravestones?

Every so often I am swept with unregenerate rebellion because God has never given me, in spite of all my prayers, money to give away. The old hurt ached again in my heart. I longed to be able to give dear Ida Reed enough for her needs, security in her old age. I wanted to buy her a radio so that church services and music could relieve the bleak loneliness of a mountain winter. For fifty years of her sacrificing life she had cheerfully given every spare minute to writing for Sabbath School publications, hymns, cantatas, sacred songs—fifty years in the Lord's service—and I had nothing to give her!

That's when I wrote my second "Bonus" article for *Christian Herald*, and told our readers about Ida L. Reed. And oh, the love that poured through the mails and emptied itself on the doorstep of that humble little mountain home!

"We just didn't know," folks explained, and of course they didn't, any more than I did until I received her first letter.

A reader who lived on a large prairie farm in Montana, twenty miles from church and post office, sent her a radio. Three generations in her family, she wrote, had sung "I Belong to the King." She and her husband and two little sons held their own small Sunday School in their home, taking turns at being superintendent. That Sunday, the ten-year-old son had served and had chosen "I Belong to the King" as the opening hymn. The radio came with her loving gratitude.

Amid the deluge of mail that came to me was a thrilled letter from Miss Florence B. Kohler, local missionary of the First Presbyterian Church, McKeesport, Pennsylvania, thanking me for finding Ida L. Reed for her. She had sought her tearfully twenty-five years ago when she read in *Christian Herald* that the hymn writer lay seriously ill in a Philadelphia hospital. She had hoped to be able to do something for her to repay, in small measure, the inspiration "I Belong to the King" had been to her. But, to her great grief, she could neither see Miss Reed nor get her address.

"Imagine my joy and surprise," Miss Kohler wrote, "to see her picture and your article in my *Christian Herald!* You may be sure I lost no time in writing to her. . . . For years I have had charge of several missions among young people and children of different nationalities. We try to make 'Others' our motto—and now we have the real joy of being able to do something for Miss Reed."

It would take a row of books to tell you all they have done! Miss Kohler's young people are a small group. The little mission, with an average, nine months of the year, of about forty, was already giving a hundred dollars a year to missions, besides its general offerings. But now it was ready to give as much again.

They named their chorus for Ida L. Reed and set a little box on the piano for special love gifts for her. "Money has never been mentioned since the day we put it there," writes Miss Kohler, "but each week this year we have sent her at least one dollar, often two dollars, several times five, and twice—because of generous outside gifts—ten dollars . . . No more than seven of the chorus are earning money regularly. Several are young married people. But we never have to ask for or raise the money. It is all love gifts."

What a heap of love poured out of that box to warm a lonely old heart in West Virginia! Month after month, letters that come to my desk are threaded with such shining sentences as, "The lamp was a girls of her namesake club in far-off McKeesport, Pennsylvania, by correspondence.

But the members of the Ida L. Reed Chorus do not have to rely on letters alone for their inspiration. They drive out one hundred and twenty miles to see Miss Reed. It takes about four hours each way, and sometimes the roads give them trouble, but what a gracious welcome awaits them! They come "freighted with helpfulness," and that small silent homeplace in the hills is all lighted up with their youth and friendliness.

Even the old, old organ welcomes them; for they crowd around it to sing Miss Reed's own hymns to her, while she plays the accompaniment with fingers that have drawn many a hymn from the old keys.

Young people have been especially kind to Miss Reed. At top are the members of the Melissa Montgomery Club, who have adopted her. Below that, the "Floral Club," another group whose members, many of them, have visited her home

love gift. She needed it so." Or the radio batteries, the blankets, the spring house, the warm sweater—all love gifts.

Miss Kohler's six clubs are named after missionaries and Christian Workers. The M. M. Club, for instance, is named for Melissa Montgomery, a Home Missionary, retired after forty-one years of active service, and living now in Monte Vista Grove, Pasadena, a place for retired missionaries. She keeps in touch with the

It gladdens her heart to know that her hymns are not forgotten—that *she* is not forgotten.

Time and again state and church organizations have proposed holding an Ida L. Reed Day, some even getting to the point of organizing—then the plans always fell through. But Miss Kohler's Young People had organized an Ida L. Reed Sunday before they had known her a year! Not only in their own two missions, but in neighboring churches. They tell of it so simply:

"We do not ask for a penny. We simply tell at both Mission Sunday Schools, morning and afternoon, what we are trying to do for Miss Reed's birthday on November 30th. That Sunday we give the service to singing her hymns and reading some of her poems. Then, members tell of their visits to Miss Reed's home, and of their impressions. We give her our offering of the day.

"In the evening the young people of the Hungarian church also give their service to honoring her, and our own Ida L. Reed Chorus sings there, too, and Miss Kohler tells the story of the hymn-writer's life. These young people add their offering."

That was the year a few of them took the long ride to the hills, weighted down with "love gifts" to give her a birthday dinner, with cake and candles.

"It was the happiest birthday I ever had," said Miss Reed, her eyes starry with tears. Since then, they have never missed a birthday. This last November, they write me, was the best ever. Their aim was to send her ten cents for every year she was old. They more than doubled it. And the love gifts! Not only the usual practical kind, but such luxuries as "two big florist chrysanthemums and a birthday telegram." And, like a shining star to top the rest, a radio surprise! Richard Maxwell has an Ida L. Reed hymn in his book. Miss Kohler wrote and asked him to sing it over the radio for her birthday—and he did!

Can't you see her sitting there in her humble little home, basking in the rare luxury of "florist" flowers, thrilled as she always is by the eternal miracle of radio? Sitting there . . . listening . . . as "radio's slim fingers" plucked her hymn from the night and tossed it over grimy roofs and city din to her silent, snowy hills.

Did her thoughts fly back over her long ministry of music to those who are just names to us, but dear friends to her? To Philip Phillips, the Singing Pilgrim, for whose last hymn she wrote the words; to the great Sankey, who gave her kindly, valuable guidance; to the blind hymn-writer, Fannie Crosby, who found time between writing "There's Music in the Air" and "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" to send her many loving messages; to H. P. Danks, composer of "Silver Threads Among the Gold," for whom she wrote verses when she was just a young girl? To all those old-time hymn writers, now in the Heavenly Choir. Were they listening, too, on her birthday night?

"Who is my neighbor?" the lawyer of old asked the Lord. Anybody who needs one, was the answer. In spite of the one hundred and twenty separating miles, Miss Kohler's young people are the kindest of neighbors to Miss Reed.

When she was left more than ever alone this year by the death of her younger sister, the last of her own family, Miss Kohler and some of her young people instantly set forth to comfort her. Miss Reed told me about it in a letter, all aglow with touched gratitude.

"Miss Kohler drove down with a young nurse and Mrs. Jones. They brought Helen, a young Slovak girl, a teacher whom you would love; and Josephine Zayie, a Bohemian—a dear young girl

(Continued on page 46)

EDITORIAL FORUM

CHRISTIAN HERALD, *always a crusading journal, has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of* EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN FAITH. *To support* WORLD PEACE: *that it may be world-wide and lasting;* CHURCH UNITY: *that it may be an organic reality;* TEMPERANCE: *that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a* CHRIST-LIKE WORLD.

DANIEL A. POLING, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

"When Love Fails"

I HAVE seen the highest mountain and sailed the widest sea, but what is the greatest thing in the world? Henry Drummond, a distinguished scholar and writer of the past century, had his answer for that question. He said, "The greatest thing in the world is love." In that he agreed with the incomparable Paul who declared, "Love never faileth."

I remember, indeed I cannot forget, the most poignant moment of all my days in the open. It was a late August afternoon on the Kaibab plateau in southwestern Utah. We were hot on the trail of a mountain lion, following as closely as we could the dogs which for twenty minutes had been in full cry. Suddenly we were confronted by a spectacle little short of appalling. A wounded deer, a doe, her hindquarters dragging, faced the hounds. She was all but dead but, with head lowered defiantly, she sought to protect her little faun which, frantic with fear, crowded against her side. The mountain lion had broken the deer's back but the coming of the dogs with our approach had driven him off.

Trained only to hunt lion, the dogs, having circled to find his broken trail, sat calmly down to await further instructions! Nothing could have persuaded them to injure either the doe or the faun, but that the dying deer did not know. And so we found her standing guard. Thus she died beside her young. The pounding heart of a frightened baby animal is more alive than anything else I have known. Perhaps a deer is the most sensitive, the most timid creature of the forest; but when I think of unadulterated courage I remember that scene on the south rim of the Grand Canyon in the great forest of the Kaibab plateau.

LOVE or its equivalent is of all emotions the most powerful. It conquers fear, it outlasts hate, "it beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." It is greater than faith, greater than hope; it is, I think, "the greatest thing in the world." But even so am I ready to agree that it never fails? At any rate there are times and circumstances when it seems to fail. I have watched parents who deeply loved their children fail miserably at the business of parenthood. Where discipline was required they were indulgent, where correction was the order of the day they brought gifts. Mothers and fathers may so indulge their children as to invite the emotional upsets they fear. That which they least desire they may become responsible for by indecision or even surrender in the presence of a juvenile crisis. There is a false kindness more damaging, more brutal indeed by the test of the years than brutality itself. The world is a hard taskmaster. Again and again children who have lived sheltered lives, who have been pampered and indulged, are disciplined by society. We show our sons and daughters no kindness when we allow them to misbehave, to develop unsocial personalities, and to come quite unprepared into the disillusioning experiences of a world that plays no favorites. Surely love has again and again failed or seemed to fail.

But is it not the failure peculiarly of those who exercise love, those with whom love has been entrusted? And we may sympathize with that failure, for in some degree at least we, too, have experienced it. But beyond our emotional capacity or often beyond our intellectual ability the problems of life have challenged us, and the interests of those we love dearer than life have baffled us.

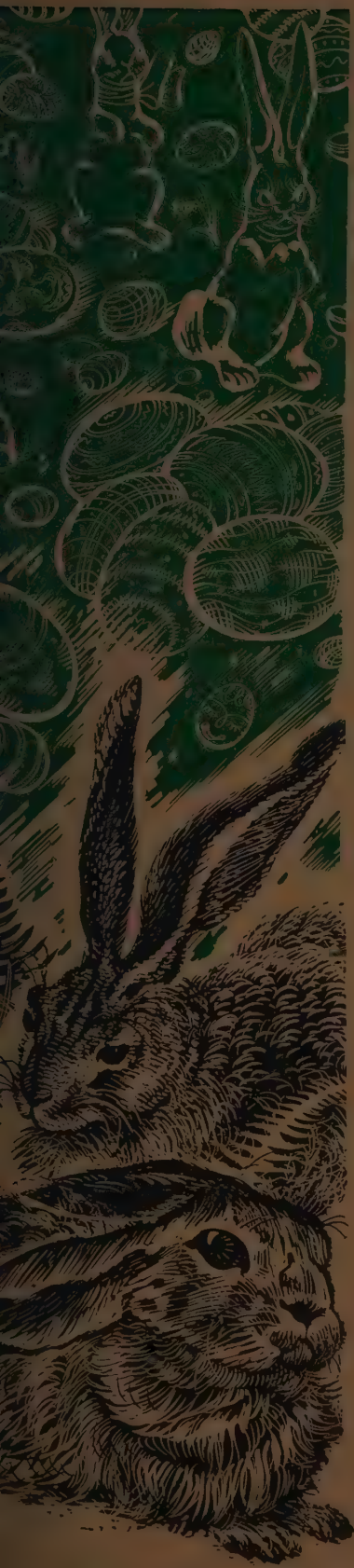
Love itself does not fail. It may seem to fail because those loved fail to respond or refuse the gift. Even Jesus was disappointed in Judas, and for thirty pieces of silver perfect love was betrayed.

"Love *is* the greatest thing in the world." And love is greatest because it is standard. It is that toward which we strive, it is the light of all our hopes; and when we are at our best we see the light even though it may be shining afar off. The contrast is darkness and the opposite is ugly. Love in your mother's face, or in the memories of your home, or in the associations of families and churches, or in relationships between friends is beautiful. All else grows pale in that effulgent light. I have seen the cathedrals of France, broken, crumbling under the concentrated fire of great guns, and I have seen them rising again from their ruins. I have seen the trenches in the meadows and across the green fields—"Scars," I said, "that evermore will soil the land." But I have returned to find the great wounds healed, the green grass growing where once we burrowed to escape the flaming death. And in the fields where I had seen the wooden crosses row on row the cattle grazed again. War is waste, peace is love, and only love restores. The greatest thing that came out of the Civil War was not emancipation but unity. And that unity is the essence of Lincoln's immortal words, "With malice toward none, with love for all."

In southern Rhodesia at Victoria Falls I stood at the base of the statue dedicated as a memorial to David Livingston. The intrepid missionary doctor is in full stride and, looking out upon the mighty waters to which he gave the name of his queen, he is traveling on. Forever he was traveling on. Forever he was in search of new rivers and of peoples beyond the rim of civilization, beyond the blessing of medicines and the peace of Christ. His generation gave him a tomb in Westminster Abbey and the world shall remember his exploits through all generations. Incredible were his sacrifices and impossible his achievements. Why did he do it? For the Crown? Or that he might be remembered? No—"Greater love hath no man than this that he lay down his life for his friends." And to David Livingston the last and least of the most superstitious African villagers were his friends. Love did it! Not ambition nor the explorer's insatiable hunger for new frontiers. Love did it, and love alone.

Perhaps the supreme quality of love is this: seeing the invisible, it envisions the impossible as achieved. Love may be disappointed, it may be defeated and even overwhelmed, but it cannot be destroyed; nor can that which it has seen be destroyed. Love is the one infinite quality of the finite mind. We love in spite of defeat, we love through death and beyond the grave. Love still talks about a warless world. Fear and hate cannot see that. "Great is wisdom," Carlyle said. "Infinite is the value of wisdom. It is the highest achievement of man." But even so it can recognize only the actual in life while love recognizes the possible. Even more significant, love claims vast areas that wisdom is bound to release as impossible. It is love that passeth knowledge and it was the love of Christ revealed in Jesus that brought salvation to a dying world. Here is redemption and we have seen it. Up from the slums it has come in the transcendent personality of gentle Kagawa, and out of war it will at last issue in peace and brotherhood.

DANIEL A. POLING



Easter Bunny

THE BUNNY WITH A PAST

By B. B. Bendiner

JUST how the innocent looking cottontail ever came to be involved with Easter and its many-colored eggs is a story that goes back to ancient times.

In the ages before Christ there were a great many legends and beliefs about the new life that came to the earth each spring. They were all agricultural in origin. It was the vegetation god who died and then came to life again. Both the Greeks and the early Semitic peoples celebrated such rites and in them the egg was always depicted as the symbol of life. The gods of the ancient Egyptians were pictured holding eggs in their hands and even in their mouths.

In a large measure the mingling of ancient custom and legend with the ceremony of the Christian faith was due to the fact that Jesus was crucified in the springtime and at the height of these festivals. The very term, Easter, is derived from Eastre, the goddess to whom the Saxons prayed each spring. It is only natural then that customs such as painting the Easter egg should come down to us through the ages as a part of a religious celebration.

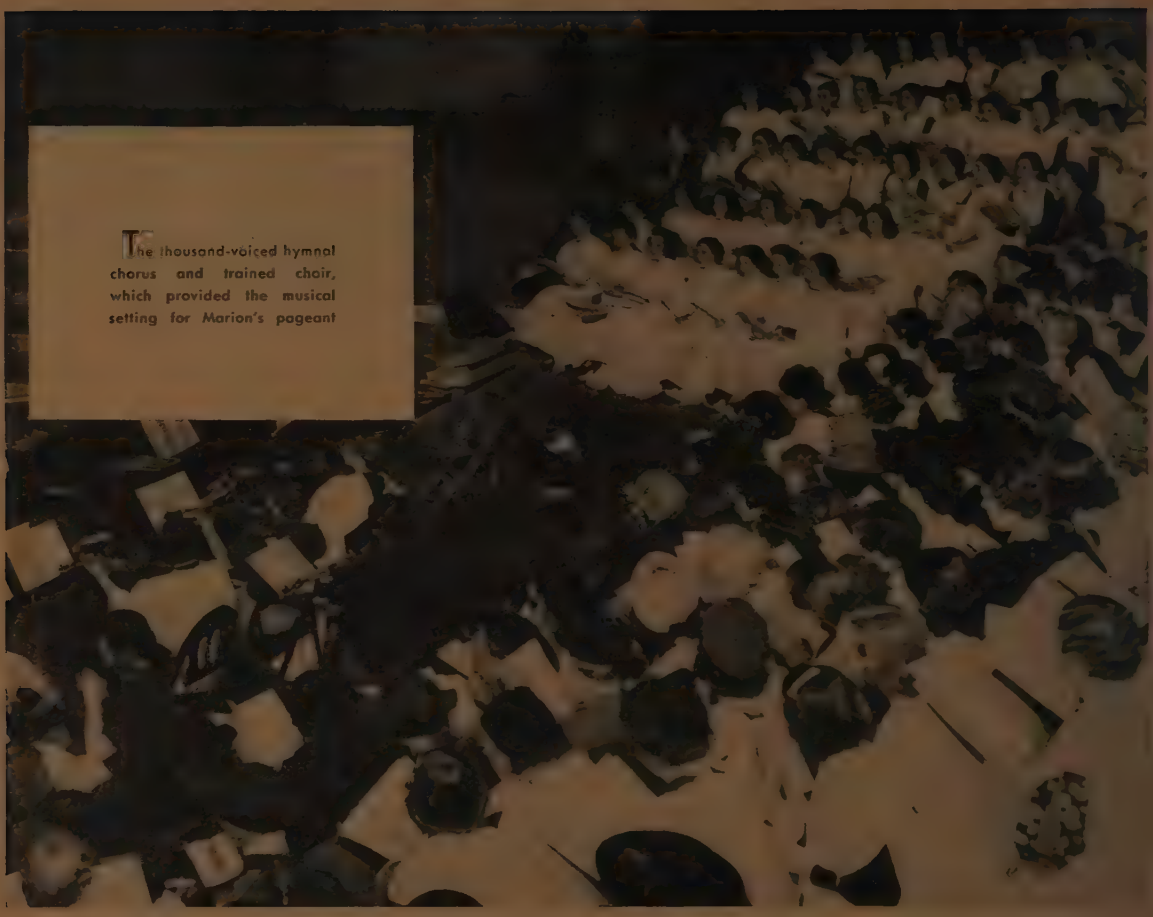
Mr. Rabbit's part in this had its origin in the deep pine forests of central Europe long ago. It was an age when man trembled at everything that he could not understand. Trees, mountains, stars and the winds were worshiped by him as either gods or demons. Many animals were believed to possess magical powers.

It was probably on a clear night that these forest people looked up at the moon and fancied they saw in the lunar shadows the face of a hare. Nor were they the only ones. Communities as far away as China and the northern islands of Hokkaido in Japan where the Ainus still live, believed in "The Hare's Face in The Moon." Centuries after folk, especially in the mountains of eastern Germany, crossed their fingers when a little cottontail with a hippity hop skipped across their path.

It was the children, however, who were really responsible for the rabbit as an Easter bunny. In these German hills it was the custom, as it was in almost every other part of Europe, to paint eggs at Easter time. Only in these parts it was also customary to dye them on the evening before Easter Sunday and so surprise the children with them the next morning.

In the eleventh century one Duchess Roslinda von Lindenburg is supposed to have introduced the practice of hiding the gaily colored eggs in the rabbit burrows and hares' nests in the forests. The children were to understand that these eggs were no ordinary eggs such as a hen might lay. No, only a creature filled with magic as the rabbit was could be responsible for them and so the matter was laid at the bunny's very door step. The "Osterhase" or Easter bunny became very popular in Germany and in many parts of England and America.

To this day the mayor and council of towns in Yorkshire, England, go into the forest on Easter Sunday and fully arrayed in their scarlet robes of office participate in the placing of the eggs and in a mock hare hunt. As for America, we all know of the White House egg-rolling party given each year.



The thousand-voiced hymnal chorus and trained choir, which provided the musical setting for Marion's pageant

MARION *Rediscovers Holy Week*

By **ANASTASIA CLOTHIER**

IT IS Easter morning. Early dawn of an Easter morning in Marion, Indiana, where thin fingers of light have barely touched the upper windows of the Memorial Coliseum. Yet since three A.M. hundreds of citizens have been pouring into the building, across the indoor cinder track where the high school won its interschool meet last week, around the canvas-covered basketball hardwood, climbing up temporary bleachers, crowding into galleries. Six thousand persons accomplish the miracle of pushing, jamming, shoving into no space at all *quietly*.

This is not a basketball crowd in a town that takes its basketball seriously. It is not an amused audience waiting for the curtain to be raised on the stage below. It is a group of hushed and reverent worshipers come again to Jerusalem to the Feast of the Passover.

In the center of the Coliseum are laid out the streets of Jerusalem—a tent, wells, hedges, palms, the public fountain. Mingling, withdrawing into small groups, squatting on the grass are the cosmopolitan throngs of Jerusalem—merchants in rich purple, carpenters wearing their coarse aprons, shepherds in striped wool gowns, turbaned priests, weavers, publicans, Numidian slaves bearing the rich man's canopied litter, soldiers in tunics of brazen red.

Into this brilliant gathering come the heralds, young boys in blue and gold capes and tall plumes. There is a fanfare of trumpets, the march of soldiers' feet, and the organ high above the scene and two grand pianos break into the majestic "Cujus Animam" from Rossini's "Stabat Mater." Negro choristers in white singing "When Morning Gilds the Sky" troop across the streets to join the thousand-voice chorus grouped in one corner of the hall. Dancing girls in white veils wind among the citizens, and tiny black-robed scholars sing "On Our Way Rejoicing" as they pass by on their way to school.

And then a great beam of light is thrown on the white-garbed figure of the Christus as he stands at the entrance of the Coliseum. Through the audience, silent in the darkness, a tremor passes. Someone sobs. The music is hushed as the Christus, followed by his disciples, enters the streets of Jerusalem. The immense chorus thunders out "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name." The Jerusalem crowds drop to their knees, and Jesus passes across the floor and up the steps to the stage, set with its flat-topped house and garden. The curtain falls briefly, and a sigh sweeps over the assembly. It is more than a dramatization. It is actually living Holy Week again.

In a moment the curtains will part on the Last Supper tableau, perfectly modeled from the Da Vinci painting, and while Judas steals away, the choir sings "My Jesus I Love Thee." Almost a reality, too, is the Gethsemane scene of betrayal, the trial before Pilate, who stands on a balcony above the swaying mob, the march to Calvary to the tremendous Gounod music, the significant pause of the Christus before he drags his cross into the wings. There is the crash of thunder, lightning flashes, hammering of nails and the bass voices singing "Then He Gave up the Ghost" from Gounod's "Redemption." Softly, fifty women's voices sing Bach-Gounod's "Ave Maria." Dawn creeps across the stage as the three Marys turn toward the arch where an angel beckons. The chorus *fortissimo* bursts into "Christ the Lord is Risen Today" and "I

Know that my Redeemer Liveth."

The fourth annual Easter pageant will be over in Marion, but the audience will still sit quiet as it has done in the past, trying to find the twentieth century again. There will be none of the hysterical laughter and ribbing which is the inevitable reaction to heavy drama. This is the sort of thing that finds the deepest emotional response—in the soul. The police, the fire department, the American Legion ushers are unnecessary now. The crowd files out silent.

Last year a metropolitan critic, who had come to write a caustic review, whispered breathlessly as she rose, "It was a privilege," and dabbed at her wet eyes. A lawyer who hadn't entered a church in thirty years, according to his own statement, passed out of the building with reverently bowed head. A little colored boy sat on an empty bleacher just to hear the enthusiastic chorus sing once more.

The Resurrection
is symbolized by the appearance of the Angel to the three Marys, at the entrance to the Tomb

Outside more than a thousand disappointed persons, some of whom had driven all night, waited in the hope of at least seeing the stage when the building was emptied. More than that number again had listened at home and in their cars to the WLW and Mutual Broadcasting System's coast-to-coast broadcast of the event.

The Marion Easter pageant has become more than an annual presentation. It has become a spiritual reawakening of a magnitude far beyond the comprehension even of its own citizens. The director of special events for WLW is quoted as saying last year, when the company arranged its first broadcast of the pageant, that this was the first time in the United States they ever had found a religious celebration where all denominations had joined together.

Therein lies the significance of the Marion performance. It is not a thing produced by a "Little Theater" group or a church or a service club. It is the combined effort of all these organizations and a host of others. Marion, a small industrial city of less than thirty thousand, owns the Easter pageant. Every phase of her city life entered into its production. Last year fifty churches of every denomination, not only from the town but from the country, took a vigorous part. Jewish matrons sewed costumes, Jewish children danced with the palm girls. Negroes led the triumphal procession, and splendidly built Negro men wore the garb of slaves with happy acceptance.

School children made posters, society women planned costumes, lodges supplied their ceremonial garb, the Young Men and Young Women's Christian Associations and Carpenters' Union worked side by side on stage sets. Ministers and Little Theater executives outlined dramatic sequences together. The mayor wore the regalia of the head of the royal family, and the children of the Catholic parochial school sang the liturgy of the church accompanied by a Sister on her portable organ. The utilities company lent electricians, and the city railways supplied free street-car service Easter morning.

Music for three years has been under the leadership of the city's skilled musicians and choir directors. The dramatic phase of the pageant was supervised by the head of the high school dramatic department, who did her task with an almost professional skill. As to the cast itself, it was purely a volunteer group. The Disciples and the Christus are the only members who remain the same from year to year. The Twelve include business men, a school teacher, a professional person, a tradesman. The Christus is—appropriately—minister of the Friends' church. He accepted the sacred role only after much thought and prayer. He rehearses in private, and he enacts his part with such humble devotion that even the most sensitive observers feel his sincerity and fitness for the portrayal.

Outsiders who have witnessed the pageant for the first time continually seek some explanation for its existence, and their questions are not easy to answer. The pageant was not one of those "great oaks from little acorns grow" sort of things. It didn't develop through a score of years from some Sunday School observance. It just suddenly was. That first year, in 1937, the Coliseum doors closed to hundreds of late arrivers, and the cast and chorus were only a few hundred less in size. Even we of the local newspaper staff, who were trying to do our noble best from the publicity angle, were puzzled. Just what manner of thing was this proposed pageant anyway, and who had the audacity to suggest that a thousand or so people were going to give up their evenings a month ahead to rehearse a religious spectacle, let alone set their alarms for three A.M. on Sunday morning?

With our gift for being inquisitive, we dug up a lot of names—names of prominent, civic-minded persons who were promoting the idea and who would grace any publicity drive. But here was the amazing, the incredible thing. "Don't quote us," they protested. "We aren't doing this for our glory or even for Marion's glory. This has got to be a spiritual thing, much bigger than individual personalities." And so the pageant has gone nameless. There is no jealous feeling that so-and-so is "trying to run the thing" or that a certain man is just getting another political feather in his cap. The dynamic little music director with her contagious enthusiasm, her talent for keeping a finger on every phase of the production, the dramatic producer with her infinite sense of proportion and beauty, the alert production director, who for three years has moved about through Jerusalem, unobtrusively costumed, to hold the ends together, those are personalities recognized by the city in spite of their modesty. But the working chairmen themselves are seldom announced, and no one phase of achievement is stressed in importance.

As nearly as we could untangle the beginning, the pageant had its origin in the plan of the Youth Council, composed of the young people in several downtown churches, to sponsor a sunrise service. The Greater Marion Association, a promotional civic organization, got wind of the thing. Why not make it a community affair? An imaginative citizen or two caught at the idea, outlined in a few bold strokes a chorus, an orchestra, a dramatic presentation that would be more than a play on a stage. The young people gasped, but they took it standing. With characteristic eagerness they divided responsibility and threw themselves into the work. The cooperation of the Ministerial Association was sought, and the huge—at times unwieldy—structure began to move.

By the fourth year such system has been achieved as could only be evolved in an organization-ridden America. A permanent pageant committee consisting of professional men, bankers, merchants, society matrons, educators, actors and laborers, forming a cross section of the city, provides a starting group to be relied on as patrons. A working financial and executive group is chosen from these, and the intricate web of chairmen spreads down the line—chairmen of music, of drama, of electricians, house management, publicity, costuming, sub-chairmen under these heads to organize churches and clubs. Each church has its own representatives responsible for bringing out chorus and anthem choirs. There is a pageant-speakers' committee *(Continued on page 47)*

DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. J. W. G. WARD

March, 1940

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

FRIDAY, MARCH 1

FORGING AHEAD

"GO FORWARD."
READ PHILIPPIANS 3:7-14.

MARCH? That means more than the month. It is a challenge to move forward. As the popular slogan has it, "Time marches on." Here we are in the third month of the new year. Winter is almost gone. Spring is at hand. Already there are signs of awakening life. Soon we shall see the seasons on the march. Is there not some inspiration here? Leave the forbidding past, its misdeeds, and mistakes. With pardon for the former, experience born of the latter, how about pressing forward to better living, to worthier work, to closer following of Christ? Let us try today for definite progress in the path of right.

Thy promptings in our souls, bidding us strive toward the best, bear the promise of Thy grace. Help us to move more consistently following Thy Spirit.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2

ON BEING TOUCHY

"PATIENT IN TRIBULATION."
READ ROMANS 12:6-21.

ACHILLES, the famed Greek hero, might not usually be regarded as touchy, in the modern sense. He had, however, one vulnerable point. At his birth, his mother had dipped him in the sacred stream, the Styx, which was to make him immune from hurt. She had to hold him by one heel to do so. In his later conflict with Paris, it was at this very spot his adversary aimed. Thus Achilles was vanquished. With us, is it our vanity or pride, or our keen sense of what is due to us? Let us not be swift to take offense, but in the small happenings of life, as well as the great, let us cultivate patience and self-control.

Thou art our example in all things. So patient, so kind, so long-suffering toward those who assailed Thee, help us to emulate Thee. Amen.

SUNDAY, MARCH 3

LET CONSCIENCE BE THY GUIDE

"FULLY PERSUADED IN HIS OWN MIND."
READ ROMANS 14:1-13.

THAT is good counsel. Yet we are required to regulate our own lives, rather than those of other people, by what God asks of us as individuals. It has been cleverly pointed out that there would be less friction if we kept that in mind. "Trouble starts when we insist upon our conscience being some one else's guide." That does not mean that we should not constantly strive to set forth God's will, that we should not attack evil things, that we should not apply the commands of Christ to civic as well as personal life. But it does mean that we must be generous in judgment, sparing in condemnation.

Frail and imperfect as we are, save us, O Lord, from sitting in judgment on others. Help us rather, by love and example to commend Thy will unto them. For Jesus' sake, Amen.

MONDAY, MARCH 4

WINGED WORDS

"SET A WATCH BEFORE MY MOUTH."
READ PSALM 141.

THE "First Settler's Story" relates that because his young wife allowed the cows to stray, the settler spoke roughly to her. Later, he found her dying from exhaustion after trying to recover them. It was too late. Yet his remorse cries, "Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds . . . it isn't so with words. 'Careful with fire' is good advice we know; 'Careful with words' is ten times doubly so. Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead, but God Himself can't kill them once they're said." We often bitterly regret something said carelessly or in the heat of the moment . . . words which have lived for years. So "Keep the door of my lips."

O Thou who didst ever speak words gracious and true, save us from bitterness. Enable us to be patient, thoughtful, and ever mindful of our influence. For Christ's sake, Amen.

TUESDAY, MARCH 5

THE GENIUS OF JESUS

"NEVER MAN SPAKE LIKE THIS MAN."
READ JOHN 7:40-53.

THE genius of Jesus is seldom discussed. Yet to see God's truth in the commonplace, takes genius. One writer says, "The simplest sights He met—the sower flinging seed on loam and rock; the darnel in the wheat; the mustard tree that hath its seeds so little, and its boughs wide-spreading; and the wandering sheep; and nets shot in the wimpled waters, drawing forth great fish and small—these, and a hundred such, seen daily, never seen aright, were pictures for Him from the pages of life." This is our Father's world. To find some spiritual meaning in every path, a sacrament in every service, is to find enrichment and joy.

Touch our eyes, great Master, that we may daily find the means of knowing Thee better and serving Thee by gracious deed and kindly word. In Thy name.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6

THE SOUL'S SATISFACTION

"THEY SHALL BE SATISFIED."
READ LUKE 12:13-21.

A FEW months ago, a successful business magnate passed on. He was Charles M. Schwab. He had been president of three of our largest steel corporations, a director of banks and insurance companies, a world traveler who had crossed the Atlantic 170 times, and a patron of the arts. This was a man who had once worked as a laborer, at one dollar a day. How gratified he must have been by his success and his resultant wealth. Gratified, but not satisfied. His own testimony was, "The happiest days of my life were when I had a modest income, and lived with my good wife in a cottage. Now we have many houses—mansions. But we don't own them. They own us."

All our springs are in Thee. Because the worldly and the material can never satisfy our hearts, help us to set our affections on Thee, through Jesus.

THURSDAY, MARCH 7

SNAP JUDGMENTS

"NO DOUBT THIS MAN IS. . . ."
READ ACTS 28:1-6.

HOW readily we think the worst of people. When Paul was wrecked on Malta and a fire was lighted to dry the survivors, a viper fixed on Paul's arm. At once the people concluded that, evil as he must be, although he had escaped the devouring waves, judgment still followed him. Even though they reversed their opinion, and affirmed that he must be a god, because he had not died of the viper, it hardly affects their previous judgment. To think the best

of people, to look for the best, to remain silent rather than to speak the disparaging word, reveal the Christian.

If Thou wert swift to mark iniquity, none of us could stand. But Thou dost look on us with a gracious eye. Help us to be like Thee. For Thy name's sake.

FRIDAY, MARCH 8

WISHING AND WORKING

"WORK OUT YOUR OWN SALVATION."
READ PHILIPPIANS 2:1-13.

DROWNING men clutch at straws. A despairing world is little better. It snatches at some easy philosophy of life, and rejects all facts which do not coincide. A current song assures us that "Wishing will make it so!" To achieve life's good just "wish long enough, wish strong enough," and everything will occur as we desire. That is both foolish and misleading. Wishbone never displaces backbone. If we want to achieve success, to subjugate our lower natures, to conquer bad habits, to better the race, wishing cannot avail. We must work out our own salvation. But, blessed be God! He supplements our efforts by His almighty grace.

Save us from dishonoring Thee by ignoring Thy grace, and by declining to do Thy will. So shall Thy name be magnified. Through Christ, Amen.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9

YESTERDAY IS GONE

"FORGETTING THOSE THINGS . . . BEHIND."
READ PSALM 1.

THAT yesterday is gone seems trite. Yet with its trials, its mistakes, even its sins, it is gone. In the mercy of God, a new day follows the old—a day which may be made better than its predecessors. "There's a whole day tomorrow that hasn't yet been tried, a day where new courage may fling old cares aside; a new dawn that's coming to bring a nobler noon; today may be troubled—tomorrow's coming soon." That tomorrow is today. This day is God's unsullied gift to us. Let us profit by the mistakes, avoid the pitfalls of the past. Then with high hope and resolute faith, face today.

For Thine unfailing patience, for the daily grace Thou dost give to us, we praise Thee. Give us the help we need to live this day aright. Amen.

SUNDAY, MARCH 10

HONORING GOD

"THEM THAT HONOR ME, I WILL HONOR."
READ I SAMUEL 2:27-30.

ABRAHAM, taking his only son to offer as a sacrifice, honored God. He did not know how the divine promise of blessing could be fulfilled if Isaac were slain. But he trusted where he could not trace. Daniel and his companions would not defile themselves with the king's dishes. They could not know the outcome. Yet they honored God. The same was true when the three Hebrews refused to bow down before the colossal image. Did God forget? We need to give Him His rightful place. By confessing Him openly, by keeping His day sacred, by loyalty to His will, we honor God. And the reward is sure.

O Thou who art not ashamed to call us Thy friends, may we never be ashamed of Thee or of the Gospel which is Thy power unto salvation. In Christ's name.

MONDAY, MARCH 11

THE MISERY OF THE MISER

"THE LIBERAL SOUL SHALL BE MADE FAT."
READ PROVERBS 11:23-31.

OLD SILAS MARNER, gloating over his hidden treasure, is to be pitied. He might have a little pleasure as he withdrew the bag from its hiding-place, and counted out each coin. Yet living in mortal terror that some thief might rob him, what satisfaction was possible? If he had used it wisely for the comfort it might yield him, for the good with which he might have blessed other lives, how much richer he would have been. So when we hoard Christ's grace, we are inexpressibly poorer. The church which fails to support missions, the Christian who never speaks a word for Christ, are like Marner—pitiable indeed.

Because Thou hast enriched us with all spiritual grace in Christ Jesus, help us that we may afford enrichment to others. For His sake, Amen.

TUESDAY, MARCH 12

INVISIBLE INK

"THY LAW DO I LOVE."
READ PSALM 119:113-120.

SPY stories are in style. Not only in code, but also in invisible ink, spies are supposed to transmit valuable information. There is an invisible ink which used to mystify us as children. A blank sheet of paper, or a seemingly innocent letter, slowly revealed its hidden message. The paper warmed, and the secret writing stood out. The truths of the Bible mean nothing to the cold in heart. Let the warmth of the Holy Spirit be sought first, in prayer, and God's Word shall glow with heavenly meaning.

We praise Thee for the written Word, for its counsels, its promises, and most for the unveiled glory of Thy Son. Help us rightly to cherish it. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13

THE WRECKERS

"REMOVE NOT THE ANCIENT LANDMARK."
READ II TIMOTHY 2:10-19.

IN THE good old days, there was a terrible traffic in Britain. Men would light false fires on some treacherous coast. These were mistaken for the lights by which mariners were accustomed to steer. Consequently, many a gallant ship went to its doom. Then these men would swoop down, and seize the cargo. They were the wreckers. There are some who would rob the soul of its faith in God and in the trustworthiness of the Holy Word; in the efficacy of salvation, and in prayer. To be forewarned is to be forearmed. We know whom we have believed. Therefore, keep the heart directed to Christ.

Dangers are ever about us. Save us, O Lord, from neglecting the means of grace, or lightly holding that which is committed to us. Amen.

THURSDAY, MARCH 14

UNSUSPECTED RESOURCES

"THE UNSEARCHABLE RICHES."
READ EPHESIANS 3:1-12.

OIL was discovered long ago in our country. Within recent months, however, Illinois has been pouring forth its wealth. People who cultivated poor farms with but little success, have suddenly found riches thrust on them. How seldom do we realize that, in Christ, there is wealth available for the asking. We need forgiveness. It comes not through costly penance, but through believing faith. We need solace and comfort. They are held forth for us to take. We need guidance for life's way, hope in its despair, assurance amid our discouragements. The riches of Christ are there for the soul that believes.

We think of Thee as being more willing to give than we are to receive. Let us honor Thee by accepting what Thou dost proffer. Through Christ Jesus.

FRIDAY, MARCH 15

GETTING ON WITH PEOPLE

"BE AT PEACE WITH ALL MEN."
READ MATTHEW 7:1-8.

SOME people are hard to get on with. They rub us the wrong way. We dislike their manner or appearance. They get on our nerves! It is barely possible that we have the same effect on them. Therefore, we have need to watch our step. Much can be done by cultivating a sense of humor. There is nothing as funny as folks! Making allowance for human peculiarities, suppose we try today to look for the best in people. Jesus did. That is why He found so much to love in mankind. The pearl is found in the rough shell. The fragrant hyacinth is in the unlovely bulb. Look for the best.

Dear Master, we so often try Thy patience. Help us to maintain self-control and long-suffering in all our dealings with others. Amen.

SATURDAY, MARCH 16

THE UPLIFTED HEAD

"NOW SHALL MINE HEAD BE LIFTED UP."
READ PSALM 27:1-6.

ONE of Rome's emperors returned to the capital after a successful cam-

(Continued on page 48)

RUSSIAN PIROJKI

Pirojki, to serve with the borsch, is a baked pastry, meat-filled

Our Very Best Dish

Church cooks send their most successful crowd-supper recipes for neighbor kitchens to test

By

CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD

THIS month the Church Housekeeping pages belong to church cooks. These recipes are yours. They come from church kitchens in the Far West, the Middle West, the East, the South. These recipes have not been "tinkered" with. We are printing them exactly as you sent them to us. These are recipes church-kitchen tested, church-dining room tasted, each dish winning its spurs by the approval of the crowd.

First we introduce Gertrude Blanch Dean of Hanshaw and Highgate Roads, Ithaca, New York, General Chairman for the Fellowship Day luncheons at the First Presbyterian Church. These get-together luncheons, she writes, which provide the noon bite for the Dorcas Society on sewing day, have taken the plan of a world travelogue, each meal in a different land. Simple the menus, for price of the luncheon, thirty-five cents a plate, must cover the entire food cost, pay for gas and laundry and provide $2.50 to pay a woman who makes the coffee, supervises the cooking and washes the dishes.

First luncheon this year featured Russian food. Two recipes were the talk of the party, the Russian Borsch, a beet and cabbage soup every Russian knows and loves; and Pirojki a meat-filled pastry accompaniment.

RUSSIAN BORSCH

4 pounds neck or shoulder beef or veal
6 to 10 bones
4 pounds round steak
6 medium heads cabbage, cut in 1-inch squares
2 bunches celery, diced
1 bunch carrots, diced
6 medium sized onions, chopped
6 lemons, sliced
15 potatoes, cooked separately
8 pounds tomatoes
8 bunches beets, coarsely grated
1 quart sour cream

Place shoulder-meat and bones in deep kettle and add 3 gallons cold water. Bring to a boil and add steak and cook slowly until meat is tender, skimming frequently. Remove meat when tender, reserving steak for Pirojki. Cut cabbage into 1 inch squares and add to stock as soon as meat is removed. Add celery, carrots, onions and lemons. Peel and boil potatoes and when tender strain, reserving the liquid; to this add the ground shoulder-meat and cook until water is reduced by half. Strain and add liquid to the soup. Pare and coarsely grate beets and add tomatoes and beets to soup 15 minutes before serving. Cut cooked potatoes into quarters, place one piece in each soup dish. Season soup to taste. Add 1 teaspoon of sour cream to each portion. The sweet-sour taste is the pleasure of the dish. Pass with Pirojki. Yield 50 to 60 portions.

PIROJKI DOUGH

1¼ cups milk
2 cups flour
1 yeast
¼ pound butter, melted
2 eggs
¼ cup sugar
1 teaspoon salt

Bring milk to boiling point, remove from heat, cool slightly, and pour slowly over the flour, mixing well. Cool. Dissolve the yeast in a little lukewarm milk and add to batter. Beat in eggs, salt, sugar, and melted butter. Cover and set to rise in warm place for 2 hours. Add flour to make dough just stiff enough to handle. Let rise again. When light, roll dough ½ inch thick. Cut into rounds about 2½ inches across; place 1 tablespoon of meat stuffing in the center of each ring and gather up edges like a sack, pinch tightly together and set balls to rise. When light brush the tops with egg yolk. Bake in a slow oven (300° F.), until golden brown. Serve warm without butter. Yield: 120 Pirojkis.

PIROJKI MEAT STUFFING

1½ pounds ground beef (use cooked steak from Borsch)
2 hard boiled eggs, chopped
2 teaspoons salt
2 tablespoons parsley, finely minced
1 cup consomme

Mix ingredients in order given. Blend well. Yield: stuffing sufficient for 120 Pirojki. Allow two for each guest.

A green and red color scheme for a holiday party is "aided and abetted" by the following salad, according to Mrs. George H. Weeks of Lackawanna, New York. She writes, "We served this salad at a Woman's Christian Temperance Union convention dinner and it proved a great success."

BEET SALAD

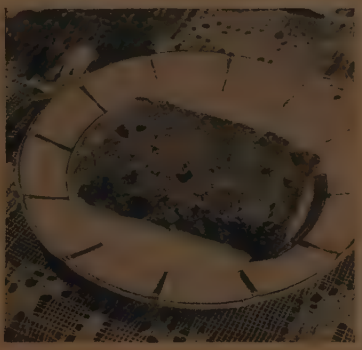
10 packages jello (lemon preferred, other flavors may be used)
11¾ cups boiling water
1¼ cups mild vinegar (may use part lemon juice)
5 cups beet juice
3¾ teaspoons salt
4 medium sized bunches celery, cut in small pieces
5 tablespoons onion, very finely chopped
10 cups chopped beets, cut not too fine

Pour boiling water over jello and stir until entirely dissolved. Add salt, then all liquids; set in a cold place. When slightly congealed, fold in the vegetables. Chill until firm. Serve on lettuce leaf or shredded lettuce. Allow one teaspoon of mayonnaise to each serving. Yield: 50 portions.

Mrs. R. B. Swanberg of Sisseton, South Dakota, sends the Lemon Chiffon Dainty the Goodwill Lutheran Ladies Aid serves frequently at community meals. "We like it," Mrs. Swanberg writes, "because it is easy to make, it is like pie, yet no pastry shell is required. It is colorful and may be made the day before the party. Its zestful flavor is pleasing after a hearty dinner. It can be decorated with any seasonal touch—a red cherry for Washington's Birthday, a green gumdrop snip for St. Patrick's Day. It is easy to handle in serving as it comes out firm enough to hold any desired shape."

Lima Bean Loaf, made in Duluth, Minnesota

Here beet salad is served with a parsley boutonniere and a tiny stalk of cheese-stuffed celery as a tag-along bite



Date Pudding to serve with sweetened whipped cream or a hard sauce, a favorite dish of an Iowa ex-minister's wife

LEMON CHIFFON DAINTY

2½ tablespoons gelatin
1⅓ cups cold water
20 egg yolks
1 cup lemon juice
5 cups sugar
1 teaspoon salt
20 egg whites
50 graham crackers

Soak gelatin 5 minutes in cold water. Beat egg yolks. Place in double boiler and add lemon juice, 3 cups sugar and salt. Cook 5 minutes. Remove from fire; add gelatin. Beat egg whites and add remaining 2 cups sugar. Fold into the first mixture. Line pie pans with wax paper. Arrange graham crackers over the paper, fitting edges together to serve as an undercrust. Pour lemon filling over crackers, set in ice box 2 hours. Cut into squares. Decorate with whipped cream rosettes or a topping of whipped cream with cherries, nuts or candies suitable for season. Serve on paper doilies laid on glass plates. Yield: 50 portions.

Mrs. H. E. Wilkins of Duluth, Minnesota, sends this Lima Bean loaf popular at church circle luncheons.

LIMA BEAN LOAF

9 cups milk, scalded
1 cup butter, melted
6 cups soft bread crumbs
6 No. 2 cans lima beans
3 small cans pimentoes, pureed
¼ cup onion, grated
9 cups American cheese, grated
18 eggs, separated
9 teaspoons parsley, minced, salt, pepper, paprika

Add milk and melted butter to bread crumbs. Combine with lima beans. Add pimento, onion, cheese and egg yolks. Season with parsley, salt, pepper and paprika to taste, mixing well. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Set in pans of hot water and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 1 hour. Yield: 50 portions.

Mrs. J. H. Findley of Des Moines, Iowa, wife of a retired minister, calls this date pudding "the most versatile dessert I've met in thirty years around church kitchens.

"For thirty years my husband served pastorates in this state, and church dinners are an old story to me. The date pudding recipe I am sending was acquired in the school of experience. It is the most versatile of desserts. Sometimes we garnished it with hard sauce, again with whipped cream, or a chopped date sauce. For the annual Turkey Dinner served between Thanksgiving and Christmas in connection with the gift bazaar, we capped the pudding with a hard sauce, flourishing a holiday touch. The sauce was made by a standard recipe, then divided into three portions, one tinted red, one green, the third uncolored. We shaped this into layers in square or rectangular pans, then sliced for serving in the manner of brick ice cream. One advantage of this garnish is that it may be prepared the day, or even days before the dinner and stored in the refrigerator."

DATE PUDDING

4 cups boiling water
4 cups dates cut fine
4 teaspoons soda
4 cups sugar
½ cup lard, butter or margarine
½ teaspoon salt
4 eggs, beaten
3 teaspoons vanilla
6 cups flour
2 cups nut meats

Pour boiling water over the dates, add soda and cool. Cream sugar and lard, add salt, beaten eggs, and vanilla. Add date mixture and flour. Last add nut meats (or omit entirely, or use but half the quantity if there is need to economize). Bake in sheets. Serve with sweetened flavored whipped cream or hard sauce. Yield: 50 portions.

Nearly 500 men attended the brotherhood banquet of the Waterloo district of the Upper Iowa Conference of the Methodist Church held in Rockford, Iowa, last November 14th. The dining facilities of the church were taxed to the utmost with 374 men seated in the regular dining room and the remainder at tables in the social parlors. The women were complimented highly on the efficiency with which the dinner was served and on the goodness of the food. Mrs. J. L. Bowen sends us newspaper clippings telling of the event and this recipe for the dressing served with Swiss steak. The same group of cooks have used the dressing for chicken at later dinners. Mrs. Bowen says it is good at any dinner, regardless of the type of meat served.

IOWA DRESSING

8 loaves bread (two or more days old)
1 quart hot water
3 tablespoons pork sausage
1 cup grated onion
1 tablespoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon sage
8 to 12 eggs, beaten

Pick bread into fine shreds and moisten with hot water. Fry sausage, then add, fat and all, to dressing. Add onion, salt, pepper, sage and beaten eggs. Mix well. Place in roaster and bake for two hours at slow heat (300° F.). Slow cooking improves the flavor. Yield: 50 portions.

The County Federation of Women's Clubs in San Diego County, California, recently met for dinner one hundred thirty strong. Porcupines were the main

(Continued on page 50)

FAIR EXCHANGE

Do you like to test recipes from other church kitchens? All right, but play fair, don't neglect sending us the dish your cooks committee have served to a crowd with best success. We pay $1.00 for every recipe printed. Give recipe amounts in quantity for 50 servings. Please list ingredients in the order in which they are combined in preparing the dish. Be careful of amounts. These recipes are not tested by our Church Supper Advisor, therefore a careless mistake on your part might cost a neighbor church group a pretty penny in spoiled food. Give us the name of your church and the name of the organization which has served the dish. Address your contribution to the Church Housekeeping Bureau, Christian Herald, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

THE SIGN OF NEW HOPE

A CLEAN SHAVE

CLOTHES REMAKE THE MAN

A Decent Suit Helps a Down-and-Outer Get Back On His Feet

By "JIM JONES," AS TOLD TO A. L. LAWSON

THIS is a story chiefly about clothes. In a very old magazine I came across once, there was a soap ad, written by Henry Ward Beecher —no less. And he said, "If cleanliness is next to godliness, then soap is a means of grace." That's OK, by me—only a pair of decent pants will be a big help, too. Not much use talking to a fellow about godliness when he is hungry and ragged. "Keep up your courage—hold on to your self-respect"—we fellows down on the Street hear a lot of that. And it's good advice—if you can do it. But just try keeping up your courage when your stomach has forgotten what grub tastes like. Just try holding on to your self-respect when the seat of your pants is worn out and your toes are sticking through your shoes. Just try it!

How do I happen to know so much about it?

Well, no doubt a lot of you remember the Bowery Mission booklet that *Christian Herald* sent out last year, with the picture on the front cover of a bum sleeping on the sidewalk, under an old stone wall. That man was not me, but he might have been —I could have posed for plenty of pictures just like it. I even recognized the spot, and I've slept on the soft side of a concrete pavement many a time. And my clothes were dirty rags, just like his.

You'll get the idea that I was a bum, if I say much more. Well, your idea would be correct. I not only looked like a bum, and felt like one—but I *was* one. How I finally pulled out and up, I'll try to tell.

The first time I was called a Bowery bum, it stung. For I hadn't always . . . . But skip that. After a while I got used to it—you get used to anything, down on the Street. But I didn't enjoy it, not a little bit. Don't get the notion, because I talk sort of slangy and flippant, that I didn't mind my condition. That's just the way we Westerners talk. Down inside I was as serious as anybody else. Mr. St. John got a letter from somebody complaining that he was tired of the Bowery Mission pictures in *Christian Herald*. "Always the same men sleeping on the sidewalk." Yes sir, he was very tired of them. Well, brother, you aren't half as tired of it as we guys who have had to sleep that way if we slept at all. Do you think we do it because we like it?

Now take a look at some of the other pictures they have used to illustrate this story. That's me, in those pictures. Don't look much like a Bowery panhandler now, do I? But it's me—the same fellow that used to have "Corner The Bowery and Hash Alley" for his sleeping address: that is, it's the same flesh and bones and hard-looking mug (I never was pretty). But I'm different now, not only on the outside, but different inside, too—a lot different.

Know what made such a difference in me? I'll tell you—*clothes*. Yes sir, just a decent suit of clothes. There's something in a man that makes him want to live up—or down—to the clothes he is wearing. Look respectable, and you're more apt to act respectable, while if you look like a bum you not only feel very much aware of it, but pretty soon you are one. I know, for I've been both.

And that is what this story is about, mainly—how decent clothes transformed me from a dirty, wretched tramp into a respectable working man—like I had always been before I landed on the Street.

I'm a metal worker by trade, and came from the West. My name doesn't matter —call me Jim Jones if you have to call me anything. This story isn't about me, anyhow, so much as about—what I told you. I didn't drift into New York looking for a job, like so many poor suckers do; I had a job offered me by my old-time foreman who had come to New York a few years before; I was glad to come when he sent for me, for the plant where I had been working "consolidated" with another one, and shut down. So I was safe—I thought.

But things were bad in the metal industries during the depression, as you've probably heard. Some firms failed. Many others shut down. Those that kept their plants open had to install labor-saving machinery to save expense—and that threw plenty of men out of work. My firm was one of those that went bust.

I wasn't much worried at first; I'd never had any trouble getting a job, and even in hard times I was sure I would catch on somewhere. But I didn't—you've heard a thousand times how impossible it was for some of the best men to find a job. At first I said "a job at my trade." Then I took to saying just "a job." Then I was saying, "anything, no matter what, so I can eat."

I won't take your time telling how I finally hit the Street. You've heard such stories over and over, and to tell it again would just bore you. I was out of a job, hadn't been able to get any work at all, and my money was almost gone. So I moved into the Street, because I heard you can get some sort of bed and some sort of food cheaper there than anywhere else in New York. So The Bowery took me.

A SHOWER

A HAIRCUT

NEW CLOTHES, NEW HOPE

NEW SHOES RENEW SELF-RESPECT

Time came when I hadn't any money left at all—not a cent. I was sitting in the back room of a low saloon, wondering what in the world was going to become of me. For my last nickel I had had a shot of that tarantula venom they call "smoke." I had never drunk much—glass of beer once in a while, hardly ever any booze. I'm nothing remarkable, just an ordinary, honest American mechanic—or had been, up to that time. But I went to that low saloon because it was the only place, even on The Bowery, where I could get out of the cold, and talk to somebody. So I had got to drinking smoke, for they'd throw me out if I didn't buy a drink once in a while. And I found out another thing; while lots of men get down and out and light on the Bowery because of drink, lots of others—like me—get to drinking because they are on The Bowery, where no place but the smoke joints will tolerate them.

So there I was, without a cent left, no way of getting any, no place to sleep, nothing to eat all day. I did have an overcoat and a fairly decent suit of clothes left, and my shoes were still pretty good. A fellow I had seen several times—they called him "Lucky," for the reason, I guess, that he wasn't—came over to me and looked me over.

"Want to sell those shoes?" he said suddenly.

"What in time would I do," I laughed. "Only pair I've got."

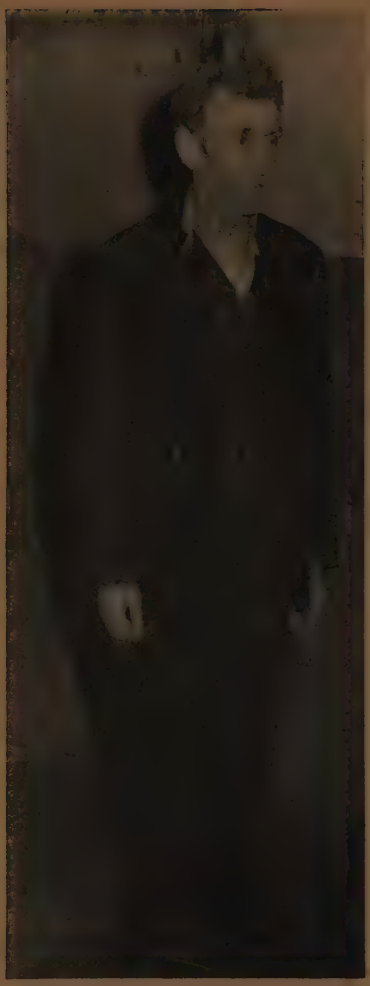
"Come on," he said, and led the way out. We stopped at one of the "bums' markets" and he did the bargaining. They traded me a pair of old, disreputable, wornout shoes and fifty cents cash for my good ones. We had a bite to eat, then went back to the saloon and started in on the smoke again. I want to tell you I felt low, sure enough, to see those terrible shoes. I kept on drinking, and by dark I was getting pretty drunk—wasn't used to it. But the booze didn't seem to have any effect on Lucky. At last he stood up and beckoned.

WASHING CLOTHES

"Where we going?" I wanted to know.

"To our hotel," he grinned—he was really a goodhearted fellow—"hurry up, before the oldtimers grab all the best places."

Our "hotel" was a corner on the paving, down an alley, next to the exhaust from the kitchen of a cheap restaurant; the place Lucky showed me was therefore a little warmer, or at least a little less cold, than further out. We lay down, and I tried to cover myself with my overcoat



This is the way I looked when I entered Bowery Mission—clothes shabby, torn, hair long and matted, shoes completely done for

and curl up in as comfortable a position as I could. I didn't succeed so well, and for a long time couldn't sleep, though Lucky was snoring in five minutes.

I didn't feel happy; in fact, I was more miserable than I had ever been in my life. I felt low, degraded; to think that I had come to this! And the worst of it was I didn't see any way ever to get out of the hole I had fallen into. The booze was wearing off, and left me still lower in spirits, which would have been low enough anyhow. I thought "I sure have hit the bottom." I tossed and squirmed around a while; finally I dropped off into a deep sleep—so deep that I knew nothing more until Lucky was shaking me.

"Come on," he said, "The cops—great guns, what's happened to you?"

I looked down at myself—and then I saw why I was feeling like a plucked turkey in the icebox. The human buzzards that prowl that neighborhood had taken my clothes, even the old shoes I had got at the bums' market, and left me in my underwear—which was as full of holes as Swiss cheese.

Lucky stared at me and grinned. "Here," he said. "I'll give you my work pants." He pulled off an old pair of overalls he was wearing and gave them to me; and sure enough he had a slightly better pair under them. Then he pulled from the pocket of his jacket the wreck of an old pair of shoes which he must have picked out of a trash can—awful, but better than being barefooted. Then he steered me into the back room of the smoke joint again, and produced a dime, which he was probably holding out for an eye-opener.

He was a real friend in need that time, poor as his aid was. You find that sort of things, even among Bowery bums. You never can tell about men. They may be lousy, worthless, thieving, no good; and yet the same fellows can be kindhearted, sympathetic, willing to help a pal in distress. You'll find gentlemen driving garbage trucks, and you'll find men in shiny sedans whose hearts are hard enough to make good heads for sledge hammers. And of course it's the other way around, just as often; as I say, you never can tell. But Lucky was not all bad—else why did he share the little he had with me?"

We waited till nine o'clock, then Lucky went out to work a while at his "trade"—which was panhandling. In an hour or two he came back with a little change; and what did that bum do but take me down to the same place and buy me a pair of patched pants and an old jacket!

Then he took me along with him, to show me the knack of begging on the street—not the Bowery—"There ain't a dime between here and Chinatown," he said. Fourth Avenue, that was the place. We walked over, and he gave me one side of the Avenue for my territory. "Don't be afraid of them—just look out for the cops."

I wasn't afraid—but I was more ashamed than I had ever been in my life. Finally I forced myself to sidle up to a lady, and ask her for a nickel. She looked at me, startled, then shuddered and hurried to get on a passing bus. I don't blame her, for my clothes were ragged and dirty, my hair was long and uncombed; I had caught cold and my eyes were red. I must have looked like the scarecrow in the Wizard of Oz. By the time Lucky came back, I had collected just one nickel.

But he had done pretty well, considering. We hear of panhandlers collecting ten or twelve dollars in an hour's time, and living off the fat of the land. Maybe they could do that once, but not today. It's a hard, slow graft, and my buddy had done well to get fifty cents.

"Let's get out of this cold wind," he said; and back to the saloon we went.

I won't bore you with the details of the next few weeks. Although it was tragedy for me, it is old stuff, so I'll skip it. I went out with Lucky most of the time, but had little success. We bummed in the smoke joint, and slept most of the nights in the alley, although it was getting to be colder weather. Somehow Lucky had picked up two old overcoats—shabby wrecks, but they kept us from freezing. Somehow I existed.

Then Lucky was arrested and sent to "The Island" for thirty days—vagrancy. That threw a scare into me. I resolved to get out of the begging business, though I had no idea how. But I must make one more try, for I had to have a piece of change.

But when I came out of the Mission that Monday morning I looked like this—I wouldn't know myself for the same man—would you?

And the very first person I approached gave me a quarter. I felt rich. Did I go to the saloon and blow it? I did not. Something inside me was getting sick of that life. First, I swiped a morning paper from a trash can, and in the Help Wanted column there was an ad for workmen at a metal working plant. I resolved to have a try at it. But I knew I had no chance looking like I did—maybe none anyhow. So I went to one of the "Barbers' Colleges" where they give you a makeshift shave for five cents. It felt like he was shaving off my face, by mistake, and leaving the whiskers, but at least he did remove enough of the sagebrush so that you could get an idea of what my face looked like. He combed my unruly hair, after a fashion, and let me wash my face in his sink. Then I spent ten cents for subway fare to Long Island City, where the plant was.

The foreman looked me over.

"What do *you* want?" he said contemptuously.

"A job—I'm a metal worker—"

"Get out!" he snapped.

"But—"

(Continued on page 60)

A Good Table Is An American Tradition

AMERICA has always set the best table! In your grandfather's time and now—whether it be in the little cottage on Maple Street or the mansion on the hill, there is no greater contrast between this and other nations than our table, for there the superiority of the American standard is most clearly defined.

If you would know the real secret of American drive, love of action and zest for doing things—you have only to look at the good American table.

Varied soils and friendly climates bring to our kitchens an assortment of fine foods unequalled in any other country. Not only do we draw on these native riches—tender meats, garden-fresh vegetables and luscious fruits—but we reach out for the best of other lands . . . the puddings of England, oils of Spain and spices of the Orient.

Scores of traditional American dishes are unsurpassed for hearty goodness and rich simplicity . . . blushing cream of tomato soup; crisp, tangy green pickles; mince pie, with its treasure of currants, candied peels and fragrant, subtle spices; old-fashioned chicken soup with golden pools of richness floating on top; and glorious, munchy oven-baked beans drenched with the kind of pungent molasses sauce that made the Pilgrims hurry home to dinner.

For seventy years the House of Heinz has helped the American housewife set a good table. Where good things grow best is where you'll find Heinz Kitchens . . . capturing the fresh flavors that the good green earth, benign sun and friendly rains bestow. Heinz never forgets that in this land of homes, folks want their food to taste truly homemade. So neither pressure of time nor demand for quantity ever induce Heinz to cook in any but the good, old-fashioned way . . . in moderate-sized batches, with unending patience.

We're proud of the important part we've played in establishing and carrying on the traditional high standard of American food. We're proud, also, that we've been a welcome guest at the American table for over seventy years.

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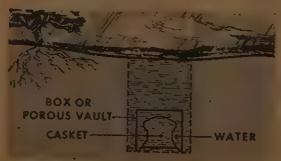
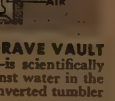
How comforting to know you can provide the protection of a Clark Galvanized Metal Grave Vault



RAIN AND MELTING SNOW often saturate the earth. The average casket is not supposed to provide protection against this water in the ground — neither can an improperly constructed grave vault, nor one of porous materials, offer safe sanctuary.

THE CLARK METAL GRAVE VAULT placed over the casket—is scientifically designed to protect against water in the ground. Just as air in an inverted tumbler keeps the water from rising inside the glass, the air in the dome of the Clark Vault is used to prevent outside water from reaching the casket.



BE THANKFUL you've been reminded of it *now*. For some day—when a loved one is laid to rest—you will *know* what to do. You should provide a Clark Metal Grave Vault, and only the Clark *galvanized* vault is coated, by Clark's exclusive process, with 25 to 35 pounds of zinc, to give possibly 2 to 5 times as long-lasting protection as the same vault ungalvanized. Ask your funeral director to show you Clark Galvanized Vaults —also other models—in a variety of finishes, at prices within your means. Write for booklet telling what to do when you are asked to "take charge." The Clark Grave Vault Co., Dept. CH-34, Columbus, Ohio.

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CLARK

GRAVE VAULTS

(Continued from page 33)

with a sweet face, wistful and appealing. My heart went out to her in tender sympathy, for she had just lost her sister, and her sorrow, like mine, was yet so new and heavy. . . ."

Later I heard more about Mrs. Jones and her practical Christianity:

"This time they brought wall paper for my living room. Mrs. Jones does neat and fine work papering. While she papered, Miss Welsh pasted for her. Miss Petach and Miss Zayic cleaned and polished my few pieces of furniture for that room, and together transformed it into a light, cheery room instead of the dreary one it had been so long. I cannot get many things I need for my house, and I have to leave undone the things I have not strength to do. But these young people are so quick and strong and sunny. Miss Kohler, herself, served the picnic lunch they brought. . . ."

Months afterward, a letter from Miss Kohler mentioned this newest gift from the Love Box on the mission piano. "You cannot realize how different her rooms are now. We chose the lightest paper so that it would be more cheery. We bought a matting rug, too, for the middle room."

The young people cheerfully draft their brothers and boy friends for service, and carry them to the hills to fix a loose pane in her window or inspect the roof for leaks. Two members of the Mother's Club persuaded their husbands to travel the two hundred miles and back to mend her steps.

And oh, the prayers that go up for their dear old friend who wrote "Somebody's Praying for You!" In all Miss Kohler's group meetings of young folks, they have a Circle of Prayer.

"I wish you could hear them pray for her," wrote Miss Kohler in one of her letters. "Each one remembers her in some touching and beautiful way. Really, it is wonderful how they never grow weary of praying for her and giving to her."

How good folks are! I like to think of that sincere Christian mending the porch steps for that feeble old hymn-writer who, nearly fifty years ago, wrote, "I Cannot Drift Beyond Thy Love, Beyond Thy Tender Care."

I like to think of those big-hearted women papering her rooms, polishing the little organ, merrily serving a picnic lunch on the porch that for so many lonely years had never known the radiance of sparkling spontaneous guests.

They represent many nationalities. Miss Kohler's young people—Slovak, Bohemian, Hungarian, Swedish, Syrian, Polish, English, Italian and Greek. Miss Kohler is an American, whose ancestors were originally Swiss. Their creeds are almost as varied, representing not only different denominations of Protestant churches, but Roman and Greek Catholics. Miss Kohler is a Presbyterian.

"Whatever their nationality or creed," writes Miss Reed, "they are akin in their goodness of heart."

Then she pays a lovely tribute to the Youth of today. "I have seen three generations of young people grow up, but in all the years of my life I have never known whole large groups of them, like Miss Kohler's, who are all so helpful, kind, generous and loyal, who show such a consistent courtesy, such a real Christianity. They all belong to the King."

Miss Kohler is just as grateful for what Miss Reed has meant to them. She has been a successful worker among young folks for twenty-five years, and this is what she says:

"Youth needs to be taught to grow spiritually. All my young people who have been down to see Miss Reed, including the husbands and 'boy friends,' without a single exception, confide to me what it has meant to them. Because of the contacts they have had with her, not only they themselves are richer but our whole working together has been lifted to a higher plane. As for me, she has become such a part of my life that she is constantly in my mind. The precious visits I have enjoyed in her home are indeed 'mountain-top' experiences. How I wish all *Christian Herald* readers could know her personally!"

I wish so, too. But perhaps I can sometime tell you the story of her life, shaped by God's hand from the day when, as a broken-hearted girl of twenty, she was forced through ill health to give up all her dreams of a teaching career and return to "the prison of the hills." It is a deeply moving epic, the story of a noble Christian who has walked the Way "as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, yet possessing all things."

And now she is reaching the end of that difficult life, touched with the divine. All those of you who sing her hymns in church, choir, Sunday School, or Daughters of the King Circles will join me, I know, in my evening prayer for her:

"O Lord, support her all the day long, until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes . . . and her work is done. Then, in Thy mercy, grant her a safe lodging . . . a holy rest . . . and peace at the last."

And then, let us thank God for all people, young or old, whose kind deeds shine like stars in our world's black sky, heartening us with the reminder that goodness lasts, that faith, hope and love endure—and that no one can destroy Heaven or kill God.

(For good news about Miss Reed, see p. 70)

★

GIVE BOOKS and BIBLES

for

EASTER

Your Christian Herald Catalogue offers you a number of fine books and Bibles from which you are sure to be able to select gifts for your friends and family. If you have no local book shop, we will be glad to buy for you books not listed in our catalogue—if you have misplaced your catalogue, drop us a postal and we will send you a copy by return mail; you will find it useful all through the year. Christian Herald Book Dept., 419 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

(Continued from page 37)

assigned to give publicity talks in clubs, churches and civic groups and report progress. It is no uncommon thing to see a Quaker, a Catholic and a Presbyterian minister working out last minute details over a chart drawn by a member of the younger dancing crowd who had stayed at home from last night's country club party to finish designs for the flower girl arrangement.

From a technical standpoint the pageant is a classic example of the amateur theatrical's old achievement in creating something from nothing. In fact, the three costumes for the Christus were the only professionally made pieces used.

Perhaps, however, out of all the pageant, the music deserves to be given place of honor, not only as a supreme unifying thread which draws the city together, but as that force which binds the pageant itself. The first year a script was read between groups of songs. The script was later abandoned as unnecessary. The story was the most familiar in the world. Even the Scripture itself spoke without being uttered. From the old gospel hymns and some of the greatest musical settings selections were made to fit each mood of dramatic action. Old songs like "There Is a Fountain" and "Nearer My God to Thee" slipped into the more powerful cadences of "Pilgrim's Chorus" from "Tannhauser" and solemnity of Gounod's "Redemption" without clashing. It was music that fitted every talent and every emotion.

Men and women joined the hymnal chorus just for the love of singing; or they joined the anthem or cherubic choirs to offer the gift of trained solo voices. There was a choir of two hundred little girls, and seventy-five small boy scholars sang "The Holy City" without faltering.

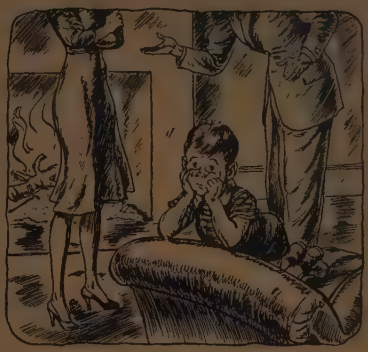
It became to the spectators music with an added significance. Unfolding there on the floor below was the theme of the old songs. Too deep for consciousness there must have been individual memories of camp meetings, or childhood revivals, cane-bottomed chairs in the little Sunday School room or the glow of the sitting room stove in Sunday evening twilight. It must have touched a memory of childhood bedside prayers and childhood beliefs. Many of us who hadn't even bothered to say "There is no God" simply because God didn't seem important to think about, knew in those Easter mornings that God had filled that auditorium. We had a kind of exuberance of discovery, and we wanted suddenly to grasp our neighbor's hand.

Ministers in Marion, who wondered a little anxiously whether this might not substitute for their congregation's church duties, have been facing the largest attendance in years at their Easter services. And they have noticed too a lifted look on their people's faces. "I think," a business man told his pastor gruffly, "you can depend on me a little more this year." He had been a publican in the pageant that morning!

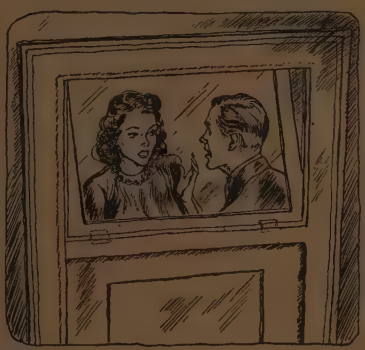
Marion is going to stage a fourth pageant this year. And citizens, without a groan, are planning to rise, well, by two A.M. anyway. Most of them have seen it every year, but to them it has become an American Oberammergau. For Marion each year it means spiritual resurrection.

"I'M FED UP ON THE WAY YOU'VE BEEN BULLYING LITTLE HARRY!"

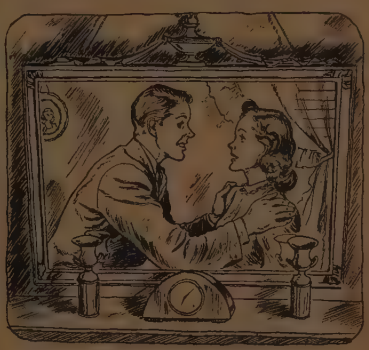
1. HUSBAND: Who's bullying him? I'm only trying to make him take this stuff like a man.
WIFE: But he's *not* a man. And making a child take a medicine he doesn't like can do more harm than good.



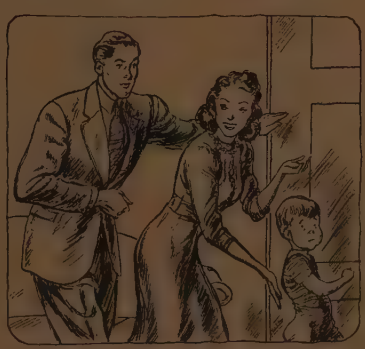
2. HUSBAND: Where'd *you* study medicine?
WIFE: That's not funny. I told you I was going to talk to the doctor. He said forcing a child to take a bad-tasting laxative can *shock* his entire nervous system.



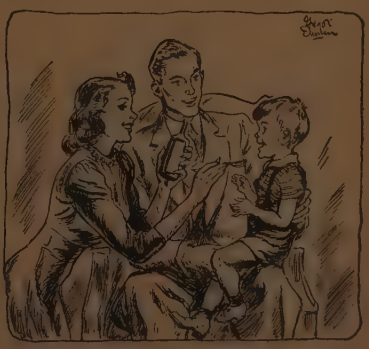
3. HUSBAND: Are you kidding?
WIFE: This is nothing to kid about. Babies should get a good-tasting laxative, but NOT one made for adults. After all, an adult's laxative, even in smaller doses, can be much too irritating for a child's tender system.



4. HUSBAND: What can we give him?
WIFE: Give him Fletcher's Castoria, the laxative made ESPECIALLY for babies and little children. It *won't* upset a baby's stomach because it works mostly in the lower bowel and it doesn't form a habit.



5. HUSBAND: Seems safe enough to try, all right.
WIFE: And how! You couldn't find a harsh "adult" drug in Fletcher's Castoria. It's pure as can be and really SAFE!



6. HUSBAND: Fine. But how does it taste? That's what started the argument.
WIFE: Here's where it ends. Children *love* Fletcher's Castoria's wonderful taste. Just *see* him take it down! It's one laxative you never need force on a child!

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially for children

(Continued from page 39)

paign. In token of his victory, a great parade was held. The soldiers, the wagons laden with spoil, awakened enthusiasm. But the chief point in the procession was the prisoners he had taken. They shambled along, chained to each other, their heads bowed in despair. The downturned head, then, signifies defeat. Likewise, the upturned suggests conquest and victory. The Psalmist rejoiced in the divine succor which enabled him to look up. Greater still may be our joy. "We are more than conquerors through Him that loved us."

Blessed be Thy name that Thou art the confidence of all who trust in Thee. Help us to face our sins, our weakness, our trials, in Thy strength, that we may win through. Amen.

SUNDAY, MARCH 17

THE SUNDAY OF HIS LAST WEEK

"BEHOLD THY KING COMETH."
READ MATTHEW 21:1-11.

THAT day was one never to be forgotten. Apart from the silent claims it put forth for Jesus as the fulfillment of prophecy, apart from the exultation which His coming brought forth, we have here the dramatized appeal to the populace. Granting that some had misconstrued the Master's words, that spectacle was one which the dullest mind might grasp. The King of heaven was manifest. Even though some still failed to discern His glory, to those who opened their hearts to Him there came enduring blessing. Have we given Him His rightful place as the King in our lives?

O Jesus Christ, humbled to our common lot, yet truly the exalted One, give us grace to acknowledge Thy sovereignty in our lives, making Thee supreme. For Thy name's sake, Amen.

MONDAY, MARCH 18

THE MONDAY OF HIS LAST WEEK

"CREATE IN ME A CLEAN HEART."
READ MATTHEW 21:12-17.

DOUBTLESS, the disciples were disappointed that Jesus had not followed up His advantage the previous day. The city would have given Him the crown, so great its enthusiasm. This day He took a scourge of cords and cleansed the temple. To many that was remarkable. They were so used to seeing the traders there, no thought of defilement remained. So do evil things take lodgment in our souls. We scarcely detect their presence. Yet when the blessed Christ comes into the life, the unworthy and base, those things which desecrate the highest, must go. Are we willing to have Him cleanse us from secret sins?

Most Holy One, while we deplore the heinous sins which mar our peace, help us to find that cleansing at the source which shall bring health to our souls.

TUESDAY, MARCH 19

THE TUESDAY OF HIS LAST WEEK

"BY WHAT AUTHORITY?"
READ MATTHEW 21:23-43.

JESUS was seated in the temple cloisters. His foes were swift to take Him to task. Why had He assumed the role of reformer? Who gave Him authority to teach? They plied Him with questions about payment of tribute, about the marriage state beyond, about the great commandment of the Law. To these He replied with amazing skill and sagacity. The Parable of the Vineyard, His lament over Jerusalem, belong to this day. Yet the Christ confronts us. By what authority does He declare the will of God for us, does He enforce His commands, does He demand that we follow Him? Because He is not only the Christ of God, but also the sacrificial Saviour who gave Himself for us.

By the power which is Thine alone, O Jesus, direct our hearts to enthrone Thee Lord, and to obey Thee in all our ways. We ask it in Thy name, Amen.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20

THE WEDNESDAY OF HIS LAST WEEK

"IT IS EXPEDIENT . . . THAT ONE MAN SHOULD DIE."
READ JOHN 11:47-53.

THAT day, our Master remained in Bethany. He had much to say to His disciples. The time was growing short. He spoke of the judgment which should befall Jerusalem; of the trials of faith. To encourage them to fidelity, He told them of the Talents, and the Coming of the Bridegroom. But His enemies were busy plotting His ruin. Caiaphas had told the Council, as plans were slowly discussed, "It is expedient for us that one man die for the people." Judas came to sell his aid in that project. We cannot but think of the deeper significance. The Lamb of God must take away the sins of the world, but first He must die. What does that mean to us today?

Thou Son of God, who lovest us, and gave Thyself for us, rekindle our love and gratitude to Thee this day, for Thy name's sake, Amen.

THURSDAY, MARCH 21

THE THURSDAY OF HIS LAST WEEK

"BEFORE I SUFFER."
READ LUKE 22:14-22.

THE early part of that day was again spent in Bethany. Peter and John had gone to prepare for the Passover. Then as evening drew on, the Master and His friends went to the house of His unknown adherent. Jesus had washed His disciples' feet before the meal began. Then followed those memorable words, "This is My body. . . . This cup is My blood." After His farewell words, the company went to Gethsemane. There the agony of our great High Priest, the betrayal, the arrest, and arraignment before Annas, Caiaphas, and the brutality of the priestly guard. Ponder these things. "The chastisement of our peace was upon Him."

That Thou shouldst bid us remember Thee that we could ever forget Thee and Thy love, show how frail we are. Help us this day. Amen.

FRIDAY, MARCH 22

THE FRIDAY OF HIS LAST WEEK

"HE LOVED ME AND GAVE HIMSELF FOR ME."
READ LUKE 23:33-46.

THIS day of solemn memories moves us to the core. Tried by Pilate, sent to Herod, brought back again, scourged, condemned, crowned with thorns, we see the Son of God brought to the consummation of His sacrificial life. Through the streets to Golgotha, crucified there, the object of reviling on the part of priests and people, we behold Him. His prayer for His murderers, the word of comfort to a dying thief, His triumphant cry, "It is finished," explain the centurion's witness, "Truly, this was the Son of God." We know it. We know why He died thus. Not as a victim of human hate, but as God's sacrifice for sin, "with His stripes we are healed."

"We may not know, we cannot tell, what pains He had to bear; but to believe it was for us He hung and suffered there."

SATURDAY, MARCH 23

THE SATURDAY OF THAT WEEK

"A RANSOM FOR MANY."
READ ISAIAH 53.

IN THAT tomb lay not only the dead body of Jesus, but the ruined hopes of His friends. They had expected so much. He had shown Himself lord of nature, sovereign of the storm, even controller of life and death. Yet now death had taken Him captive! The Master was dead! What were the thoughts of the eleven? They had lost everything because their Lord no longer lived. Have you realized what it would have meant to the race, to our own lives, had Jesus been but a man, shackled by the bonds of death? If the grave had held Him captive, then we were verily without hope in the world.

We bless Thee, O divine Redeemer, that Thou art truly the Lord of life and the Vanquisher of death. Aid us to recall what we owe to Thee. Through Thy grace, Amen.

SUNDAY, MARCH 24

THE GLORIOUS CONQUEROR

"I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH."
READ LUKE 24:1-12.

DIM was the dawn, but darker still the gloom which hung over human hearts because Jesus was dead. Bright was the day, radiant the hope which

(Continued on page 64)

It's a "Green" Girl . . .

. . . at winter sports who bundles up in clothes as thick as a mattress! Those who *know* wear outfits that aren't hampering . . . choose clothes expertly designed to protect, without being bulky!

For the same reason, girls who *know* choose Kotex sanitary napkins. Made in soft, smooth *folds* (with more material where needed...less in the non-effective portions of the pad), the New Kotex is naturally less bulky than pads made with loose, wadded fillers. Less apt to chafe, too...for Kotex is entirely sheathed in cotton, before it's wrapped in gauze!

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And to guard your peace of mind, the makers of Kotex now put a moisture-resistant panel between the soft folds of every Kotex pad! Then . . . to eliminate tell-tale bulges . . . Kotex gives you tapered, *pressed* ends! Think! . . . No thick, stubby ends to make embarrassing outlines! Kotex ends are invisible (and patented)!

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PROVE
ITS NEW SAFETY

COMPARE
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GIVE BRAND-NEW FLAVOR TO YOUR

EASTER HAM

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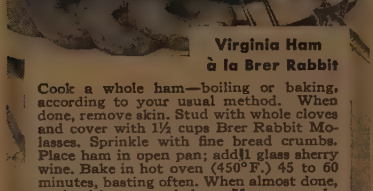

Virginia Ham à la Brer Rabbit

Cook a whole ham—boiling or baking, according to your usual method. When done, remove skin. Stud with whole cloves and cover with 1½ cups Brer Rabbit Molasses. Sprinkle with fine bread crumbs. Place ham in open pan; add 1 glass sherry wine. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 45 to 60 minutes, basting often. When almost done, stud with peanut halves. If sauce cooks down too thick, add water as needed.

PINK and tender slices of ham never had a more perfect companion than Brer Rabbit's grand, rich sauce. But its special goodness largely depends on your molasses.

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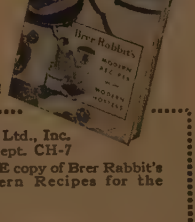

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VERY BEST DISH

(Continued from page 41)

dish and so highly praised that a woman's page editor of a San Diego paper asked to reprint the recipe. Mrs. Mary Waterman Todd has sent the directions for porcupines to the Church Housekeeping Bureau with a report of the meal. "It was necessary," she writes, "for us to economize on dishes, so we planned the menu for one plate service—that is, aside from dessert. Arranged on each plate was a Porcupine, a slice of pineapple with cottage cheese on shredded lettuce, buttered shredded green beans and shoestring potatoes.

PORCUPINES

15 pounds chuck beef, ground	3 cups water
Salt, pepper, celery salt to taste	3 pounds rice
6 cups bran	6 eggs
3 cups evaporated milk, diluted with	3 cups flour
	1 cup crisco
	8 cans ready-to-serve tomato soup

Add salt, pepper and celery salt to ground beef. Soak bran in evaporated milk diluted with water and add to meat. Wash rice well under running water to remove starch. Add to meat and bran. Now drop in the eggs, mixing well. Mold meat mixture into balls. Roll in flour. Brown in fat (crisco or bacon drippings), place in roasters and half cover with tomato soup. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 1 hour. Be sure to keep meat moist. The balls absorb a lot of tomato. Dilute the sauce with water as it cooks down. Yield: 50 Porcupines.

VERY TIRED MAN

(Continued from page 21)

world. All of the disciples were aware of this veil and some of them were tortured by it. When Jesus spoke the words seemed to drift from far away—they were as remote as the April breeze in the highest branch of an olive tree.

"The poor," he said slowly, "always ye have with you. . . But me ye have not always." As he said it, the kneeling woman unrestrainedly poured out the last of the ointment and set aside the empty jar that once had been filled with something of value.

And Judas, with a muffled cry that might have been a curse—save that he was one of the disciples of the Master—turned on his heel and went storming from the house. If money, legitimate money, were denied a man—if honest profit were thrown away, what was a man to do? Judas knew all the answers.

It was the next morning. Jesus had found some rest in the home of Lazarus—and why shouldn't he with all that costly ointment to soothe and comfort him? He had waked and put on fresh, shining garments, and had sent two of the disciples to bring in the humblest of the beasts of burden. "If you must ride into Jerusalem why not choose a nobler steed?" asked the most pretentious of the disciples, and suggested a white horse. But Jesus shook his head and said, "No. It is written in this manner." What did he mean by *"It is written?"*

They had taken swift leave of Lazarus and his sisters. Martha had prepared a lunch and had wrapped it in fine linen, and one of the disciples carried it under his arm, for they knew not where they would stay when they reached the journey's end, and even in a time of feast a band of pilgrims may run into unexpected famine.

The gates of Jerusalem were close. They were shining gates, and Jesus, who had walked with his men up to this point, climbed quietly upon the back of the patient ass who was to carry him into the promised land. Judas, jangling a full pouch that hung from his girdle, whispered to the bearded one who walked next, "Anybody'd think that he expected to be met by a delegation." And Peter, with a listening look on his face, replied, "He *is* being met."

It was true. From afar off came a sound of shouting and cheers and hosannas. As the small procession went through the city gates the hosannas came closer and someone shouted, "It is Jesus, the prophet of Nazareth!" and someone else shouted, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!"

It was the greatest reception they'd ever had—ever. Those who knew him best and loved him best, forgot that they had suffered a long march—and a forced march. Forgot that they had been urged forward by spurs that they resented and did not understand. They were the Master's disciples, they were a part of this great demonstration. Indeed, in a lesser way, the demonstration was for them as well as for Jesus! With shoulders back and strong legs marching in time, and eyes that glistened, they followed the one that they had always followed, as his slow-moving steed took the central path. Only the most beloved of the disciples spoke, for he was walking at Jesus' right hand, walking so close that they could converse in muted whispers.

"Jesus!" he breathed. "Saviour! Is it not beautiful? Is it not satisfying to know that you are loved?"

Jesus, of all that company, was oddly drawn. The repose at Bethany had not helped, after all. Now that they had reached the trysting place he looked vastly older than this thirty-three years. It was a long moment before he spoke.

"It is beautiful," he said finally, "to be loved—and appreciated . . . John, it seems as if we move into the heart of a green sea; it is like a mirage . . . What have these people thrown into the streets?"

John, leaning forward, strained his eyes. The multitude, shouting, cheering, beside themselves, had been swept by inspiration in their choice of a carpet for the Master to ride over. He said,

"Why, they've cut the branches from palms—great branches! That's what it is!" His voice grew suddenly concerned for Jesus, ever so slightly, had swayed and his hand, resting upon the neck of his patient steed, was shaking. "What's the matter?" John asked. *"You're not faint?"*

Jesus recovered himself. Now he sat erect, with thrown back shoulders and lifted chin. A king coming into his own; a monarch surveying his realm . . . If the tiredness still filled his eyes, the multitude was unaware of it, for a glory was in his smile. Even John, walking close beside him, could not hear what he said for he spoke in his heart of hearts.

"It is a pity," said Jesus in his heart, "that living trees should be cut down in their prime . . . *It is a pity.*"

(Continued from page 26)

large family of children, a fireplace and very comfortable rooms. There was also a warm barn for the horse, which made it a really good place to stay.

Mr. Blatchley and I talked one morning at the breakfast table about fishing. I told him that I hadn't been fishing that year, so he urged me to go to Bristol's meadow right in front of the church, where I might catch a few trout. We got a few worms and went down to the church in good season, opened up the building ready for service, and then we went over the fence to fish. We did not get a single fish of any kind—I believe I got one slight nibble. Of course we left the brook in plenty of time to get ready for the service—rang the bell and got things ready generally.

Well, if some reporter didn't get hold of the fact that I had gone fishing on a Sunday! He wrote a great article for a Hartford paper to that effect. This was taken up by papers all over the country. One minister wrote from West Virginia, and enclosed a clipping. "I know this cannot be true," said he, "but, to assure my people, will you not write me a letter to that effect? If they really thought it were true, I fear a large part of my congregation will quit."

I wrote this man that I certainly did go fishing on Sunday and that, if the attachment of these members to his church was so weak that my going fishing that day might break it, he had better let them go —they weren't worth keeping anyway.

But from Ohio I had a call on the strength of this fishing episode. The letter said that it appeared to the men of their parish that I was just the man they were looking for.

About this time too, there was quite a furore over the "Rocking Chair Church." At one mission I had a very old lady in the congregation who was badly afflicted with rheumatism. I saw how uncomfortable she was in a common chair (there were no pews in the church) so I took down a big, comfortable, old-fashioned rocking chair. You should have seen how much that old lady enjoyed the service.

Then I noticed a woman swaying her body back and forth trying to put her fretful baby to sleep. Why shouldn't she have a rocking chair to rock that baby in? So I got another one for that mother.

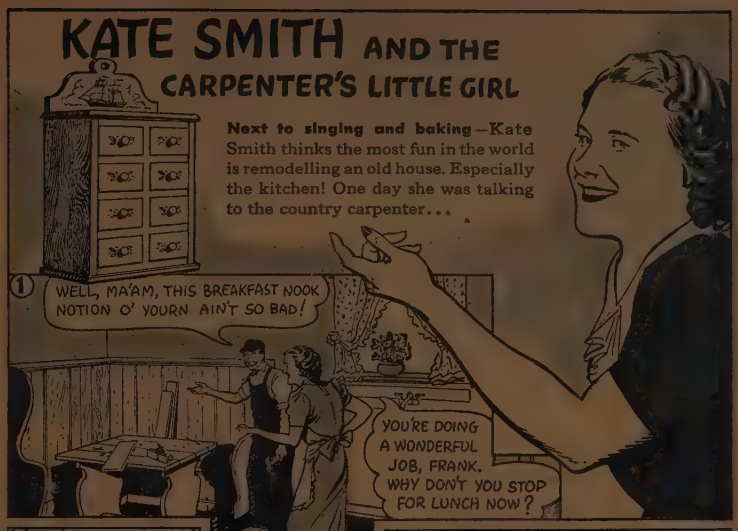
The papers got hold of this, too, and claimed that I had substituted rocking chairs for pews in all my missions, and that I told the women to bring their fancy work and knitting, and that croquet sets adorned the lawns of all my churches. Many people read about this, and it created no small stir. Many even wrote the Bishop that there would be no more funds for local missionary work from them. (A good share of my salary has come from the Diocesan Missionary Society.)

What I was really trying to do was to humanize the church—making the church fit the people, and not the people fit the church.

The Bishop sent me some of their letters suggesting, as I recall, that I leave one or two pews around in sight just for old custom's sake! (Next month, "Weddings.")

KATE SMITH AND THE CARPENTER'S LITTLE GIRL

Next to singing and baking—Kate Smith thinks the most fun in the world is remodelling an old house. Especially the kitchen! One day she was talking to the country carpenter...


1
WELL, MA'AM, THIS BREAKFAST NOOK NOTION O' YOURN AIN'T SO BAD!
YOU'RE DOING A WONDERFUL JOB, FRANK. WHY DON'T YOU STOP FOR LUNCH NOW?
2
I SURE LIKE YOUR CAKE, MISS SMITH. MY LITTLE GAL TRIES TO BAKE CAKE FOR ME, BUT SHE DON'T MAKE OUT SO WELL.
THAT POOR LITTLE MOTHERLESS CHILD! SEND HER OVER AND I'LL TEACH HER, FRANK!
3
PA SAID YOU'D SHOW ME HOW TO MAKE GOOD CAKE, MISS KATE... MY! ISN'T YOUR NEW KITCHEN BEAUTIFUL!
JUST WAIT TILL I GET YOU AN APRON, JENNY! WE'LL PICK OUT A RECIPE FROM MY BOOK AND MAKE HIM A JIM-DANDY.
4
DO YOU THINK IT'LL BE GOOD, MISS KATE? DO YOU?
HONEY, EVERY CAKE I EVER MADE WITH CALUMET BAKING POWDER WAS GRAND. JUST FOLLOW THE RECIPE, USE RELIABLE, ECONOMICAL CALUMET, AND YOU'LL GET LIGHT, VELVETY CAKE EVERY TIME!
5
A SPICE BOX FOR MY NEW KITCHEN! AND SO BEAUTIFULLY CARVED, FRANK —HOW MARVELOUS!
IT WAS JENNY'S IDEE, TO THANK YOU FOR THEM FINE CALUMET CAKES WE BEEN HAVIN'. I JEST DID THE WHITTLIN'.

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"KATE SMITH'S FAVORITE RECIPES"

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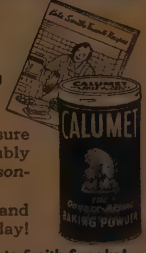

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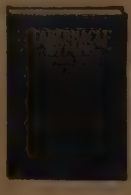

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STAMPS . . . Centenary

By Winthrop Adams

JUST one hundred years ago a wild debate was raging in the British Parliament over the proposal of one Sir Rowland Hill, who suggested that all letters passing through the British mails be decorated with what he called a "postage stamp." He was called a fool, an idiot, a dreamer—but his suggestion became law and there began to appear in the mails "a bit of paper . . . covered at the back with a glutinous wash which by applying a little moisture might be attached . . . to the letter." It was the "Penny Black"—the father of all postage stamps.

There will be one grand and glorious celebration of that event this year, among the world's philatelists. In the U. S. it will be culminated by a nation-wide broadcast on the evening of May 5th; Mr. Farley and the President will speak, and so will a prominent movie star from Hollywood; and so (we hope) will the King of England, who hasn't yet said yes or no. The U. S., Salvador, Portugal, England and some of the British Dominions have already made plans to issue a commemorative stamp; there will be others. They will make a nice page in your album.

Mutiny

Chances are you read "Mutiny on the Bounty," or saw it in the movies—or both. It was a grand story of a grand crowd on one of the mystery islands of the Pacific. Pitcairn Island! Now, thanks to book and movie and a shrewd British postal service, Pitcairn is to issue its own first stamps. There will be seven stamps in the issue (½ penny, 1 penny, 1½ penny, 2 penny, six penny, 1 shilling and 2 shilling-sixpence) bearing the portraits of the immortal mutineers: Fletcher Christian, John Adams and the amazing Bligh.

Up to now Pitcairn has used the stamps of New Zealand, and aside from making some money there isn't much need for a series of their own. The Island boasts of two square miles and 200 inhabitants. But collectors will go for it, and we predict a tremendous demand. This editor will get them.

U. S.

In addition to the Famous Americans Series, the first of which are now on sale, the U. S. has planned several important new stamps. The one commemorating the work of Sir Rowland Hill will probably be a five-cent blue. We're sorry to see another blue, but glad it isn't to be a souvenir sheet; those sheets smack too much of a racket. A stamp to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Pan-American Union will come out on April 14; no color, design or size has yet been announced. A stamp commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the statehood of Idaho will make its bow on July 3; another for Wyoming on July 10.

Abroad

The Government of Panama will also issue a commemorative on the Pan-American Union; a single 15-centavo item for regular postage. Salvador will get in on the celebration with two airmail stamps, to be issued in April. Last but not least there's the Dominican Republic with five Pan-American commems, also due in April.

Japan has a pretty new set bearing pictures of their sacred golden bird and a drunken fish (!) celebrating the 2600th birthday of their Empire. Also a new 12-sen aeroplane stamp. Stamp cancellations from Japan now picture the public works of the country; they will be of first rate interest to postal-marking collectors. Russia will issue a copy of an old 1925 stamp next month. (By the way, there is a grim joke in the fact that Russia, in 1934, issued a series picturing "The Horrors of War" as a "plea for peace!") Spain, celebrating the anniversary of Franco's entry into Barcelona (January 26, 1939) has put out a new overprint of the famous 1931 "Black Virgin" stamp.

Question Box

Question: Will you send me the addresses of these stamp magazines: Stamps, Lynn's Weekly, Mekeel's Weekly? Ans.: Stamps is located at 2 West 46th Street, New York City with H. L. Lindquist as editor; it is good. Mekeel's Weekly Stamp News is published at Beverly, Mass. Lynn's is British; we'll try to find that address; couldn't find it this month.

Question: When will Scott's Catalogue make up its mind about the stamp numbers? Are their numbers final or not? Ans.: There are many complaints about this changing of numbers. Ye editor had to remake some fifty pages in a loose-leaf album; he sympathizes. Suppose this will go on. Better not number your stamps at all; it's safer. But Scott's numbers, right or wrong, are accepted by all philatelists. It's the only guide we have.

Question: Are your lists of Club members available for all readers, or only to Club members? Ans.: Only Club members. Sent on receipt of fifteen-cent registration fee, which makes you a member of Club.

Question: Where do I buy cellophane covers and envelopes for my stamps? Ans.: Any good stamp dealer has them; Consolidated Stamp Service, 131 Nassau Street, N.Y.C., specializes in this line, especially Super-H Mounts. Try them.

Question: I have an old and valuable stamp with a long tear down the middle. Does that make it less valuable? Ans.: Just about worthless. Sorry.

(Continued from page 31)

body but are not able to kill the soul." They had seen that body die, the most awful of all deaths. But the real Christ? It was not possible for *Him* to be holden by death. "Death hath no more dominion over him." And so they went out with this gospel, "If you live after the flesh ye shall die"—that is to say, the real you, your soul, shall die. "But if ye through the spirit do mortify the deeds of the body ye shall live." This was the death they feared. "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Christ did not come first of all to save our bodies from death, but to save our souls from sin. As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive.

Has Easter made that difference to us? How much time and thought do we give to the real part of us, the image of God that we bear—our real selves? Our bodies in the long last are but the houses in which we live, very indispensable, to be sure, as long as they last; but are we giving much thought to the tenant that occupies them? If our motto is, "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die," might we not just as well leave out the word "tomorrow"?

And so this Easter Sunday calls us to real life, life that is eternal, life pitched on a higher level, where death has no dominion over it. We are not here thinking only of what happened long ago, or what is to happen long hence, but also of what ought to happen, can happen here and now. This is a day of hope, not only for the hereafter, but for the here and now.

Someone has said that the best motto for our tombstones is not, "Resurgam, I shall arise, when earthly life is over," but a watchword for our hearts, "Resurgo, I arise . . . I am quickened, I begin to live upward . . . unto Christ." "There is an onward for mankind, but that onward must be upward." Easter is our assurance that God has made that possible.

More Money

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Wouldn't you like to give the ladies of your church an enjoyable and interesting afternoon or evening and at the same time raise money for your church with very little work? The Christian Herald cooking schools have been making it possible for church women to do this for the past ten years. Instruction—fun—refreshments and money for your treasury.

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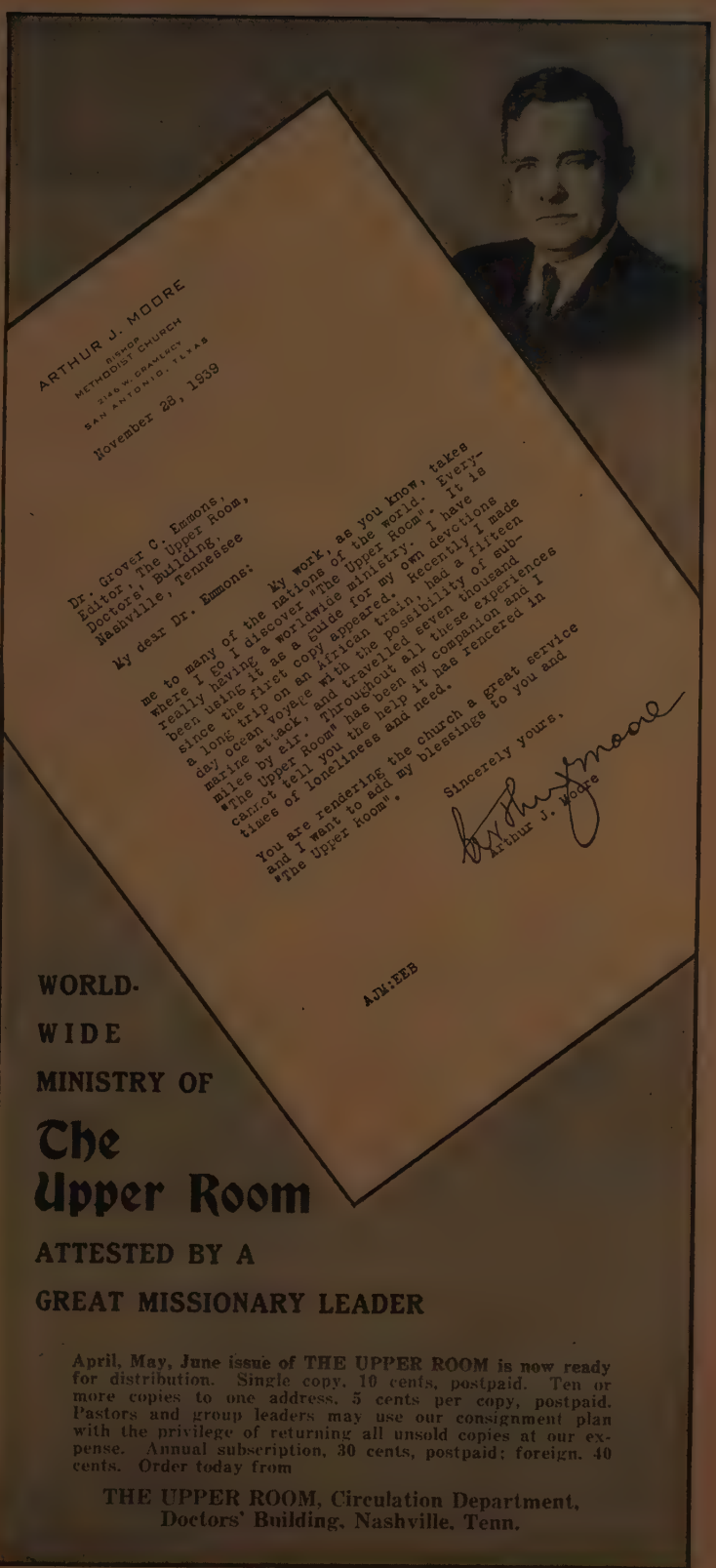
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MARCH 3

In the Upper Room

MATT. 26:1-30
(Printed lesson, Matt. 26:17-30)

THE twenty-sixth chapter of Matthew's Gospel, while largely one of sadness, contains two of the brightest spots in the gospel narrative. One, the loving deed of a woman who had been blessed (vv.6-13), has been remembered literally around the world. The other, the institution of the Lord's Supper, is the sacred memorial by which believers can celebrate their connection with Jesus Christ. These two events shine out like stars.

1. The Passover Feast commemorated the Hebrews' deliverance from their time of slavery in Egypt, being held annually on the night when the angel of death "passed over" the homes of the Hebrews. For many reasons this was an appropriate occasion for Jesus' departure, among them being: (1) the presence in Jerusalem of thousands of pilgrims; (2) the parallel between the sacrifice of the paschal lamb and the sacrifice of Jesus; (3) the symbol of salvation made possible by the shedding of blood; (4) the possibility of establishing a new kind of commemorative meal upon the framework of the old.

2. How much of the formula of the Passover meal was followed is uncertain. There was a ritual which was commonly used, but Jesus may have departed from it, since He was founding a new rite. The details given are these: Jesus took bread; He blessed it; He brake it; He gave to His disciples; He described it; He took the cup of wine; He gave thanks; He gave it to His disciples; He described it; He commented on the significance of that hour.

3. Dr. G. Campbell Morgan *(The Gospel of Matthew)* uses three descriptive words of the new feast instituted by Jesus: (a) it is a commemoration; (b) it is a communion; (c) it is a covenant. Men and women gather around that board today to remember Him.

4. We ought to note the power of this new institution. "On the night of the Last Supper the fortunes of Jesus were at their lowest ebb. There was treason in His own camp. The triumph of His enemies was at hand. . . . Yet He chose this moment to ordain a rite in which His death should be commemorated by His followers to the end of time, showing that He foresaw His resurrection and the future triumph of His cause." *(One-Volume Commentary.)*

5. The Lord's Supper is often called the Holy Communion. It is indeed a communion with Christ, a communion of the spirit, in which believers are filled with Christ's spirit of obedience and love and sacrifice. More than any other form or practice it has brought Christian believers together.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. What thoughts do you think were uppermost in Jesus' mind as this last night approached?
2. Why did Jesus reveal His knowledge of the coming betrayal?

MARCH 10

Gethsemane: Triumph Through Surrender

MATT. 26:30-56
(Printed lesson, Matt. 26:36-46)

THREE points in preparation for the individual student, teacher, or class are suggested before discussion on this notable subject begins. (1) The verses in Matthew should be read slowly, thoughtfully. (2) The corresponding passages in the other Gospels should be read in the same manner. (3) The salient facts as to just what did happen in Gethsemane should be briefly stated, as a basis for discussion. The theme of the lesson embodies the *greatest* element found in these verses: *triumph through surrender.* "It is not the struggle and the petition that are most important here; it is the victory that Jesus won." (Rall, *Life of Jesus.)*

If our emphasis is to be put on the victory of the Saviour, we may approach it by facing three questions: (1) What was the cup that Jesus wished He might escape? (2) Why did He pray with such physical and mental intensity? (3) How did Jesus discover the Father's will?

1. *Jesus' struggle was not over Himself.* He had no sudden letdown in His courage as the cross neared. The shame and suffering would not be too difficult. But the incompleteness of His work, the fact that one disciple was about to betray Him while the others were uncertain, the selfishness of the national and religious leaders, the fickleness of the masses of the people—such things as these caused Him to want to complete His mission.

2. *Prayer provides the greatest battleground.* When, as Luke says, Jesus sweat drops of blood in the fervor of His praying, He set the example for all men to lay hold seriously upon all the resources of God.

3. *God's will in any crisis is found only by surrender.* Many writers have traced the progress in the prayers of Jesus in the Garden, as given in the several accounts. Dr. Rall *(Life of Jesus)* states that "Jesus' prayer points the way for all right prayer and for all victory. Trust, petition, surrender, were the three steps. It began with a perfect trust: 'Abba, Father'—words that in themselves are prayer enough to voice all faith and desire. Next He brought His petition, just as every child may bring to the Father his every interest and need. And then came the surrender, that trustful devotion to God which is the spirit of all true prayer and

its sign of achievement. . . . Jesus comes out of the conflict seeing His death as the Father's will, and ready that that will should be done."

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Could the disciples have helped their struggling Master? How can we help each other in time of crisis?
2. Why did Jesus choose to face the struggle rather than to avoid it by flight?

MARCH 17

Calvary: Triumph Through Sacrifice

MATT. 26:57 to 27:56
(Printed lesson, Matt. 27:33-50)

SINCE the four Gospels carry different and supplemental accounts of the crucifixion of Jesus, it is important that a complete background be obtained by reading the several passages.

The death of Jesus was really a triumph. While the day of crucifixion must always be regarded as a day when sinful human nature ran riot and did its worst, yet there is a sense in which all the history of future years received its inspiration from this day. After all, the point at which Jesus stands strongest before the world of men is as their Saviour. Only His willing self-sacrifice could accomplish this end. Without the cross and its attendant circumstances Jesus would only have been the great Physician, Friend, Teacher. The cross, however, is more than a means of exit from human existence. It is the climax and center of salvation.

In the verses of the printed lesson the following facts stand out:

1. Golgotha (Aramaic) and Calvary (Latin) are names for the same place. Either means "a skull." The name came either from its being used as a place of execution, or from its being an eminence shaped like a skull.
2. The drink offered to Jesus (wine and myrrh) was intended to stupefy His senses and ease His pain. He refused it after a taste, for He wished all His faculties for the ordeal that was to come.
3. The nailing to the cross took place at nine in the morning. Whereas sometimes death came only after days of terrible suffering, with Jesus it was a matter of hours.
4. The soldiers had a right to the garments of expiring prisoners, and they divided them by lot.
5. Fellow-sufferers with Jesus were two robbers who were distinctly different from Him in that there is no implication of their innocence.

The supreme outcome: What the cross means to me. Student and teacher should strive for at least two things: (1) to understand as many as possible of the details of the chapter; (2) to appropriate the significance of the event described in terms of personal life. The sacrifice of Jesus must become a triumph for *me*.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Was it necessary for Jesus to die on the cross?
2. How can a Christian of our day achieve victory through sacrifice?
3. How is Calvary a help to any person who has deep personal trouble?

(Turn to page 68)

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NEW BOOKS TO READ

By DANIEL A. POLING

"GRAPES OF WRATH", the screen play, vindicates this column's criticism of "Grapes of Wrath" the novel. Frank S. Nugent's *New York Times* review of the play places it unqualifiedly among the "cinema's masterworks". Perhaps a great critic has never been more generous with any theme and I find such sentences as these in his criticism: "Steinbeck's language . . . has been cleaned up, but has not been toned so high as to make people sound other than they are . . . the changes sound more serious than they are . . . none of them has blurred the character of Steinbeck's word picture . . . what we have been trying to say is that 'Grapes of Wrath' is just about as good as any picture has a right to be. If it were any better we just wouldn't believe it".

And what *we* say is this: Thanks to Will Hayes and Joseph Breen, the screen has recaptured the genius of Dickens, Thackeray, Stevenson, Howells, Dumas, and other immortals who did not offend with gutter language, even when characters from the gutter came alive upon their pages. Here lies the test of great writing.

"Grapes of Wrath"—*the screen play*—may become an inspiration to those writers also born to greatness, but who, too often, have sold their birthright for a mess.

How Green Was My Valley, by Richard Llewellyn. (Macmillan, $2.75). If this is not the greatest modern novel you must name the greater. Godfrey Winn declares, "This is the greatest novel I have ever read." There is the ageless peace of the valley but the passion of storms on the crags and the eternal conflict of spirits. Llewellyn's characters make me think of Dickens. They are quite different but quite as convincing, and I believe have that same enduring quality. They will be alive, I think, within tooled leather backs when my grandchildren celebrate their golden wedding anniversaries.

Through China's Walls, by Graham Peck. Illustrated. (Houghton Mifflin Company, $3.50). This is the most comprehensive geographic and social picture of China that has appeared within the decade. There is some exquisite writing and a subtle, far-reaching humor. Mr. Peck's illustrations alone are a factual library. His concluding pages are a gruesome, awful description of the present conflict.

River of Earth, by James Still. (The Viking Press, $2.50). Mr. Still's book finds the heart of an immortal song—the song of life. Realistic and powerful, but never sordid, it is as clean as mountain air and as refreshing. This is a new novel and James Still is a new and authentic voice in American literature.

Experiment, Four Short Novels, by Helen Hull. (Coward-McCann, Inc., $2.50). Here are four novelettes in fine style and with brilliant character portrayal. The writing is with distinction.

The Star Gazer, by Zsolt De Harsanyi. A novel of the Life of Galileo. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, $2.75). The Star Gazer is ecclesiastical and scientific history flavored with a novel greatly written. Galileo was not a saint but his soul was forever searching for the answer to his being. The church and her priests of Galileo's time make a sorry picture, but the story is authentic.

Let The People Sing, by J. B. Priestley. (Harper & Brothers, $2.50). If you like Priestley, who wrote "Good Companion"—and hundreds of thousands do—you will enjoy this immensely. Tender and gay it is, at times poignant and never dull; but clearly not a book for your Sunday School library.

Essentials of Bible History, by Elmer W. K. Mould. (Thomas Nelson and Sons, $2.90). When I finished my review of this volume I wrote, "First book set aside for careful reading and study in my summer vacation and preparatory season." That is the way I feel about it! The text brings into view many things of interest—geography, archeology, sociology, ethics, religion, etc., etc. It furnishes a comprehensive, basic course for intelligent appreciation of the whole Bible. It is a Biblical library in one volume.

Caroline of England, by Peter Quennell, (The Viking Press, $3.75), is a uniformly interesting, dynamically written biography. Caroline of Anspach was a proud and lovely German princess. She became queen of England by what has been described as "the coincidences of international royalty." She handled courtiers with wit and humor and fought her father-in-law and her eldest son with equal severity and success. She had one complete loyalty—her husband. To her last breath she suffered all and achieved all for him. Peter Quennell is supreme in this field.

And Pilate Said, by Frank Morison, illustrated by fifty-six photographs. (Charles Scribner's Sons, $2.75). The author of that very unusual little book, *Who Moved the Stone?,* has now written something equally unusual. Here is a sympathetic biography of one of the most despised of human history, Pontius Pilate. Pilate emerges as a dynamic, understandable personality. Out of the career here recreated, we discover more than the judge of Jesus. We enter the circumstances of that tragic time and are thrilled with the new possibilities of the Resurrection story itself.

I Am, by S. J. Russell Ensign. (Distributed by S. J. Whitlock, Huron, Ohio, $2.00). A book of Bible autobiographies strikingly illustrated by Mr. Mark Russell, with a foreword by Professor George L. Robinson, D.D. Dr. Robinson says, "Few men have ever ventured on this method, but Mr. Ensign was willing to make the attempt and has achieved success."

Live for Tomorrow, by Ralph W. Sockman, (The MacMillan Company, $1.50). Some of Dr. Sockman's most characteristic and eloquent radio addresses have been gathered into this very attractive little volume. Ours is a warring world, but Christ still calls and will ever call to a human brotherhood. Dr. Sockman makes that call the triumphant note of his latest book.

One in Seven, by Margaret Slattery, (Harper & Brothers, $1.25). Again Miss Slattery challenges youth. But equally these messages for each week in a year are a challenge to all ages. Margaret Slattery is herself a pioneer, and she never fails to inspire in others the pioneering spirit. She continues to be a genius in the field of Christian education.

No Arms, No Armour, by Robert Henriques. (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50). A strange and at times impressive but generally futile melody of struggle and passion. *Christian Herald* readers will not care for the "heavy" and "mature" language, nor is it impressive. Robert Louis Stevenson had the answers! Neither beauty nor realism requires it and at times it is decidedly *depressive.* There are passages compelling, exquisite, noble—why should they be drowned in suggestion?

The Well-Tempered Listener, by Deems Taylor. (Simon & Schuster $2.50). A delightful book and in itself an education in music appreciation. Deems Taylor becomes an inspiration and guide to those who love and appreciate music, but who may have feared that they were musical illiterates. He has no comfort, however, for self-appointed custodians of culture.

Other Gods, by Pearl S. Buck. (The John Day Company, $2.50). Great writers are autobiographical; Pearl Buck is a great writer. Previously she has written brilliantly, intimately, sometimes brutally, about her parents. In her latest novel "Other Gods" many will find her own soul pictured. Here is aching frustration but the author has never before reached such heights in character delineation. Kit Tallant and Bert Holm are among the most vital personalities in contemporary fiction. Their creator comes alive in each.

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(Continued from page 18)

to the wide, bright room on the third floor of his church tower which is his study. "The high and lonely tower," he calls it. Here windows look across the fields and boulevards. A heavy brown carpet covers the floor, an old English clock brought from Jamaica marks the hours, and old, exquisitely carved candlesticks, which he found last summer in Edinburgh, guard the clock. There are bookcases along all the walls. One case holds new books to be read. He complains that they are too many! There are comfortable chairs, and a great blue velvet divan piled with immense cushions. Diplomas, certificates and pictures add life to the walls.

Dr. Phillips preaches to his congregation every Sunday morning. Sunday night there is no service, but the young people hold a meeting. This group plays an important part in the life of the church. Wednesday is church day for the congregation. There is a church dinner each Wednesday, followed by the midweek service. Often Dr. Phillips speaks. Courses in leadership education training are a recent feature of the Wednesday night service. One associate minister, the Reverend Francis C. Sheaton, and two office secretaries, assist Dr. Phillips in his work.

The boy who liked to debate has never lost his forensic urge. The prophet has honor in his own city, for Cleveland seeks his voice continually at its gatherings. So do the neighboring cities.

There was plenty of exercise on the Jamaica farm. College had its games and walks. Now walking and an occasional game of handball supply Dr. Phillips' exercise. July and August are his vacation months. He catches a ship as the holiday begins. Every other summer he spends in Jamaica where his mother, one brother and sister live. The alternating years are given to study and travel in England and Scotland, with occasional expeditions into other countries.

Like most ministers, he prefers biography in his reading. Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is a favorite. He has comparatively little time for novels, but when he does read one he is inclined toward the classics, such as Melville's Moby Dick, Hardy's Return of the Native, Hudson's Green Mansions, etc. Among modern books he likes Sholem Asch's The Nazarene, Lin Yutang's My Country and My People, and St. Exupery's Wind, Sand and Stars.

Dr. Phillips lives two miles away from his church with Mr. and Miss DeKlyn, an elderly brother and sister who are members of his congregation. Here he has the third floor of the house for his own. He has not married.

(Continued from page 27)

I groaned, thanking him, rang off and called up the long suffering Mr. Boulton. He hadn't heard of the new American law. But even after hearing of it, he urged me to carry on as planned with the French consulate. "I'm sure they won't care about the American permit. Have you extra photographs?"

I groaned again, rang off and called up Mr. Pincock, our local photographer who had taken our passport pictures two years before. Yes, he'd kept the plates.

Monday morning as the clock struck ten, we walked into the French consulate. There is a long counter against which you line up and hope for the best. We lined up. We presented our passports to the man to whom Mr. Boulton had telephoned. "But why are you in such a hurry?" he asked, as if he'd never heard of us. I told again of the reservations on trains and planes, of the time limit on the British visa, of the Clippers, so difficult to get seats on and at last, impatiently, he said he'd do what he could, took needed data from the passports and handed them back.

"Return promptly tomorrow at 2 P. M." he said.

As pleased as could be, we took the passports and headed for the American consulate. Here in a huge, quiet, well appointed office, a young woman took charge of us, our passports, our airplane tickets, our photographs, our past, (why live in England?) our present, (why go to the U. S.?)—our future (why not stay in England?) She filled out sheets of paper, she pasted photographs on them, she had us thumb print them, she crossed the room to the vice-consul who ok'd the passports and put his thumb print on them and in just a half hour, we were out of the building.

At the Spanish consulate, another long dark counter, but we were the only applicants for visas. A pleasant woman told us to go get our Portuguese visa first as they'd give it at once, while the Spanish would require a day. "Get it, bring the passport back and leave it till tomorrow noon here. You shall have it promptly."

We thanked her and then some idle notion made me say. "I hope I have pesetas enough for our Spanish fare."

"If you have any pesetas you can't enter Spain," she exclaimed. I told her that I had to have pesetas, put my hand in my purse and drew out the roll.

She screamed with horror and called to a man at a nearby desk. He rushed over. They gazed at me. "That's bootlegging! That's worse than bringing in drugs. If you tried to cross the frontier into Spain with that, you'd be arrested at once and heavily fined or worse. Return it at once to your bank. Get your pesetas at the Spanish border!" explained the man.

I rubbed my chin, sighed and took up my pesetas. We descended the dark staircase and hailed another taxi for the Portuguese embassy. There was no adventure there. They gave us our visas in a few moments and I waited in the taxi with my terrible pesetas while Penn took the passports up to the Spanish lady. Then we went to Selfridge's for a good lunch.

The next morning, I took my pesetas back to the London branch of our bank. The manager chuckled over my serious troubles and agreed to sell the pesetas or whatever it is that is done to them. He also introduced me to their solicitor and I made a new will. Then Penn and I had lunch with friends and dashed off for the French consulate.

We were very prompt but the counter was already packed with applicants. We could just squeeze into the end place.

The man looked through the permits

on his desk. Ours was not there! "But we must have it." I explained and told the story again.

He shook his head. "I didn't promise. It's impossible. I have no authority. I'm only a clerk."

"But" I said, "it will take weeks at ruinous expense to make new reservations."

He shrugged his shoulders. "It's the only way, madam! Come back in four days!"

Penn and I dragged ourselves out into the raw London air. What could we do? And that I'll have to tell you next month.

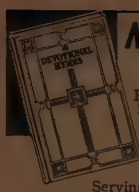
(Continued from page 15)

principles. In other words, their warfare was founded upon the same power politics which dominated their enemies. So Russia gaily leveled her demands upon Finland, anticipating the same result. The demands were no more extreme than in the cases of the other Baltic States. Finland could retain a measure of independence. There were many precedents for capitulation, and the saving of her people's blood. Sweden and Norway both hastened to declare their neutrality. So—what a ridiculously incredible thing it would be for the tiny 4,000,000 to stand upon the principles which the great nations had forsaken!

Only against this background can the nobility of Finland be adequately estimated. It was from a materialistic point of view, a suicidal deed. No matter how much assistance will be given to the Finns, even a declaration of war by Britain and France upon Russia, their country will be devastated, their wealth exhausted, and their population decimated. From all but spiritual considerations, Finland is being crucified.

Already, however, the Easter victory is to be seen in the effect of Finland's Calvary. All over the earth men have been roused by their courage. The soldiers skiing across the frozen wastes have reawakened the human conscience as Mr. Chamberlain's thoughtful explanations never could do. The British people have grown more sure of their own cause, the uncertain mind of Italy has found its definite expression upon the need of helping the brave nation, Sweden and Norway have not been able to stay neutral and have sent thousands of their own men, who deliberately volunteered to go to their neighbor's help, and our own people are united in their desire to give material aid to a nation which pays its debts, and quite literally, affirms Patrick Henry's "give me liberty or give mé death." The dictatorship of force has met its match in the frozen land of the North.

It may yet be demonstrated that Finland's crucifixion will be mankind's Easter. Ideals for which men will die can never be buried. They will spring from their tomb in renewed power to lead men on to greater and even greater dignity. God chose one man to oppose the pagan materialism of the first century. And perhaps future historians will perceive that the Almighty who stands within the shadows of time inspired Finland, that through her courage men of the 20th century could once again lift up their heads, and walk the earth with those qualities which distinguish the children of the Most High.



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(Continued from page 44)

"Get out—we don't want any ragged bums in this shop!"

Well, that was that. I came back to the Street. For four or five days I walked around in a fog. How I lived I don't know. But I had had enough. I was going to get off the Street the very next day.

I got up, then and there, and walked around till morning. I was hungry; passing a lunch counter I went in and said to the man, boldly, "I'm hungry and broke. Will you give a fellow a cup of coffee?" He just stared at me, but a customer sitting at the counter turned and said, skeptically,

"So you want a cup of coffee? Then sit down here and drink it." I know he thought I would ask for the nickel instead, but I didn't. I sat down, and he ordered the coffee for me. I drank it greedily. He watched me, then said, "Want a sandwich?" "I sure do," I told him. He ordered a ham sandwich, and I bit into it as only a hungry man can. "I believe you *are* hungry," he said, as he got up to pay his check. "Here, get another sandwich." And he put a dime into my hand.

I was tempted to do it, but I would have another use for that dime. Had a lot of plain and fancy thinking to do, and a place to think where I wouldn't freeze. I walked around a while; in the afternoon, I got "coffee and—" at one of the five cent doughnut places. Then, when it was dark, I went over to a subway station. I had read in that paper that the police had been instructed during the extreme cold spell not to bother the few men who slept on the benches in subway stations. That would be where I would spend the night. I went on down into the subway, and picked out a bench away back at the far end, and tried to get my mind to work on my problem.

What had been my trouble? I was a man of fair intelligence, with a good trade, yet here I was on the bum. Why? Thinking it over a long time, I decided it was because I had just been pitying myself, instead of facing life as a real man has to face it. All at once I was ashamed. Some men just haven't got what it takes—there's no manhood or courage in them. But a great many more have it—that undying courage which is the finest thing God ever gave to a man, the thing that marks him as a man and not a weakling. Did I have it? Right there I went down into my Valley of Decision. I was going to have it out with myself, right now. Was I through—or did I have that God-like quality that makes a man fight his way through, no matter how tough the going is?

"I have, so help me!" I told myself. And with that everything in my mind cleared up, and I knew what I must do. I lay down and slept as I hadn't for weeks, and that hard subway bench felt like a cotton mattress.

In the morning I went out. It was cold—wow! From force of habit, not knowing where to start, I wandered back across the block to the Bowery. I was going to pull out of it; though I still couldn't figure how I was going to get a helping hand over this immediate crisis; who would give me that friendly push that would get me past the dead center in which I was stuck. Get me past that, and I knew I could keep going under my own power.

I strolled down the Bowery, thinking hard. Then a sign caught my eye. I had heard of the Bowery Mission, had passed by it often, but it had never occurred to me to ask help there. Probably just a lot of hypocrites who would weep and pray over a man, then turn him out into the cold again. But the sign read,

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There was something I could use, if there wasn't a catch to it. It was just after seven, so I went into the basement. A roundfaced, friendly-looking chap looked around as I came in.

"What can we do for you, son?" he said.

"The sign says you give a fellow a shower, shave, and so on—"

"All right," he interrupted. "Go down there," pointing, "get a bath, then get the barber to cut about a peck of that surplus hair off. He'll lend you a razor, too, so you can mow that hay. Then come back here to see me."

In half an hour I was clean, for the first time in months, my hair looked like a human being's, and my face was cleanshaved. I slipped on my old overalls, then went up to see St. John—for St. John of course it was.

"Now, tell me about yourself, son." I told him my story.

"Well, what do you want, especially—a job?"

"If I can get a decent suit of clothes, I'll get a job myself. Respectable clothes are the things I want most in the world." He grinned.

"OK. We'll fix you up. It isn't so often I find a guy that can stand on his own feet—but I believe you can. I'm going to give you one of the best suits we've got, and a better overcoat to go with it; and some good shoes. You'll go out of here looking like a man, anyhow. The rest will be up to you." He scribbled an order, and sent me downstairs again.

There were suits and coats, lots of them, sent in, I learned afterwards, by friends of the Mission. The attendant was a friendly sort of chap, and he took pains in picking me out a good suit and coat. He also got me a shirt, underwear, socks, shoes—a complete outfit. I went upstairs, feeling more like a man than I had for months—in just those few minutes the clothes were having their effect on me. St. John looked me over.

"Fine," he said. "You say you can get a job?"

"I'm sure I can."

"Had anything to eat today?" Then, "I thought not—and not much for several days, I take it. Your face shows it. You couldn't do much hard work in a shop while you are half starved."

"But how—"

"Let's see," he interrupted. "This is Friday. Stay here till Monday morning, get some solid food in your stomach, and some sleep and rest. Then you can go out Monday morning feeling like a new man."

So I did what he suggested. I had a little breakfast and some real coffee. At noon and at night I had some decent food. During the next two days I had a chance to see the many, many things that Bowery Mission does for fellows like me. I wouldn't have believed it—all the down-and-outers that are fed and given a chance to get a new start; all the kids that are sent back home to their folks; the interesting religious services, human and simple—all these and many other things are carried on down there all the time. But in my mind I'm sure that none of these things do more good than fitting the men out with good clothes. You'd be surprised to know how few men really want to be ragged and dirty. Even the hoboes in the "jungle" wash their clothes—and their bodies, in the creek. And while good clothes alone won't make an honest man out of a skunk, rags will make a bum out of anybody. So, by putting decent clothes on these men, Bowery Mission is playing the real Samaritan.

And what a business they do! Bundles of clothing are constantly coming in, in response to the appeals in *Christian Herald*, and those that St. John makes over the radio. They told me down there that they sometimes give away as many as a hundred suits a day. Last year alone they gave away 11,879 pieces of clothing, and 354 overcoats, to say nothing of the smaller articles. So you see, it takes a steady stream of those bundles that you good people send in, to keep the heavy demand—and need—supplied. And from what I have seen with my own eyes, I know the good it accomplishes. They need those donations down there, believe me.

Well, Monday morning bright and early I went over to Long Island City, to the same shop that had thrown me out a few weeks before. The foreman didn't recognize me—nobody would have.

"Where'd you work last?"

I told him.

"Why did you leave?"

"The firm folded up."

He grinned. "I know all about that. Who was your foreman? So? I know him, too." He looked me up and down a second. Then,

"When can you start to work?"

"Right now!"

"All right—my assistant over there will show you what to do."

Just as easy as that! I had a job again—and to make a long story short I've still got it, am making good, and so far as I can see I am fixed, permanently.

Now why did that same man throw me out once, then hire me the next time? I don't need to say it—you know the answer.

That brings me back to my first proposition. Maybe all my hard luck wasn't due to lack of presentable clothes, but not having any made it hopeless for me ever to change my luck by my own efforts. If it hadn't been for the Bowery Mission, and Charlie St. John, the Lord only knows what would have become of me. But the fact that there *is* a Bowery Mission, and a St. John, and that I found them, made all the difference in my life. So I'll just wind up this personal history by paraphrasing (that's the four-dollar word they tell me fits in this place), paraphrasing the old saying, to read, "As a man *looketh* so is he."

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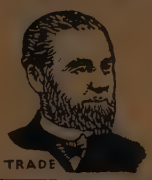

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Gottschalk's
METAL SPONGE

(Continued from page 29)

boys," he warned," for I'll catch you if you try that trick, and you will still land down to the poor farm, sure as you're alive."

With the coming of night the land was ready for the passage of the plow, and then Dr. Torrey handed each a crisp dollar bill, saying that the same would be deducted from their final share of the profits. "Another dollar for each of you tomorrow night if you work faithfully," he said as they were about to leave for home.

On his way to the store that evening for his usual game of checkers, Dr. Torrey overtook Seth Cunningham, who was walking slowly along. "Hello, Seth!" he greeted.

"Why, you old reprobate!" exclaimed Cunningham.

"What?"

"Slave driver! The town be split wide open, Doc. Folks don't know what to make on ye."

"I have got to do something to make some money, Seth, now that I have retired. Just now it is costing me money—a dollar for each one of them. However, I expect to make a deal of money out of the venture in due time. If all goes well I should clear five hundred dollars for my share. The boys will have a similar amount to split up among themselves, less what I am advancing them now. They are going to raise some garden truck up home and sell it down to the stand, and that, of course, will be clear profit."

The joy that came to Thomas, Frank and Roger as a result of having actually earned a dollar each that memorable day was a distinct surprise to each one of them. It was the first money they had ever earned. Homeward bound, they talked over the idea of buying a cow when they had sufficient money to do so. They saw something ahead of them, something worth striving for. Quite needless to state, they were all on hand at the doctor's place the following morning.

The passing of a week found the doctor's two acres plowed, harrowed and partly planted. Then, at the suggestion of Dr. Torrey, they set to work up home, and within a fortnight they had four acres turned over and a portion of that planted. Later in the season, the ground getting warmer, they finished planting the doctor's land and likewise their own.

It is quite unnecessary to tell all the

★

THE ANSWER

Ages ago a heartfelt prayer
Arose from a man in deep despair.
"O God," he pleaded, "hear my cry!
A weak and selfish sinner am I.
Deserted alike by friend and foe
No way to turn, no place to go.
Though I deserve such misery,
O, God, restore some hope to me!"

The Father heard. "His need is great.
For such poor mortals I'll create
A loyal friend who'll stay close by
To love, to share, to live and die
His willing slave. Who'll ask no more
Than just to worship and adore,—
A friend who'll never criticize,
Will never question or advise;
Who cannot speak or lift a hand
To help—but will just understand."

And so it came to pass, at morn,
An answered prayer—The Dog was born.

By Richard Maxwell

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Easter

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details of that season's work. Enough to say that with the coming of the late fall, when all the crops had been harvested and sold, the returns amounted to quite a bit more than the doctor had expected. It was then that they bought a cow and also paid up overdue interest on the mortgage.

News of the boys' success must have traveled far and fast, with all the passing. At any rate, about twilight one evening, a stranger was seen down in the village, a disheveled tramp. He did not tarry there, however, and was soon lost to sight in the gloom of the coming night. An hour or so later the kitchen door to the Gammage house was pushed open and the tramp entered.

"What do you want?" roared Joel, springing to his feet.

"What? Don't you know your poor old father?" exclaimed the tramp.

"Huh?" gasped Joel.

"Where's your mother?"

"Mother is dead."

"That's too bad, but, there, we all have to go sooner or later, son. Um. Seems to me that you look fairly prosperous here. All working?"

"Supposing we are, what has that got to do with you?" growled Joel. "I think you had best be on your way."

Peter Gammage laughed. It was a horrible laugh that chilled the boys' blood. "Be on my way! Guess not! I am going to stay right here. The time has come for you boys to support your poor old father. I have got the law behind me. If I recollect aright you are all under age, and such being the case, you are to hand over to me your earnings. The law is very explicit on that point. Now I don't want any of your slack. Give me any more of your lip and there'll be trouble."

An almost irresistible desire to throw him out of the house gripped Joel. He was strong and well able to do it, and if need be, he knew that his brothers would help him; but somehow he managed to control his anger. Instead, he went outside, where a moment later he was joined by Thomas.

"I—I guess we're licked, Tom," he whispered, "but I am going to the village and see Dr. Torrey. You stay here with Frank and Roger. I will come back as soon as I can."

Joel made record time to the village and when he rang Dr. Torry's bell he was decidedly out of breath.

"What's happened, Joel?" exclaimed the doctor.

"Plenty!" gasped Joel. "Father is back. He—he's up to the house. He is a sight—a filthy-looking tramp."

"So that is the hobo I saw pass just before dark?" exclaimed the doctor. "What does he have to say for himself?"

"He told us that since we are under age, the law would compel us to turn our earnings over to him. He said that he is going to stay there."

"Well, I will see what can be done, Joel," said the doctor. "You had best go home. There may be something very interesting come to pass within an hour or two. Cheer up, Joel. I will do all I can for you."

It was about half an hour after Joel reached home, where he found his father taking it easy on the couch in the kitchen, that a car rolled into the yard and came to a whining stop near the door. The lone occupant, none other than Constable Crane, alighted and without the formality of knocking, pushed open the kitchen door and entered.

"Well, I declare if it isn't Peter Gammage!" he exclaimed. "Just the man I have been longing to see. Back from your travels, eh? Well, well, well, Peter, this is indeed a surprise!"

Peter was now sitting up. He was a bit uneasy, yet he hardly knew why, for surely a man had a right to come back to his home.

Constable Crane leisurely took his glasses from the case and put them on. Having hooked the bows behind his ears, he reached for the lamp and drew it nearer to where he was seated by the kitchen table. He then took a number of papers from the inside pocket of his coat and fingered them. "Yes, here it is," he said at length. He unfolded a paper and studied it for a few moments.

The suspense was getting in its work on Peter. He feared something, but just what he could not imagine. "I have a little bill here against you, Peter," remarked the constable at length. "It is a bill from the town."

"A bill from the town?" exclaimed Peter. "I don't owe the town anything, unless possibly a poll tax."

"This is no poll tax, Peter," declared the constable, and as he spoke he withdrew a pair of handcuffs from his pocket and jingled them on the table.

"A bill from the town, eh?" repeated Peter, chewing an imaginary something. "Let's see it?"

"What?" he exploded a moment later when it had been handed to him. "Three thousand, four hundred and sixty dollars!"

"Money advanced by the Town of Westford for the care of your minor children during your ten-year absence," explained the constable, smiling grimly. "The town treasurer handed it to me a bit earlier this evening."

"Sorry, but I fear lest I shall have to defer payment," jeered Peter. "No, I don't happen to have that much in my pocket, so I can't do anything about it tonight."

"Oh, yes, you can!" rasped the constable. "I'll say you can! It is a case of payment in full right now, going to jail, or making fast time with me to the town line." He jingled the handcuffs vigorously. "I will give you just three minutes in which to make your choice," he added, taking out his watch and noting the time.

For the space of perhaps two minutes Peter sat there, and then he slowly got onto his feet.

"Well, Peter, is it the town line?" asked the constable sharply.

"I guess we'll call it that," replied Peter.

At the town line Constable Crane warned Peter. "Keep the other side of the town line if you value your liberty," he said.

A bit later Constable Crane dropped into the general store, where he found Dr. Torrey playing checkers with Seth Cunningham. He leaned over and with a broad grin, whispered in the doctor's ear, "I won't say that you are slipping, Doc, but—well, the patient is gone."

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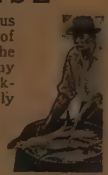

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* If you wish to send check for full amount now, I'll include with your mackerel a copy of my 25c illustrated cook book containing 136 delightful seafood recipes. Your money will be instantly refunded if you are not pleased in every way.

(Continued from page 48)

flooded human souls because He lived. The women, the disciples, certainly His adversaries, were amazed at the resurrection. Do we realize what it means? Our Saviour lives. He was delivered from the grasp of the grave. That was the vindication of His divine claims, and the deity which is His. It proves also that His atoning work is complete. What is our response this glad Easter day? Let us enthrone Him as the conqueror in our hearts, and acclaim Him the Sovereign-Saviour of the world.

"Up from the grave He arose, with a mighty triumph o'er His foes. He arose a victor from the dark domain, and He lives forever with His saints to reign. Hallelujah!" Amen.

MONDAY, MARCH 25

USING THE LIGHT

"WHILE YE HAVE LIGHT, BELIEVE."
READ JOHN 12:35-40.

A NEW YORK newspaper recently told of a man who stood for years at a busy corner. He bore a tablet on his breast, "I am blind." Inpostor though he was, his pathetic face, with his eyes turned to the sky, evoked the pity of many passersby. It was substantial pity. It enabled that mendicant to purchase considerable real estate. Then something happened. The man who had so long begged for his living had really gone blind. The fraud had exacted its toll. He had gazed so long at the sky, in mock blindness, and with such marvelous facial control, that he had deceived everyone. But now the blow had actually fallen. He was blind. We have the Gospel's light: we must use or lose.

Help us, O Father, not only to possess our privileges, but also to use them to serve Thee better and do Thy will today and every day. For Christ's sake, Amen.

TUESDAY, MARCH 26

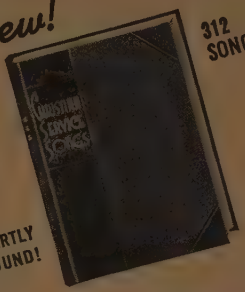
THE FRIEND WHO FORGETS

"I HAVE CALLED THEE BY THY NAME."
READ ISAIAH 43:1-7.

THERE is something pathetic about Emerson's last years. The brilliant mind retained its clearness, but it missed some things. He went to the funeral of Longfellow. He stood, contemplating the still, marble face of the poet. Then, turning away, he remarked to those standing by, "The gentleman we are burying today was a sweet and beautiful soul, but I forget his name." When friends forget or fail, when life disappoints or its changes appall, there is One who never forgets our name or our needs. It is the divine Comrade on life's way, even Jesus, the same yesterday, today, forever.

We thank Thee, O Saviour, for our place in Thy heart. Thou knowest us altogether, and Thy grace shall be according to our need. For Thy love's sake, Amen.

New! 312 SONGS!



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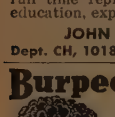

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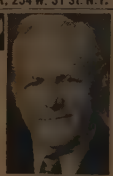

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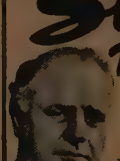

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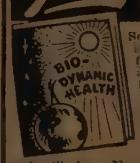

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27

A RADIANT FAITH

"LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE."
READ MATTHEW 5:10-16.

THE schoolboy loves to demonstrate the dullness of his elders. He asks, "What is the difference between a bright scholar and shoe polish?" Before we can find the answer he has supplied it. "One shines at the head; the other at the foot." Then the Christian should shine with his entire being. The head clearly apprehends the glorious facts of the faith. His feet walk the paths of right. And his heart sends forth the light of love and sympathy. Our Divine Redeemer shows what we should strive to be. How we may bring the light of hope to weary souls, and make plain the way of righteousness, are His to show. They are ours to follow.

Blessed Saviour, if we are children of the light, dispel all our gloom, our repining and complaints, that we may brighten life's way. Through Thy grace, Amen.

THURSDAY, MARCH 28

HEROES OF MANHOOD

"ENDURE HARDSHIP."
READ II TIMOTHY 2:1-8.

IT DOES us good to read of the exploits of our countrymen. Look back to Peary's conquest of the North Pole. Advancing by his system of caches of food, he kept open the road back. He comes on supplies which Greely had left fifteen years before, and drinks coffee from the can Greely had used at his last meal, before he met death upon the ice. He pushes on, until at last the goal is reached. With four Eskimos and one colored man standing by, Peary raises our Old Glory, claiming that land for the United States. Can we not as resolutely press on to the doing of our Master's will?

For all who have fought their fight valiantly we thank Thee. Inspire our souls, in weariness and defeats, to do Thy will with all our hearts. For Christ's sake, Amen.

FRIDAY, MARCH 29

WHEN THINGS COST TOO MUCH

"LAY UP . . . TREASURES IN HEAVEN."
READ LUKE 12:6-15.

NO MAN in his senses would disparage wealth. When it is viewed as a sacred trust, dispensed and used in accordance with God's will, how much can man do to bless his fellows! Yet, as the Bible warns, it is possible for a love of riches to warp the soul, and to impoverish the whole life. It is tragic when men lose their sense of values, and become the slaves of acquisitiveness. As one keen observer notes, "By the time a man is important enough to take two hours for lunch, the doctor insists on nothing more than a glass of milk!" Well, if that be true, there is something which needs careful consideration.

(Turn to page 67)

"Stories of Hymns We Love"

By Cecilia Margaret Rudin, M. A.

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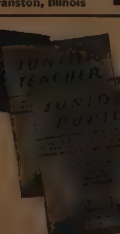

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FROM A GARDEN NOTE BOOK

By Donald H. Kingery

☆ ☆ ☆

IF I were to write an allegory about my two grandmothers, somewhat after the manner of Pilgrim's Progress, one of them might be appropriately named Dame Good-Works. She was a faithful worker in the church and in the other organizations to which she belonged. If there was an oyster supper by the ladies' aid or lawn social for benefit of the Sunday School, you could always find her there helping with the cooking, or the serving, or staying to wash the dishes.

But when it came to gardening, aside from looking after one bed of chrysanthemums to the south of the house, she seldom bothered with the flowers or out-of-doors. She was content to let my grandfather do all the gardening.

MY other grandmother, while a godly woman, almost never helped with church details. Her name might well have been Mother Green-Fingers. She was a true gardener in every sense of the word, in a day when gardening was more simple than now. Whenever there was something special going on at the church, her part would be to send flowers, for there were no florists near in those days.

About her village home were planted many old-fashioned shrubs, such as lilacs, spice bush, mock orange, June roses. About the yard were what she called "pineys," hollyhocks, the old reddish daylilies that she never knew were Hemerocallis fulva, old-fashioned hardy chrysanthemums, live-for-ever, violets and various other flowers.

The larkspurs under the bedroom window always came up again each spring. She would have big beds of "zenias," and petunias. There were grapes, gooseberries and currants as a matter of course. She always had a collection of house plants indoors in winter. Whatever it was, everything always grew for her. She was one of those persons who just knew how to grow flowers.

HERE it is March again. From New England to the eastern slope of the Cascade Mountains of Washington, and in the high altitude country from Montana to northern Arizona, it is still winter. But from New Jersey to somewhere out in Kansas, this month will see spring begin and with it a lot of garden work. Farther south and all the way west to the Pacific Coast and up along that Coast, things are blooming now and the maintenance period has supplanted the preparation work.

For those of us who live in the north-central belt where March is a get-ready-and-begin time, there are so many things to do that to save space, I'll just list some of them in brief way, as:

SOW sweet peas, get hotbed going and sow seeds of vegetable plants you'll need and of slow-growing annuals, as petunias; have coldframe ready by end of month for other annual flowers or transplanting vegetable seedlings; don't forget dormant spray for scale insects; clean up weeds and fence corners that harbor insects and diseases over winter; clean up and sharpen tools; plant early potatoes, lettuce and plenty of little red radishes; prune grapes; start dahlias if you want cuttings later; prune shrubbery any day saw and knife are sharp.

Other imperative work is to plant new roses, plant shrubs, small trees, fruit trees, evergreens, grapes and other small fruits, set out asparagus and rhubarb plants, check over seed lists again, order supplies you'll need so they'll be on hand when you need them.

MARCH is the time for lawn work. An old lawn may need some rotted compost or peat moss. Plant food can be distributed any time now, and probably the sooner the better. Any reseeding can be done before frost is out of the ground. A lawn benefits by a rolling as soon as the ground drys enough. If a spirit of brotherly good will prevails in your community maybe several neighbors could go together to buy a new roller, for use of all. New lawns should be made as soon as the ground can be worked. Seeding is preferable to sodding.

When ground can be worked, I like to dig around the shrubbery a bit, hoe the peonies and stir up the iris bed without injuring the roots near the surface. Toward the end of the month a task is to clear off dead tops of perennial flowers, cultivate the beds, work in manure or compost and apply plant food where needed. Usually I find some perennials more or less heaved out. These I reset with a trowel.

IT SEEMS to be a good idea to uncover the tender hybrid tea roses before any new growth starts. Likewise, any mulch about evergreens or shrubbery can be taken off so that the ground will thaw and growth begin normally. Any cover over plants which make early growth, such as spring bulbs, can be taken off fairly early.

I have long since learned that no set of rules can be written for uncovering. The best way is to watch the plants themselves and handle each sort in a way that will set them to growing in a natural way. It is unnatural growth that causes trouble. If the cover is left around a rose bush or over a perennial until there is tender growth underneath, then when it is un-

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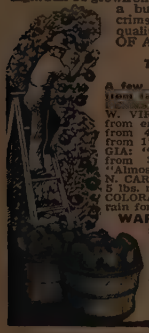

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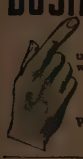

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covered, a hot sun and strong wind or a late frost will do more damage than if the plant had been uncovered and allowed to grow more slowly but be hardened.

If you live anywhere in the North, where these hints are too early for March, just save and read again in April.

IN PREPARING soil for a hotbed, cold-frame or an uncovered seedframe, I aim to use about the same type of mixture in each. This is about one-third each of ordinary garden soil, fine sand and some form of compost so fine that it can be sifted through a mason's hand sieve, or else of granulated peat moss.

This mixture is easy to handle in seed sowing. It holds moisture readily. The seedling roots thrive in it, yet there is not enough richness to produce tall and spindly tops. If seeds are sown thinly enough, the seedlings can be dug out with the root system intact, rather than having to be pulled out.

(Continued from page 65)

O Lord, who hast made us for Thyself, save us from allowing the material to rob us of the true riches.

SATURDAY, MARCH 30

ON BEING CRITICIZED

"REPROACHED FOR THE NAME OF CHRIST."
READ I PETER 3:8-16.

"THEY say. What do they say? Let them say!" So runs an ancient proverb. While we should be careful not to give grounds for offense, yet we must not take too seriously those who merely criticize. Someone has put it, "You may get through the world, but 'twill be very slow, if you listen to all that is said as you go." So the Christian must be prepared to find annoyance and discouragement, but his aim must be to be found acceptable to Christ.

Help us this day, O Master, to walk in happy fellowship with Thee. If we have Thy commendation, nought else matters. Through Thy name, Amen.

SUNDAY, MARCH 31

RETROSPECT

"GOODNESS AND MERCY SHALL FOLLOW ME."
READ PSALM 23.

THE backward look already? Three months of this year have gone. They have been months of anxiety, trial, and heavy responsibilities for us all. Yet as we look back, has God's mercy failed? Have His promises proved worthless? Has He allowed us to struggle on unaided? We know that that were impossible. If we have lacked anything of spiritual grace, the fault has been ours—not His! Yet recalling the past, we know more truly how gracious His love. That gives us full assurance and high confidence. Goodness and mercy which have marked our way.

Thou great Shepherd of the sheep, who didst not spare Thyself, help us to renewed trust in Thy love. Amen.

Why Not Earn a Better Income?

Show fast-selling Rustic "Art Wood" Plaques that sell on sight. Wide variety. **Generous Profits!** Also the famous 50-cent "Sunshine Line" Easter and Everyday Greeting Card Assortments with Scripture texts. Mother's Day and Father's Day Scripture-text folders, too. **Earn Extra Money—widen your influence and Do Good!** Represent us full or part time. Write nearer office for free details.

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Ends Drudgery..Lightning Seller

AN AMAZING WALL CLEANER. Revolutionary invention. Banishes old-style housecleaning mess and muss. No dirty rags—no sticky "dough"—no red, swollen hands. No more dangerous step-ladders. Literally erases dirt like magic from wallpaper and painted walls. Also cleans ceilings, window shades, upholstered furniture, etc. SAVES REDECORATING! Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute! Low priced. Lasts for years. Housewives wild about it. Whirlwind seller. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. Hustlers cleaning up big money.

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COUGHERS!

WHY BE AN OUTCAST?

HERE'S RELIEF!

Is coughing robbing you of life's comfort? Do friends shun you—fail to invite you to social gatherings? Are you glared at in public places because of your frequent coughing, so annoying to others?

If your cough is due to a cold, try Pertussin. You will be delighted with its quick, throat-soothing effect. Pertussin helps the moisture glands in your throat to function naturally after a cold has retarded normal secretions.

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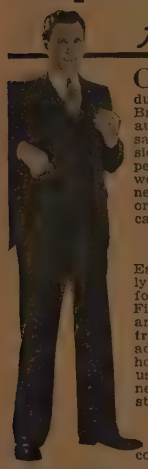
Improved Support *for* Hernia



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New-Type Elastic Brace Helps Secure Comfort and Relief!

Regardless of your knee trouble . . . whether it be traumatic arthritis or neuralgia—ligamentous or muscular injuries—stiff, unsteady, painful or swollen knees not due to infection or pathological changes—this brace will help you secure comfort and relief—will make walking easier. You'll enjoy wearing this sensationally new, uniquely designed elastic brace. It fits far better, holds more firmly and is truly comfortable. Many users say it's the best they ever found at any price. If your druggist can't supply you, send $1.00 and measurement around center of knee . . . . shipped postpaid. *Money back if not satisfied.*

THE JUNG ARCH BRACE CO.
3004 Jung Building Cincinnati, Ohio

FUTURO ELASTIC BRACES ANKLE ABDOMINAL SHOULDER

(Continued from page 55)

MARCH 24

The Sepulcher: Triumph Over Death

MATT. 27:57 to 28:15
(Printed lesson, Matt. 27:57 to 28:6)

DEATH and burial usually complete a life story. It was not so with Jesus Christ. Important as were His days before Calvary, those which followed did even more to establish the fame and lasting influence of the Master.

Matthew's Account. Very early on the first day of the week two women came to see the tomb of Jesus. There was a shaking of the earth because an angel came from heaven, rolled the stone from the mouth of the tomb, and sat upon the stone. At this the guards became frightened, and this gave the women a chance to approach. The angel spoke to them, showed them that the tomb was empty, declared the Lord to be risen, asked them to carry the news to the disciples, and promised that they would see the Crucified in Galilee. As they hurried away to find the disciples, they met the Lord Himself, who confirmed the message of the angel.

The Resurrection in Belief. The earliest New Testament evidence of the resurrection is in Paul's first letter to the Corinthians, where are mentioned the appearances of the risen Lord. The date of this writing is not later than 56 A.D., and perhaps earlier, which is about twenty-five years later than the resurrection. Many of the original witnesses were still alive, and Paul himself had believed in the resurrection for more than twenty years. The three synoptic Gospels appeared by the year 80 A.D., and fifteen or twenty years beyond that the Fourth Gospel. All were accepted, and gained support from many who had known Jesus in the flesh.

Moreover, the influence of the resurrection on the faith and doctrine of the early church was remarkable. The hope of immortality for any Christian depended on the raising of Jesus Christ. This is true in our day. Omit the resurrection of Jesus, and the chief assurance of life beyond the grave is gone. Leave it in, and there is inspiration for the practical processes of daily living as a preparation for the future.

The Resurrection in Practice. Even more amazing than the miracle of the resurrection is the miracle of the change in the disciples who believed it. Before the Easter morning they were beaten, despondent men; suddenly they came to a degree of enthusiasm and boldness which exceeded anything in the past.

And it is still so. The faith of Easter day is that Christ is alive today, even after all the centuries; that new evidences of His power are given to those who work with Him and for Him.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Paul speaks of "the power of His resurrection." What does he mean?
2. What points in the resurrection story appeal to you as beyond doubt?
3. Why is it important for the Christian church to observe Easter?

(Turn to page 71)

Old Age Policy Pays up to $50 a Month!

Needed Protection, Ages 65 to 85, Costs Only 1 Cent a Day.

The Postal Life & Casualty Insurance Co., 441 Postal Life Building, Kansas City, Mo., has a *new* accident policy for men and women of ages 65 to 85.

It pays up to $500 if killed, up to $50 a month for disability, up to $25 a month for hospital care and other benefits that so many older people have wanted.

And the cost is only 1 cent a day—$3.65 a year!

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Dr. Lee De FOREST'S new HI-POWER AUDIPHONES with BONE and AIR CONDUCTION will help you to hear.

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• • • can mean the difference between getting and losing a job—losing a job can mean the losing of a soul.

Let your contribution answer the call of the hungry for food—let us feed the men who come knocking at our door—let us give them a chance to wash their bodies and put on clean clothing.

The Mission's Labor Bureau gets work for the men who really want it; our staff of workers know men and how to deal with them: they know the deserving from the fakirs who play on the sympathies of the inexperienced.

The BOWERY MISSION BELIEVES in helping men do things for themselves—for without such missions as yours the men who need help are lost. The man out of work and homeless in New York needs a friend—we are asking you to let us be that friend.

HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED HOW HOMELESS MEN KEEP THEIR BODIES CLEAN? WHAT THEY DO WHEN THEIR CLOTHES ARE TORN AND DIRTY? WHAT THEY DO ABOUT SHAVING? ABOUT HAIRCUTS? It doesn't cost much to let homeless men be clean—and with our staff of workers this part of our work can be the first step in the building of a new foundation. Every man has two natures, living makes the man. Through the Bowery Mission you can awaken men to their better nature. You can give men a lift out of the mud and mire in which they have been floundering; you can lend a guiding hand to the fellow who is weak or who has lost his courage in the fight against drink, dope or some other vicious habit.

IN THE PAST TEN MONTHS

our Mission fed	86,941 men	clean-ups	25,177 men
gave beds to	26,346 men	shoe repairs	590 men
shaves	27,542 men	gave jobs to	1,614 men
haircuts	683 men	gave postage to	3,199 men

84,197 attended Chapel service

THROUGH THE BITTER WINTER DAYS, the long Spring days, the hot Summer months, the work of the Bowery Mission goes on 24 hours a day. Every day in the week the Mission feeds the hungry and sleeps the homeless but it is on your contribution that its work depends. Without YOU the work must stop. Give of what you have. HEED THIS, OUR LAST PLEA.

BOWERY MISSION & YOUNG MEN'S HOME
Business Office: 419 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

We want to be part of the work you are doing for men of mischance—here is our contribution of $..... and a list of possible contributors.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

EDITED BY
Paul Maynard

MR. AND MRS. OLIVER C. JOHNSON

Mrs. Johnson Protests

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

How did you ever come to print that awful picture of my husband and me with "We the Bewildered Old"? I hope people will not think we look like that. Nobody will buy my book if they ever see that picture.

Anna French Johnson

We've taken a few liberties with Mrs. Johnson's letter, and she'll be mad again when she finds we've made it look as if she wanted her book mentioned. Anyway—here's another picture; and the name of her excellent book is *The Making of a Minister's Wife* (Appleton-Century $2.50).

Splendid News for Ida Reed

Coconut Grove, Fla.

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

Oh, the grandest news! My article about Miss Ida L. Reed has been given a storybook ending!

You probably heard Kate Smith announce the good news over the radio, or read the Associated Press notice of it. But perhaps all our readers didn't. So I send it on to rejoice their hearts. Here it is:

"The 'American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers' has just granted Miss Ida L. Reed a weekly bonus for her 'substantial contribution to American Music.'"

Another prayer answered! Another miracle performed on my very doorstep! How did it happen? The way most miracles are performed—by love. Miss Reed had a friend—who had a friend—who had a friend. That third friend wrote to the Society. And the Society did something about it—at once!

Miss Reed told me the good news in a long, happy letter. The Society sent the first check with a beautiful and appreciative letter by Miss Reed's friend, Mrs. L. G. Myers. "They let her bring it to me herself. Her face was shining with joy—"

And so is mine as I wrote this.

Happily and hurriedly yours,
Beatrice Plumb

"Utterly Weary?"

Topsfield, Mass.

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

I regret to say that I do not care to renew. And I will tell you why. I grow utterly weary of the sameness of the paper. Even the pictures from the Bowery are the same from month to month. As a clergyman I am interested in all such good work, but why not a new department or a few substantial new writers? A national magazine owes its readers a more varied policy.

P. E. S.

Unfortunately, there is a dreary sameness to the problems of the Bowery. Stories of hungry, cold, ragged and discouraged men do not make snappy reading—nor pretty pictures. These men, too, are weary—but we cannot grow weary in our efforts to rebuild them, even to give *Christian Herald* the more varied policy which some readers no doubt would like.

Also during the past two years, in addition to twenty-five regular contributors, there have appeared 84 brand new (to *Christian Herald)* writers, and five new departments. The new writers include such well known names as A. Edward Newton, Dorothy Thompson, Bernard Clausen, Harry Scherman, Richard Maxwell, Ralph Sadler Meadowcroft, Charles Hanson Towne, Winifred Kirkland, J. W. C. Ward, William E. Davis M.D., Eva Lips, George Gilbert, Herbert Hoover, Marc Rose, Henry Morton Robinson, Karl Detzer, and others.

Steinbeck's Books Again

Harrisville, Mich.

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

I was in doubt about renewing until I saw Dr. Poling's comment, in the January issue, on Steinbeck's book *Grapes of Wrath* and *Of Mice and Men.*

I am hoping that Dr. Poling's direct and forthright characterization of these "literary" offerings will have wide publicity.

Herman Dehnke,
Circuit Judge
San Jacinto, Calif.

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

Stop my paper at once. If you haven't any more sense than to criticize one of the greatest books ever written because it speaks plainly, you're all too narrow-minded for me.

Joe B.

Whew!! Please turn to book reviews on page 56 while we get out from under!

Attention, Bucknell Students

Lewisburg, Pa.

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

I regard *Christian Herald* as the organ of the Christian youth of our nation and I am seeing to it that copies are placed in three different reading rooms on our campus so that our young men and women may have the privilege of reading it.

I am sure many who do read it get a new sense of fellowship with hundreds of thousands of other youths who are trying to follow the Christian way of life. I am sure they also get inspiration and stimulus and guidance in their own lives. I thank you for the strong attractive leadership which you are giving youth, through *Christian Herald.*

Arnaud C. Marts,
President, Bucknell University

We will pay $1.00 for the *first* and $1.00 for the *best* letter about *Christian Herald,* not over 100 words, from a Bucknell student.

Can You Excel This Record?

Mr. Lloyd E. Fulmer, of La Farge, Wisconsin, writes that he read the complete Bible through three times in 1939, and has read it thirty-five times in all. Anyone wish to dispute Mr. Fulmer's claim to the championship?

A Brave Invalid Girl

Bradford, Pa.

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

I am enclosing a few pictures of dolls and other figures that I made of peanuts and walnuts and I thought you might be interested in using them in your magazine. Each one of the figures is entirely my own original idea.

I am ill, so I cannot get around like other young people, but I have much pleasure in my hobby of making the figures, although I am not well enough to work on them steadily. I also have many other hobbies; they are drawing, painting, music, composing music poems, and stamp collecting. I like to draw, paint and hectograph little pictures and send them out to try and cheer others who are ill.

Daisy Welch

P. S. Some of my dolls were exhibited at the New York World's Fair and I won a beautiful blue ribbon.

Perhaps some of our "other young people" readers may think of some way to cheer up Daisy.

(Continued from page 68)

MARCH 31

The Continuing Task

MATT. 28:16-20

HOW many were present on the mountain in Galilee (verse 16) is not certain. If the word of the appointment had gone about it is probable that many others besides the eleven had come also. This view is strengthened by verse 17, where the words rendered "some doubted" may properly be "others doubted." The two verses then would mean that the eleven went to the Galilee mountain, along with others.

But the concluding verses, 18-20, giving the message rather than the surroundings, are most important. They consist of a claim, a charge, and a promise.

1. *An amazing claim:* "All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and on earth." "Not merely power or might, such as a great conqueror might claim, but *authority*, as something which is His by right, conferred upon Him by One who has the right to bestow it. . . . Nothing less than the Divine government of the whole universe and of the Kingdom of Heaven has been given to the Risen Lord." Plummer's *Exegetical Commentary.)* Because He did not make such a claim before His crucifixion, neither did He then make such a wide demand; now in the light of changed conditions, He does both.

2. *A far-reaching charge:* "Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you." Every limitation that had hitherto affected the disciples was now removed.

But there is more than extent to the Great Commission. Content is important, too. The people of the nations are to be *discipled*, brought into touch with a great Leader, enrolled as His followers. They are to take upon themselves the seal of the Kingdom of Christ which is given through baptism. And they are to be related to the Holy Trinity—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

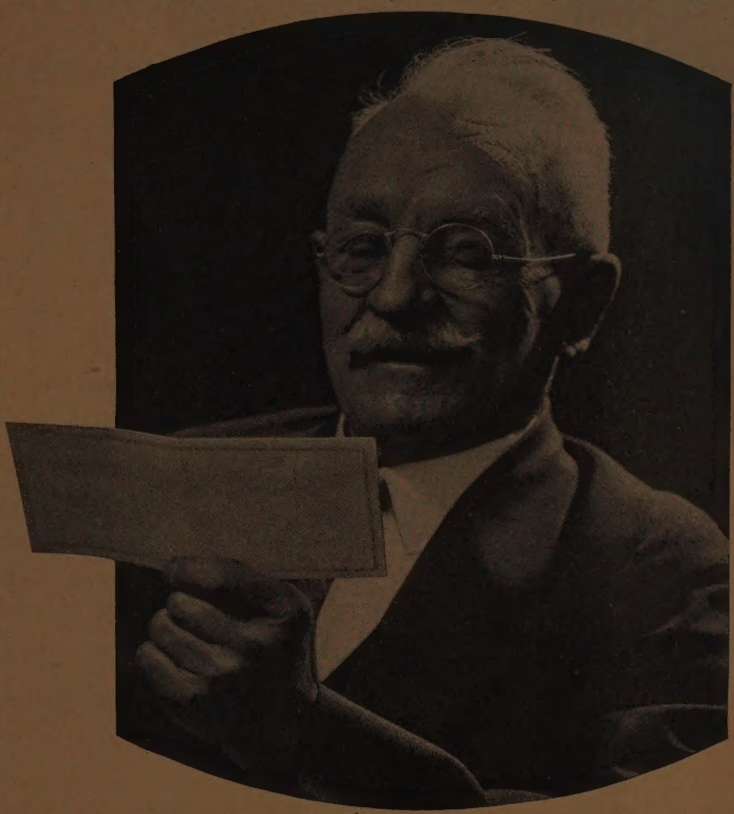
3. *A great promise:* "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." If the charge was too big for their strength of courage, it was not beyond His. Since the moment of this utterance, every Christian has had an enabling power which is not only good each day but every day until the end of the present dispensation.

The Great Commission is more than a command; it is a claim, a charge, and a promise all wrapped up together.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. What can we say about Christ's power as compared with so much power of another sort in our world?
2. What does it mean to "make disciples of the nations"?
3. Has the Great Commission lost its force? Can we do anything about it?
4. In what practical ways can a Christian realize the truth of "Lo, I am with you alway"?

CONFIDENCE *in the Future*



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Vol. 63 MARCH, 1940 No. 3

CONTENTS

Cover Design, Easter Morning—by *Ski Weld*
THE BEST IN RADIO ... 2 *Aileen Soares*
OUT OF MY MAIL ... 4 *Daniel A. Poling*
NEWS DIGEST OF THE MONTH ... 6 *Gabriel Courier*
FRONTISPIECE—COULD YE NOT WATCH AN HOUR ... 12 *Grace Noll Crowell*
THE EAGLE AND THE CROSS ... 13 *Ralph Sadler Meadowcroft*
THE BOY WHO WALKED THE SEA ROAD ... 16 *Helen Welshimer*
A VERY TIRED MAN—EASTER STORY *Margaret E. Sangster*
FINLAND ... 22 *Daniel A. Poling*
FORTY YEARS A COUNTRY PREACHER 24 *George B. Gilbert*
WE TRY TO FLY ... 27 *Honoré Morrow*
A HERITAGE OF MANHOOD—A DOC TORREY STORY ... 28 *Frederick E. Burnham*
EASTER SERMON—WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES EASTER MAKE? ... 30 *Harold Cooke Phillips*
OTHERS—THE STORY OF IDA REED AND HER FRIENDS ... 32 *Beatrice Plumb*
EDITORIAL FORUM ... 34
EASTER BUNNY ... 35 *B. B. Bendiner*
MARION REDISCOVERS HOLY WEEK 36 *Anastasia Clothier*
DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR ... 38 *J. W. G. Ward*
OUR VERY BEST DISH ... 40 *Clementine Paddleford*
CLOTHES REMAKE THE MAN ... 42 *"Jim Jones"*
STAMP PAGE ... 52 *Winthrop Adams*
S. S. LESSONS FOR MARCH ... 54 *Stanley B. Vandersall*
NEW BOOKS TO READ ... 56 *Daniel A. Poling*
FROM A GARDEN NOTEBOOK ... 66 *Donald H. Kingery*
JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES ... 70 *Paul Maynard*
AFTER ALL ... 72

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NEXT MONTH

An Oscar for Joe

By Clarence Hall

The dramatic story of Joe Breen and the Hollywood Housecleaning

☆

Stout Fellows All

By Dr. W. E. Davis

A Medical Missionary speaks for his comrades

☆

On the Shelf

By Beatrice Plumb

A lovely story that is different

☆

Also all the regular features

After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN

Condensed

"Yes," said the newspaper reporter, "I always carry my notes in my hat."

"I see," said Fogg. "News in a nutshell."

—Kablegrams.

Fortunate Man

Whatever trouble Adam had,
No man in days of yore
Could say, when Adam cracked a joke,
"I've heard that one before."

—Exchange.

Crop Rotation

Mother: "After all, he's only a boy, and boys will sow their wild oats."

Father: "Yes, but I wouldn't mind if he didn't mix so much rye with it."

—Duke 'n' Duchess.

Even Swap

"The wife who drives from the back seat of a car," declares a courageous exchange, "isn't a bit worse than the husband who cooks from the dining-room table."

—Religious Telescope.

"Somebody's Always," etc.

A farmer visited his son's college. Watching students in a chemistry class, he was told they were looking for a universal solvent.

"What's that?" asked the farmer.

"A fluid that will dissolve anything."

"That's a great idea," agreed the farmer. "When you find it, what are you going to keep it in?"

—Lookout.

The Right Crowd

Professor: "I am going to speak on liars today. How many of you have read the twenty-fifth chapter of the text?"

Nearly every student raised his hand.

Professor: "Good. You are the group to whom I wish to speak. There is no twenty-fifth chapter."

—Successful Farming.

Object Lesson

The butcher was surprised when a slim young woman asked for 25 pounds of beef. All the same, he cut off the joint and put it on the scales.

"Will you take it with you, or shall I send it to your home?" he asked.

"Oh," she murmured, blushing prettily, "I don't want to buy it. You see, the doctor said I had lost 25 pounds, and I wanted to see what it looked like in a lump."

—Lookout.

Outdistanced

Two Negro boys were having an argument. One doubted the existence of ghosts, but the other claimed to have seen one the night before. "Ho," said the doubter, "and what was dis here ghos' doin' when you las' seen him?"

"Jes' fallin' behin', mistah," was the answer, "fallin' behin' rapid!"

—Exchange.

Everybody Knows That

The boss was interviewing a man who was applying for a position.

"Do you know anything at all about electrical apparatus?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

"What is an armature?" asked the boss.

"Oh, that's a guy who sings for Major Bowes."

—Lookout.

Tough Time

Joan—Oh, what a time we had! I just don't know how I ever came through! First, I got angina pectoris, and then double pneumonia, followed by arteriosclerosis and phthisis, after which they gave me hypodermics. Then I had barely recovered from these when I got tuberculosis, with appendicitis, followed by tonsillotomy.

Yes, indeed, it was the hardest spelling contest I've ever had.

—Exchange.

He'll Never Forget Her

"Cheer up! You'll soon forget all about that girl and be happy again."

"Oh, no, I won't. I've bought too many things for her on the installment plan."

—Exchange.

Strategy

Bride: "Yes, I cooked my first meal last night—it was a grand success."

Visitor: "How nice!"

Bride: "Yes, he's going to get me a cook right away."

—C. S. Monitor.

Obeying Orders

The junior partner had been on a visit to a distant branch office, and was giving his father a full account.

"The manager there," he said, "is apt to take too much on himself. I gave him plainly to understand he must get authority from here instead of acting too much on his own."

"Yes," said the senior dryly. "So I gather. Here's a telegram from him."

The telegram ran: "Office on fire. Please wire instructions."

—Exchange.